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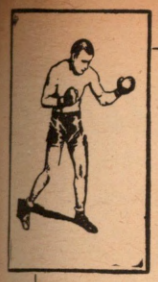

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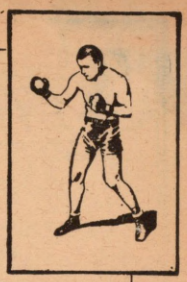

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"My Impressions of America" is Tommy Farr's contribution to this issue. Tommy, who gained world wide fame by his magnificent showing against Joe Louis, world heavyweight king, tells Ring readers about the British vs. the American style; American sportsmanship and promotion. Farr minces no words in telling just what he thinks.

And another story in the most interesting series on "Gang Wars and Politics of the Prize Ring"; "Friendships in The Ring" by Australia's great middleweight of years ago, Bill Doherty; "Baby Shoes" by Bob Edgren and others.

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Schmeling Gets His Chance

His Fight With Louis Holds Spotlight in Fistic Firmament — Tommy Farr's Stand Against Brown Bomber Takes British Sports Critics by Surprise — Their Estimate of Empire Champion During Training Period, Far From Glittering

By HYPE IGOE

FEW men ever will be privileged to see a gamer exhibition than the battle waged against Joe Louis by the Welsh miner, Tommy Farr. When he kept walking into the withering fire of the champion's left jabs and hooks at the Yankee Stadium he proved to the world that he was not a "false alarm" and that his climb to the British heavyweight championship must have been a meritorious one.

He came with such gigantic strides that I am convinced that the English critics could not believe their eyes and were loath to admit they were wrong after he really had arrived!

It was from the visiting English boxing critics that we in New York got our first information about the Welshman and I must confess that it was anything but flattering. They kept holding up one, two, and no more than three fingers as their notion as to how far Tommy would go against "Looie."

As the chronicler for the New York *Journal-American,* I got Tommy as far as the twelfth round. I said he'd hardly get past an even dozen though I did venture a "wild" guess that he "has the legs to carry safely into the fifteenth and last round." I really thought he'd be knocked out.

I wish I had stuck to the latter assumption because then I would have joined Doc Almy of the Boston *Post,* the only American writer to guess that Tommy would go fifteen!

There were reasons why I thought that Tommy would reach the twelfth round. I spent many hours watching him boxing at his training quarters. He is not "showy," but there was the unmistakable fact that Farr was scoring better than 10 to 1 against the best sparmates.

One day I saw him score 48 hits against Lew Feldman's seven tallies. That all happened in a single round and against an experienced, clever fellow who has met the best heavyweights in this country. It was something to tab, something over which to ponder when trying to pick the winner.

There was another significant fact about Tommy's ability to avoid a jab or any other punch for the head. Two weeks before the battle with "Looie," which is Farr's way of saying Louis, Tommy developed a tiny coldsore in the cleft of his upper lip. The usual scab arrived and in all that time, not one of Tommy's sparring partners touched that sore or made it bleed! The trainers and Ted Broadribb, his manager, were in constant fear least the sore be split wide open and a postponement of the fight be forced upon them.

"Babe" Culnan, one of Farr's trusted henchmen, was the one who told me of the failure of any sparmate to score to that small target. It only went to show that Farr was not easy to hit about the head. Of course Louis did cut him under the eyes. "Left jabs made these cuts," said Tommy the morning after the fight.

"I found a way to check his left hook and his right hand which I never once felt. I could not, however, scheme a way to block those straight left jabs.

"They were the punches which cut my face and made my eyes water. When those uninvited tears came, the salt in them stung so badly that I couldn't open them. Half the time I was hearing 'Looie's' punches, not seeing them!"

That is the remarkable statement I received from Farr at Long Branch, N. J., the day following the fight. It only adds to the brilliance of his defense against Louis. Candidly, I've never seen Louis miss more punches than he did in front of Farr.

"He am ha'd to hit with a right hand, awful ha'd," said the champion with his Alabama drawl after the fight.

* * *

AS a matter of fact, Farr is a most elusive target for any punch, and against any hitter but Louis he would have won with ease. Schmeling, for instance, who, though he knocked out Louis, would find Farr's style hard to solve. Schmeling has a great right-hand punch. He knows how to time it, and certainly how to time it after making Louis lead!

Schmeling wouldn't be able to time Farr with it quite so easily. In my humble opinion, Schmeling, unless he landed a lucky right or two wouldn't whip one side of Farr! Difference in style, old dears! I think that Schmeling was a lucky individual in that he failed in the promotion of a battle between himself and Farr in London. Louis has two good hands and had to be satisfied with a close decision against Farr. Had the bout been fought in England, I'm not so sure Joe would have received the decision. Therefore, how would the older Schmeling have fared, he who is a one-handed fighter? Mind you, it was Joe's left hand which tormented Farr. Remove that torment and Farr might have done much better, in fact, he would have won because he baffled Joe and his right hand entirely!

Isn't it reasonable to suppose, then, that Schmeling, with no left hand at all and depending on a right entirely, would have had a tough job on his hands in an English ring against Farr? Max would have lost! What would have become of his championship pretensions then? Schmeling tried to force the Farr bout, to out-wit Mike Jacobs, who is the big boss in the Louis kingdom.

Schmeling was in Germany when he heard that Jacobs was arranging for a Louis and Farr bout in London.

Max hopped on a plane, flew to London and induced General Critchley, the British promoter, to run out on a gentleman's promotional agreement made with Jacobs, for the appearance of Louis against some man, possibly Farr, Baer or Jack Doyle. All three were going big in London at the time. Critchley, with a view to out-smarting a blooming Yankee, agreed with Schmeling that they should promote the bout with Farr. Schmeling was sure that he would defeat Farr and, with the scalp of the champion of the British Empire dangling from his belt, he would force a battle for the world's title between Joe Louis and himself. Yes, and get his price!

* * *

AH, but they were trying to out-smart a fellow who knows his way around the block. "Uncle" Mike Jacobs sleeps with one eye open, just as "Dead-eye Dick" of the old dime novels did. Mike began to think! He made a clever counter move to gain time. He was preparing to drop a bomb right in the laps of Critchley and Schmeling. True, Farr had signed to meet Schmeling but he started to balk about the guarantee they were going to pay him. Schmeling was arranging things so that he

Max Schmeling talks it over with his American manager, Joe Jacobs, before agreeing to Mike Jacobs' terms for return engagement with Champion Joe Louis.

would get most of the swag. "Uncle Mike," as part of his coup, began to "trade" with a London rival of Critchley's. Again Mike was stalling for time. Sol Strauss, Mike's lawyer, was on the high seas with a proposition for Farr!

And what a proposal! Sixty thousand for himself, with transportation for Farr, his manager and his trainer, and a crack at the world's title! Strauss, a wizard among contract lawyers, was empowered to make these terms and if there was a contract in existence, to smash it to smithereens. He was to whisk Farr to America. Surely the bait was tempting. Farr jumped the English contract and headed for the United States, via France. That was part of the cunning of Strauss. If they sailed from France, there would be no chance of Critchley or a British enjoinder blocking them on bon voyage day!

They sailed without hindrance and Farr arrived in the "States," full of confidence, full of color and stories! This reporter wrote a ten-chapter life story of Farr for the *Journal-American* and it was a fascinating job as Tommy unfolded his life's tale for my notes.

A boy of thirteen in the Tonypandy coal pits, acting as a "collier's helper." So tiny was he that his lantern's bottom struck the floor of the pit as he walked along the inky passages. He weighed but 92 pounds and he is now the physical wonder of the Welsh race. They breed but few heavyweights. Wilde, Driscoll and Welsh were on the small side. Farr, with a mop of yellow hair, became the "golden" idol of the South Wales coal regions.

* * *

AT fifteen, he began to box in the Wales' boxing booths, those traveling carnivals so much a part of the athletic training of the young boys of England, Scotland and Wales. It was mean pay, about two dollars and fifty cents a week in American money. Board and lodging, the latter consisting of a bunk under a dirty tarpaulin, was free! It was biff-bang, and who's the next one? It was coming up the hardest way!

Booth boys learn early that you've got to get your head out of the line of fire else you won't last long. Small wonder then that Farr, coming up the line from flyweight to heavy, learned to duck. Ducking made it impossible for Louis to "tag" him and this same ducking is going to take Farr places. He is but twenty-three. He got decisions over Tommy Loughran, Bob Olin and Max Baer. All three of them had been world's champions. Not a bad score for Farr.

It only goes to show that had Schmeling not tried to pull a "fast one" on "Uncle Mike" Jacobs, Louis would have gone to London, fought Farr and might have left the title there! They score far differently there and Tommy would have been credited with many a point because he made Louis miss. An English referee would have been impressed with the spectacle of the great Louis missing his "Sunday punches," those right hand drives, one of which brought Louis the world's championship. What might have been, doesn't exactly constitute ring history. We are setting forth the Farr side of it for argument's sake.

Under the circumstances, Farr had to travel afield to get his whack at the title. He took the gamble, both in jumping his contract to fight Schmeling for General Critchley and coming to a strange land, among strange people, to fight a man who was rated a five to one shot to knock him out.

* * *

FARR said he would surprise the world. I think he fell a little short of the mark he had set for himself. He actually thought he'd knock out "Looie"! Tommy was absolutely fearless about the matter and later, in the fight, blinded as he was, he walked right into "Looie's" big guns and smiled in the Brown Boy's face!

Incomparable courage! He said before the fight he was a "Man of Destiny." If he meant by that he was going to win the title from Louis, he was disappointed. Maybe not bitterly so. He was a splendid loser, one of the most generous to whom I ever talked.

He blamed only Tommy Farr for failure. It wasn't utter failure! He gained fame. He didn't lose any.

He complimented Louis on his fairness. Indeed, both fought manfully, and for the first time in a long while, in a battle which was important, neither fighter was penalized for low blows or for any other infringement of the rules.

Having had his chance, and with the usual request for a second battle, Farr now must step aside for Schmeling. The German is going to get his long delayed opportunity of winning the title.

His exorbitant demands kept Schmeling out of the running for a long time. He insisted on getting thirty per cent of the gate for a bout with Louis, with an optional guarantee of $300,000.

Ordinarily a challenger, under the New York boxing laws, is entitled to but twelve and a half per cent. Mike Jacobs finally agreed to twenty per cent. It will be almost a year before the men come together.

Time must exact its age toll of Schmeling. Louis will have added another year to his life, one which should help him, rather than retard him. A fighter should be at his peak when twenty-four! Jim Corbett was twenty-six when he toppled the mighty John L. Sullivan. Louis is the youngest man ever to win the world's title.

Will the extra year's delay rob Schmeling of the speed necessary to plant that counter-right hand punch on Louis' jaw?

Will time take the steam out of the punch which proved so devastating in their first meeting?

Louis claims that he fought an inferior battle against Schmeling and that his one aim in life is to get the German back into the ring. He knows why he lost, he says, and will not be a contented champion until he has wiped out that defeat!

Schmeling, on the other hand, declared after the Louis and Farr fight that he discovered even more glaring faults in Louis than he encountered when he gave Joe such a bad beating.

For one thing, he said, Louis had grown "punch shy" and attributed this fault to the fact that he made Joe that way. He also called Joe right-hand gun shy, meaning he's afraid of a right.

Schmeling's contention is that Louis never will get over the thrashing he administered, and that when they meet a second time, this for the world's title, he'll "knock Louis out in five rounds."

This only goes to show how confident Schmeling is. This is the confidence Louis is positive he can destroy. Joe will have had a long and much-needed rest. A lot of people profess to believe that Louis was "stale" in the Farr fight, and name this condition as the reason for Joe's somewhat disappointing showing against Farr. Disappointing because he failed to kayo?

This is at once unfair to both Louis and Farr. Tommy has a puzzling, elusive way of getting away from punches. Because he couldn't nail Tommy doesn't mean that Joe has gone back. Any heavyweight in the world would have been puzzled and might not have done one-tenth as well as Louis did, and this goes for Schmeling, the menace.

To say that Louis fought below par is to belittle Tommy Farr. I don't think that Joe Louis fought a bad fight! I do think that Tommy Farr fought a great one. He was cut early in the fight, yet he went on and on and on, into the fifteenth and last round, a place that few English or American writers dreamed he'd reach.

When Farr's wounds heal—and, mind you, they are an accumulation of skin cuts, none of which required stitches—he will be in action again and it is going to take a world beater to defeat him.

There will be a tremendous improvement in Louis' fight when next he meets Schmeling. His Farr fight, repeated, would beat Schmeling.

For one thing, Joe will be the champion of the world this time, and this is a tremendous, psychological asset. It is strange what a great difference it makes in young fighters. Young champions do not wilt quickly. They manage to cling to their titles for several years, with few exceptions. Schmeling is Joe's bogey man. He may have what is sometimes called the "Indian sign" on Louis.

This writer knows enough of the background of the knockout of Louis to convince him that Louis can't possibly again fight so poorly against Schmeling. Suppose Max wins again.

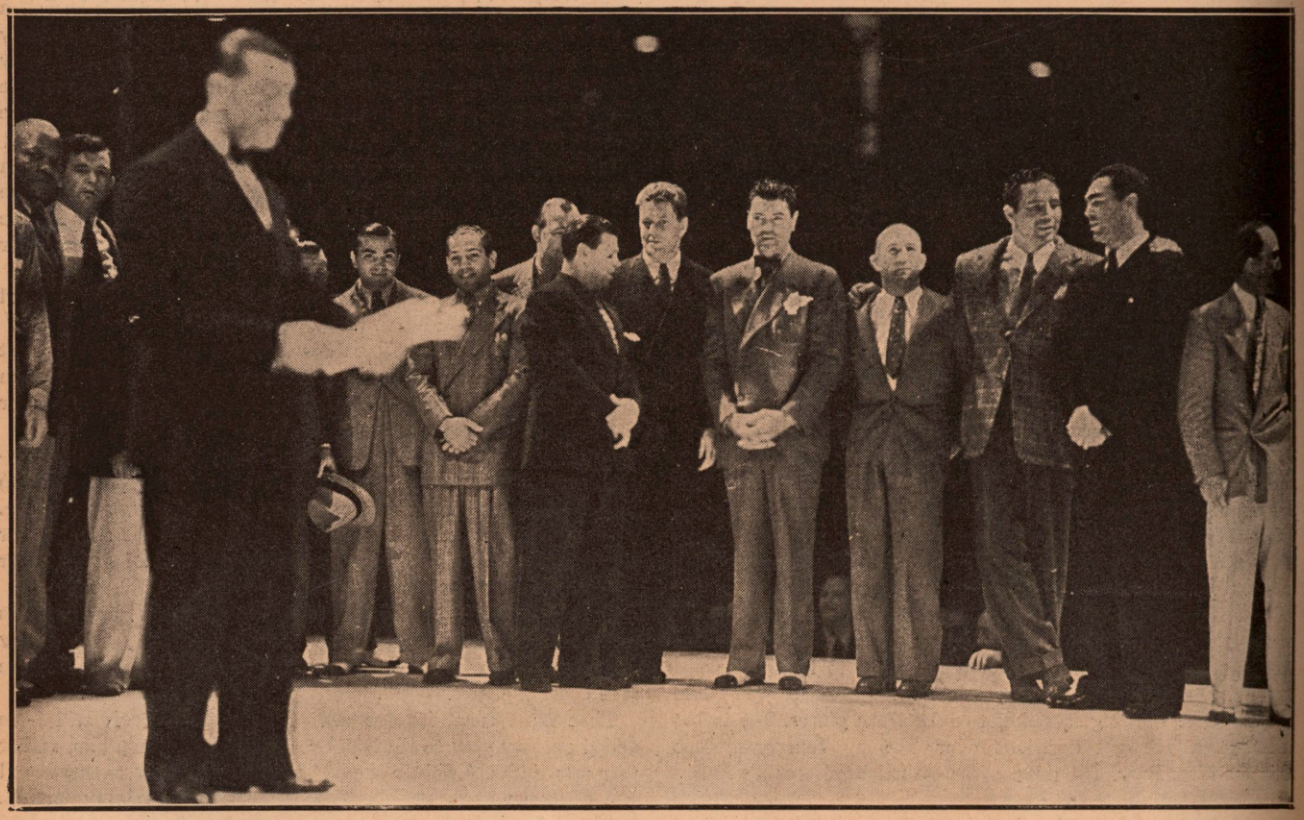
The German is bound by contract to return to this country to defend his title and fight for Jacobs up to and through 1939. I don't think he'll pay the least attention to these contracts. His sole purpose is to win the title, return to Germany and be second only to Hitler!

"Uncle Mike" thinks no. He has great faith in the manner in which Sol Strauss, his lawyer, has worded the contract. One of the stipulations is that Max will leave the greater part of his purse in this country as a guarantee that Schmeling will return to America to defend his second world's title! He will have been the first world's heavyweight champion to recover a title. Tom Allen, the Englishman, regained his London Prize Ring championship.

This would bring Schmeling undying fame. His heart would be set on retiring with that great prestige, renown which would remain with him until the day he dies!

That's why Schmeling would be inclined, greatly, I should say, to hang up his gloves for all time. He will have made all the money he ever will need. He will be ready to be Germany's greatest athletic hero, perhaps her greatest of all time.

Indeed, he is the great shadow across Joe Louis' path. He isn't young, but he has the punch, an asset, which, if Tommy Farr had possessed it, today might be the world's heavyweight champion!



Champions, every one of 'em. While Joe Louis and Tommy Farr were donning the gloves for their title bout, the greatest galaxy of world champions that has appeared in one ring since that famous day in Reno when Jack Johnson knocked out Jim Jeffries, faced the cheering fans at the Yankee Stadium. Standing in the group, from left to right, are: Arthur Donovan, referee; Jack Johnson, Jimmy Braddock, Benny Leonard (face hidden), Lou Ambers, Barney Ross, Sixto Escobar, Jack Sharkey, Mickey Walker, Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Marcel Thil, Max Baer, Max Schmeling and Johnny Dundee. Twenty million dollars' worth of fists!

AFTER WEIGHING IN

Louis and Farr went to the Boxing Commission's headquarters on Aug. 26 to weigh in only to learn while still there that the Weather Man had put the damper on the fight and it had to be postponed four days. Farr scaled 207 and Louis, 198. When they weighed in the second time, on August 30, Farr dropped to 204 and Louis to 197. The pictures on this page show the rivals pushing their way through a throng of admirers with the help of guardians of the law. On top, Farr emerging from the Commission building and below, Louis being led to his car.

FARR'S *Courageous Fight*

By NAT FLEISCHER

Editor and Publisher of The Ring

THE British Empire, through Tommy Farr of Wales, made its bid for world heavyweight honors, and it was only by a narrow margin that Tommy failed to bring home the bacon. Since the brave little Charley Mitchell spotted many pounds to American title holders, the Empire has groomed many of its sons for world laurels. But none equalled the courage and other fighting qualities displayed by Farr against Joe Louis in the championship fight at New York.

Conceded by only a few of several hundred experts to have a chance to stand on his feet for more than a few rounds, Farr furnished an international surprise by lasting the full 15. He lost the verdict only because of Louis' superior boxing. Tommy fought the battle of all brave Welshmen and when the official verdict was announced, the visitor, not the home bred lad who retained his crown, was the recipient of a wild reception, a truly American sporting gesture. To the Brown Bomber went the honors of the day so far as the verdict was concerned. To Farr went the glory of a brave stand against tremendous odds.

Our hats off to the British Empire champion. Our heartfelt sympathy for a British Board of Boxing Control that has shorn its legitimate title holder of his laurels. I dare venture to say that no matter what the Board of Control might say or think, Britishers give to Farr the deserved laurels of a conquering hero. Hero he was in defeat, and none, not even the British Board of Boxing Control, can deny him the honors which the American public bestowed upon him.

* * *

LOUIS went into the ring to end the fight as quickly as possible. He caught a Tartar and was most fortunate that Farr lacked a knockout punch. In its thrills and drama, the fight was all one could have desired, even though it lacked the quietus which was looked for, with Farr the prepared victim. Farr routed the critics who had predicted his speedy fall, not only by remaining the limit, but also by facing the music—the rat-tat-tat of leather against a bruised, gory face—without flinching and exchanging punches with the dynamite fists of the Bomber at every opportunity.

Perhaps fortunately for Farr the Negro lacked the force of previous contests because of two hand injuries, one on the metacarpal of the right hand and the other on the thumb of the left. Even with the power of the fists intact, Louis would have had considerable difficulty in ending the bout as he had hoped. Farr likewise suffered an injury that equalized things. His thumb was badly swollen—quite a handicap. He befuddled Louis and stood up under Joe's punches as only a man with a lion heart could do. He didn't go into the ring with the Bomber for the sole purpose of staying the limit, as did Bob Pastor against Joe in their Garden battle. Tommy had other ideas, primarily one, that he could whip Joe and that was his objective.

He stood the fifteen rounds by fighting savagely, furiously and by tossing all caution to the winds. At times he fought with a viciousness that made the 36,000 onlookers wonder whether Tommy was really a representative of the British Empire which for many years has boasted only of horizontal heavyweight kings. He was different.

Farr was a real fighter. He carried the true heart of a lion into the ring with him. He gave no quarter and asked none—so unlike previous Empire title holders who have tried their wares in America. He was a credit to the people he represented and I took great pride in the knowledge that I was instrumental in bringing him to America for the championship fight. He was everything I had hoped he would be.

In no sport does an athlete receive so much abuse as in boxing. "One day a hero, the next a bum," was an expression once used by the famed Babe Ruth, and the truth of that statement was brought home to Louis. The boos that greeted the decision, a just one, I believe—were unwarranted.

The "super-man" tag that Joe carries with him will eventually prove his undoing, because the fans expect too much of him. If he knocks his man out in a jiffy, they call his opponent a set-up. If he fails to score a knockdown, he is dubbed a phoney and when the fans find his opponent on his feet at the end of the bout, as was the case in the match with Farr, then "bum" is the title given him.

I cannot understand why he should have been razzed, as he was when announced the winner. True, he failed to live up to expectation. Granted, he crossed his army of supporters—including nearly all of the 300 scribes present from all parts of the world, yet I daresay that if 90 per cent of the writers and fans who panned him and belittled his ability were to analyze closely Joe's performance, they would have come to the conclusion that with all the faults he displayed that night, he still gave a fine, scientific performance.

Name one heavyweight of recent years from Dempsey to Braddock who displayed such effective jabbing as did Louis. You can't. He flashed a brand of jabbing such as only Jack Johnson was capable of delivering, yet he received no credit for his work. Why? The answer is simple. Because the fans are accustomed to seeing him knock his opponents out or at least down and he did neither to Farr.

* * *

LOUIS blames it on his injured hands. Perhaps he is justified, but the fans don't want to know that. Farr also had an injured hand, yet fought like a tiger. The fans expect a champion to take all kinds of chances, especially against a weak hitter as they had come to believe Farr is, and when Louis failed them, they lost all faith in him as a great fighter. Their attitude is plausible, yet they should give some credit for scientific boxing.

On occasions when Joe did try to send home the knockout it missed by a mile. That was another reason why the fans booed him, but here again I ask you how many of the present day fighters, Schmeling included, could tag a moving target like Farr with a haymaker. I venture to say that Farr would give Herr Max as tough a battle as he gave Louis and despite the boast of Schmeling that he would knock Farr kicking in a few rounds, I might be induced to place some money that Farr would be there at the finish and might even be returned the winner.

Farr proved that he is no dumb fighter. He knows every trick of the game, knows how to protect himself and how to take care of his opponent and in addition to possessing one of the longest reaches of the present crop of heavies, he can bob and weave and thus make it uncomfortable for the best. That's why Louis should not be dubbed a complete failure. He faced a real fighter—no set-up. Farr proved that he is a worthy champion of a great Empire.

Louis jack-knifed Farr with cruel left jabs, but the Welsh battler kept walking right into them without a whimper. That sort of got Louis worried and from the start of the fourth round to the finish, he fought a hesitant battle in which he was outsmarted by the quick-thinking visitor. None of the punishment was terrifically damaging or destructive despite Farr's sad appearance, but whatever hard punishment was meted out, Farr, not Louis, took. He undoubtedly, in my opinion, lost the contest, but never let it be said that he was disgraced. While the champion lost prestige, the challenger gained considerable.

* * *

FARR proved a fighter of iron grit, with a steel jaw and an abundance of nerve. Facing such an opponent, Louis disappointed, as he has on other occasions. The "superman" is gone forever. Schmeling, Pastor and Farr exploded that myth, but Louis himself gave every indication that he lacks one of the leading essentials of greatness, quick thinking. Without brain

Stresses Flaws in LOUIS

Negro titleholder again proves he is not equal to mental emergencies—Welshman gorgeous in defeat but Joe's boxing was pretty.

work, there is a lack of coordination which was very noticeable in Louis' make-up against Farr.

Throughout the battle, from gong to gong, there was that expectancy that comes when one is awaiting a knockout, momentarily. The fans had come to see the champion bowl over a "soft touch" and when, round after round they found the challenger still on his feet, they turned their support from Louis to Farr. Every inch of the way, Tommy resisted Louis' attempts and he made good his promise to be on his feet at the end of the fifteenth round.

For two rounds, the opening pair, Farr had things his own way. He chased the champion all over the ring with fiery shots. But Tommy couldn't keep that pace going for Louis came back with a bang in the third and the fourth, in which sessions he exposed himself to an attack by the champion. Louis hit Farr often in these rounds—jab after jab scoring points for him. They were bothersome and cutting jabs but couldn't drop the Tonypandy, Wales, challenger. The Welshman, for all of his courage and scorn, just didn't have a punch to help him. Had he a Louis wallop, I venture to say Farr would have been returned the champion that night.

There were rounds in which the champion displayed Jim Corbet science. But against the tough Farr, such science meant naught unless it could be supplemented with heavy punching, something Joe didn't toss that night. Only in one round, the seventh, did Louis cut loose with the destructive hitting that gained for him the name of the "Brown Bomber," but he was unable to take advantage of his opportunity through lack of brain work. It has been my observation that Louis won't turn killer unless he is aroused and as Tommy hadn't hurt him, some attribute Louis' failure to score a kayo to that.

* * *

IN the seventh, when it looked as if Louis would end the fight, Joe did his best punching. Aroused by the urging of his handlers and the jeers of the crowd, Joe went after his man. He hooked viciously instead of jabbing lightly and with a beautiful hook he had Tommy momentarily wobbly. The bell saved the visitor.

There were rounds in which Louis outscored Farr six to one in jabs, and others in which the margin of attack was all in Farr's favor—for it was mainly a fight of jabs—but in the final session the champion came forth with a burst that should have come far earlier and he gave the Welshman some tough going in that round. But as in the previous sessions, Tommy never faltered. His legs were firm. They wouldn't buckle under the impact of blows and his head was clear. Not in many years has a British Empire heavyweight champion given such an exhibition. That's why apparently Tommy was acclaimed and the champion booed when the fight ended!

For cockiness, you couldn't beat Farr. After he had taken it on the chin in the seventh with a blow that would have floored any other heavyweight, Tommy went to his corner, winked to the British scribes who were sitting opposite him and as the bell sounded for the next round, he leaped from his chair, raced to meet Louis and belted him with several lefts and rights. It requires an abundance of courage to turn such a trick.

* * *

IN my opinion, it was in that eighth Tommy made his best showing. It was a session that thrilled the crowd. Farr shook off the Louis attack, walked into him, and before Joe could recover from his astonishment, he had been nailed with some beautiful right-hand punches to the head, at least one of which jarred the champion. That exhibition is really what started the crowd to root for the challenger. Up to that time they had been waiting anxiously for Joe to do something—that something being to score a knockdown or a knockout. The expectancy had gotten them on edge, and when they realized that the challenger was not a set-up, but an honest-to-goodness fighter, they were weaned away from the champion and from then to the finish, it was almost wholly a Farr crowd. Tommy gained their respect by his fearlessness, his cockiness and his desire to mix it—something Joe Louis was not overanxious to do.

Louis came back in the tenth when he recovered from the Farr assault of the two previous sessions, and he decided to halt further inroads of the Welshman by employing nothing but jabs. It was one after the other that bounced Tommy's head back every time he came forth to do battle, and with each came a fresh flow of the claret from several wounds. But stop Tommy? Not that!

* * *

THE eleventh found Farr again fighting it out in an effort to turn the tide and he succeeded. He came out of his corner with a smile as if to say, "The Bomber? Where is that bomb of his?" He didn't waste any time, sailing right into his foe. While the champion continued his waiting tactics, always expecting that Tommy would blow up and leave the opening Joe wanted for a clear shot to the chin, Farr dodged in and out. He tossed a jab here, a hook there and at all times made things uncomfortable for the befuddled title holder.

With that round in his favor, my score card at the end of the eleventh showed the bout to be an even affair, with five rounds for each and one even. But with the start of the twelfth, things didn't go so well for Tommy who was severely handicapped by his wounds. The remainder of the bout found Louis piling up points while Tommy, bruised about the face and blood flowing freely, tried hard to equalize matters but without avail.

My final count showed Louis the winner by nine rounds with Farr getting five and one even.

The receipts of $265,753.11 were far beyond expectations. When the fight was made, it was not thought that the gross intake would be more than $225,000.

* * *

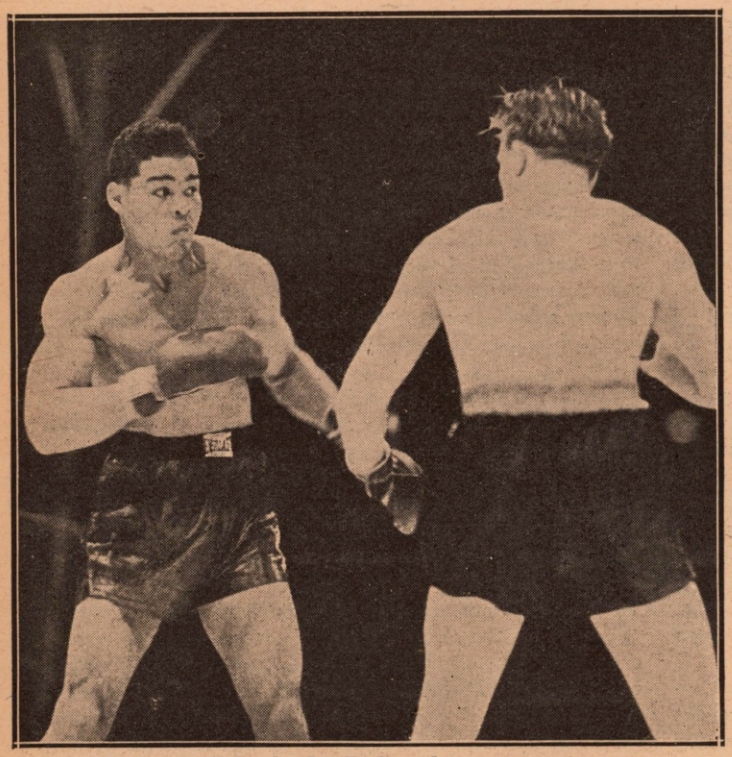
THE bout was a fine one, despite the attitude of many fans and scribes. Of course if Louis' punch had been in evidence, the interest would have been keener, but as I've already remarked, one can't always please, or be pleased. I was among those who figured that Tommy would lose.

In fact, I said over the air on the day before the fight that I expected Louis to score a knockout within nine rounds and I added that those who figured Tommy Farr an easy mark, a Jacobs' set-up, would be disappointed. That Louis failed to accomplish the expected is what riled those who have so severely attacked him since the fight, an attack which I deem quite unwarranted.

There isn't a finer lad in the boxing game than Louis. He has brought the sport out of the mire into the sunshine again, and yet because of his failure to drop Farr, he has been shamefully abused. The fiendish delight which some scribes take in abusing a fighter is a good subject for a psychological analysis.

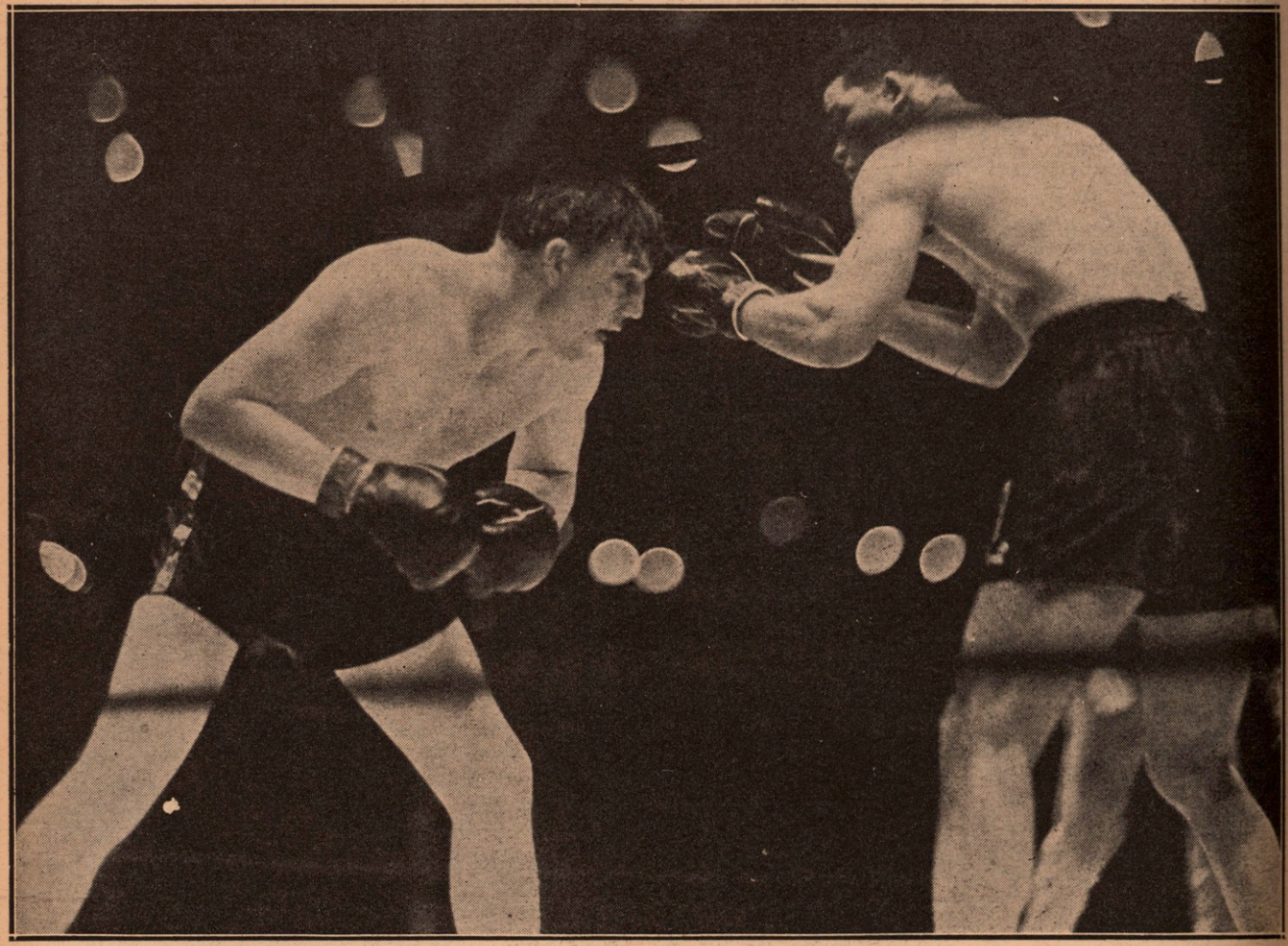
Is it because they went wrong on the outcome and weren't sufficiently manly to admit they had misjudged the ability of the challenger? There is no disgrace in picking a loser, even though one is regarded as an expert. Purely on past performances Louis stood out and it would have been only a gesture had any of the scribes picked Farr to win the bout. *(Continued on page 49)*

Close Ups of Early Rounds



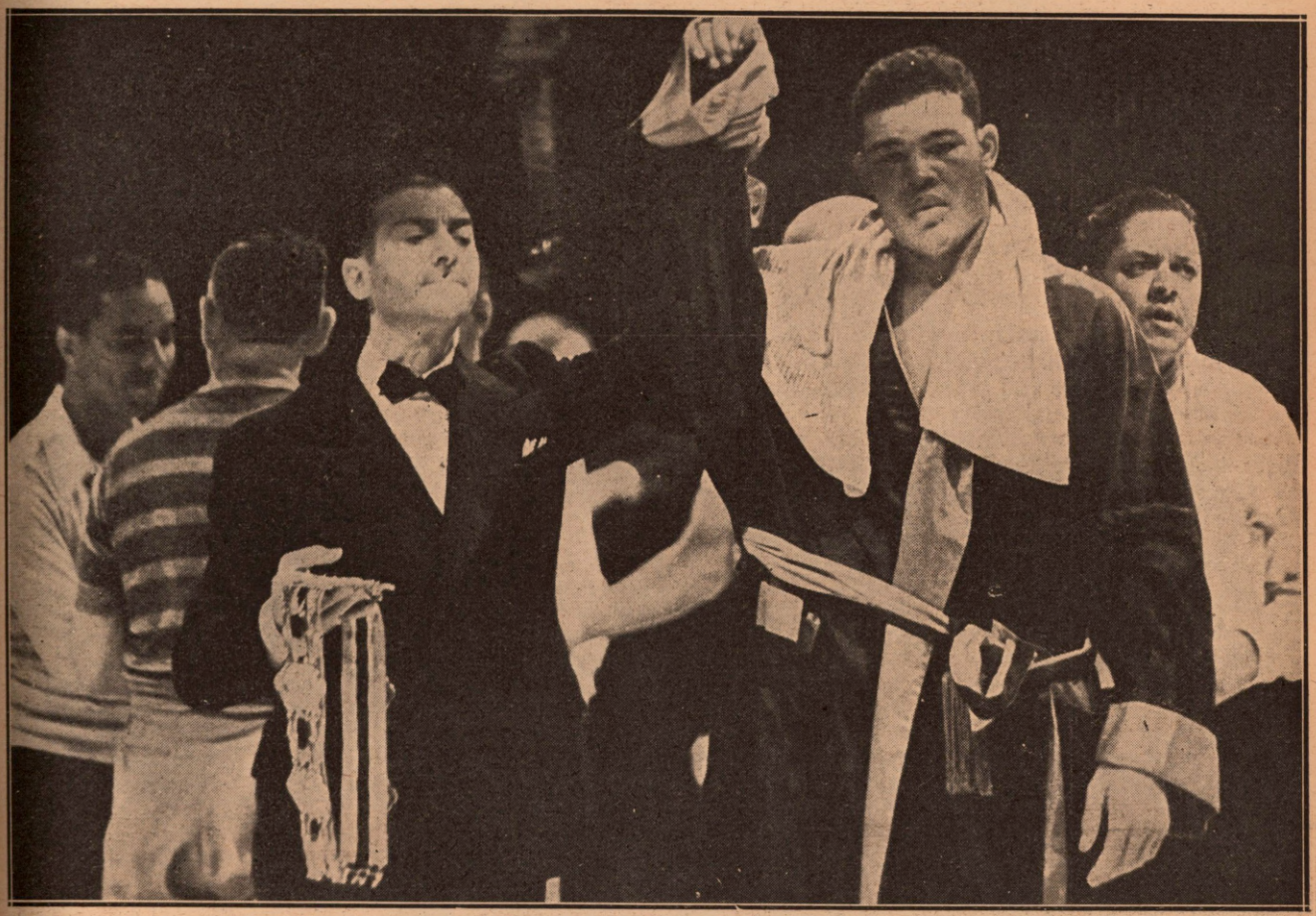
The start of the battle. Both seeking an opening soon after the start of the bout.

Tommy Farr gets into action early. Here he shoots his left to Louis' chest in the first exchange of the opening round.

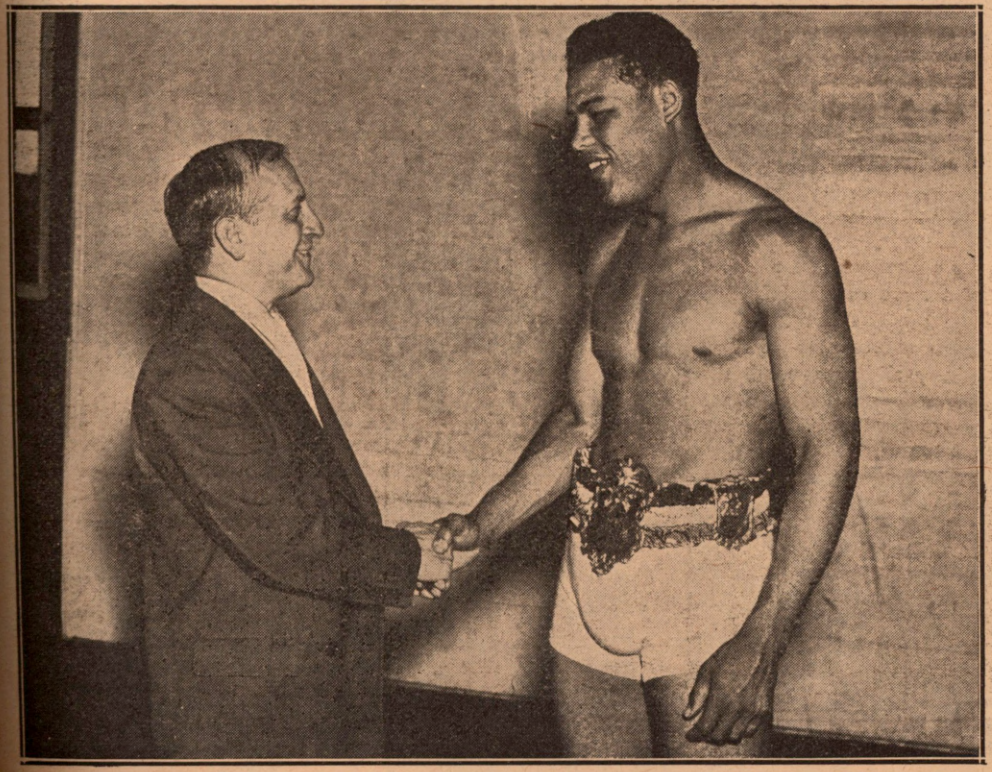


When Louis says he hurt the thumb of his left hand on Tommy's head in the third round. Note Tommy's stance. Not an easy target for a sharpshooter.

TWO BELTS *for the* CHAMP



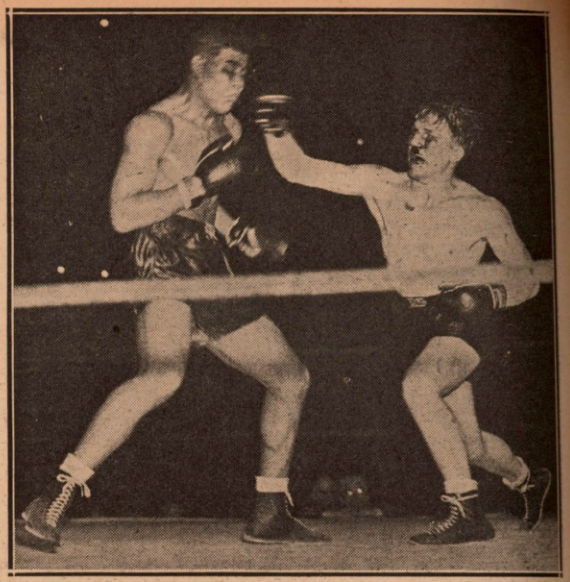
When Joe Louis beat Tommy Farr, he gained the first leg on the National Sporting Club of England challenge belt. The trophy, brought to America by Captain Harding, secretary and manager of the famous British organization, will become the property of the heavyweight champion winning it three times, not necessarily in succession. The Farr-Louis fight counting. Harry Balogh, New York announcer, holds up Joe's hands, proclaiming him the winner of the fight and the first to have his name inscribed on the belt which is being held in trust by the Twentieth Century Club. Note Joe's sad expression as he realizes he didn't do so well against Farr and is compelled to listen to the boos of some of the fans.



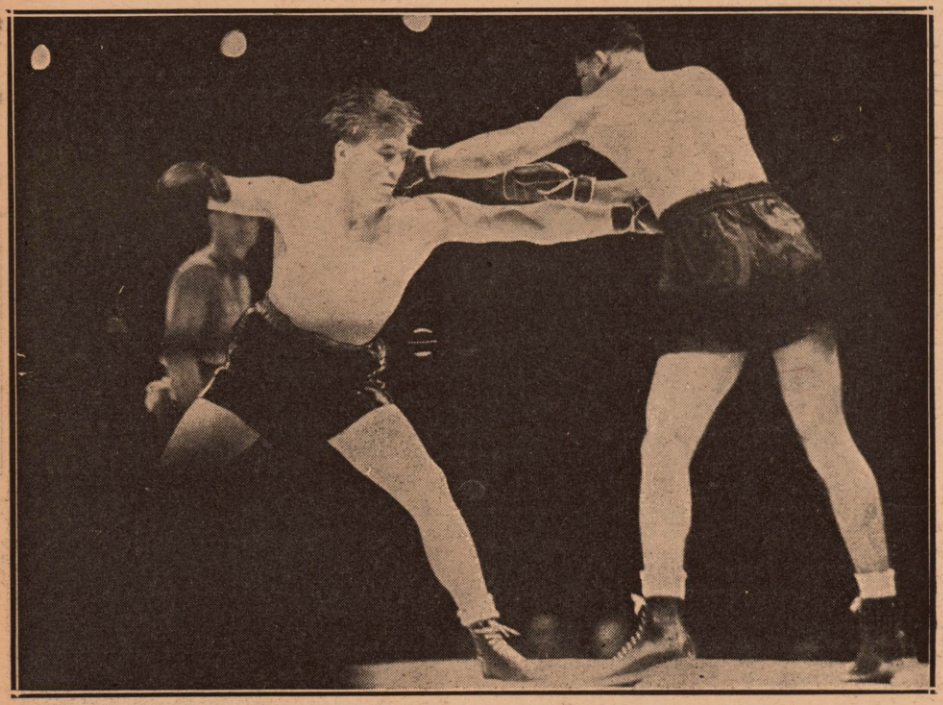
And here we see the happy warrior, Joe Louis, as he receives from The Ring Editor, Nat Fleischer, the belt which he won when he deposed Jimmy Braddock in Chicago. This was the sixty-eighth belt awarded by The Ring to champions in various divisions and set a world record for trophy distributions to title holders. What a contrast in facial expressions when the awards were made to Joe in his camp and at the Yankee Stadium!

Why FARR Made Friends

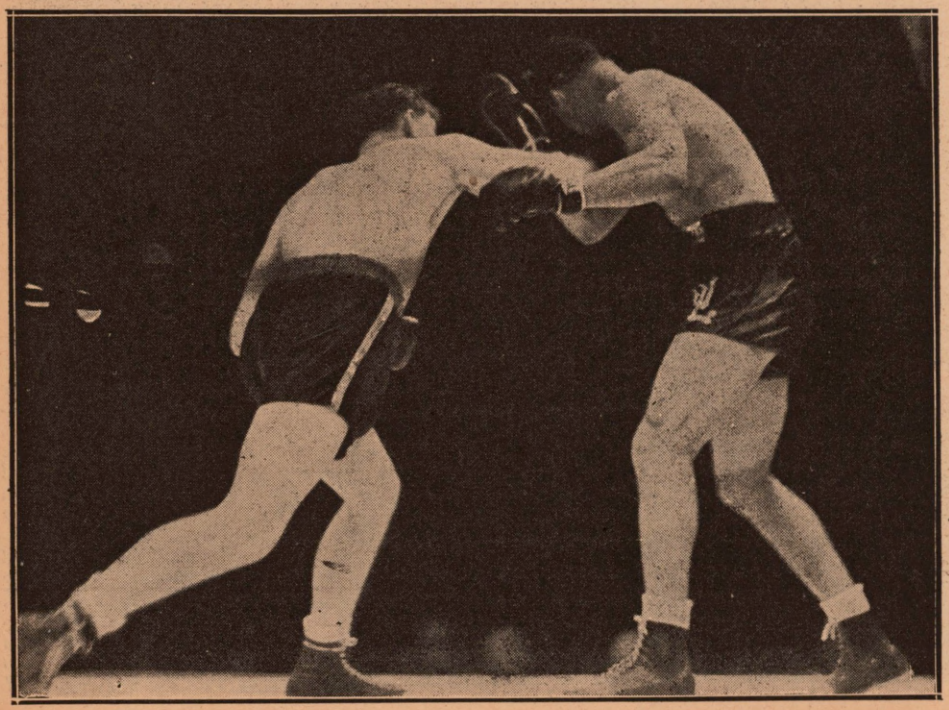
The pictures on this page give an illustration of the perseverance of the Welshman who not once during the entire fifteen rounds of his fight with Joe Louis gave an inch of ground. A fighting fool, that's what Tommy was. Study these pictures and judge for yourself.



They hissed the champion for winning the fight on points because the fans expected Joe to score a kayo, yet this picture testifies to the effectiveness of Joe's attack. Here we get a close up of the facial expressions of champion and challenger as they tossed punches at each other in the last round. Note the blood covered face of the Welshman and the puffed cheek of the champion.

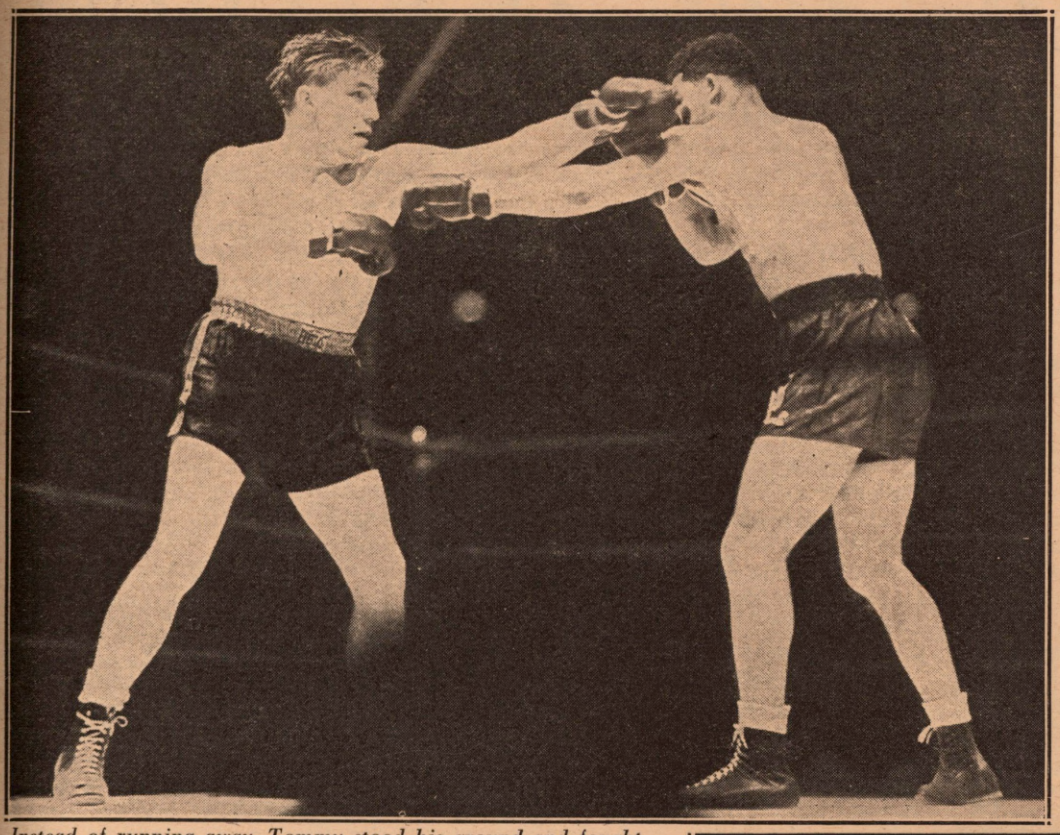


As Farr stabs his left into Joe's mid-section, Louis attempts to counter with a left but the Welshman side steps it. Note Tommy's long reach.



The visitor crashes an overhand right to Louis' jaw and the champion tries to cover up. Throughout the fight, Joe seemed to be right hand shy. Schmeling and Braddock apparently put some fear into Joe for he winces when he sees it coming.

A GAME EXHIBITION

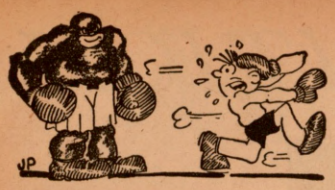


Tommy Farr didn't win the championship, but he won an army of American friends by the manner in which he stood up before the champion at the Yankee Stadium. The three photographs on this page illustrate his gameness.

Instead of running away, Tommy stood his ground and fought to the bitter end. Here he surprises the champion with a beautifully placed left to the eye in the third round.

Farr came in to exchange blows with Louis, but Joe was too fast and shot up a terrific right uppercut that missed Tommy by a whisker as he rolled his head to one side. Had the blow connected, it probably would have ended the bout.

A scene in the seventh round in which Louis, had he followed up his advantage, might have scored a kayo. He hit Tommy with a most powerful, resounding left hook to the mouth and Farr's knees sagged. Everyone expected him to go down, but he was on his feet at the end of the round and at the end of the bout.



The RING'S

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

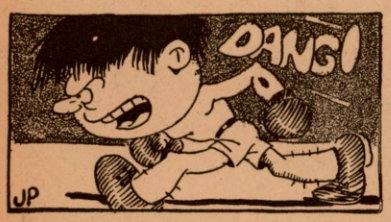
BOXING experts once more are wondering. They went all wrong on the Schmeling-Louis fight. They felt that the Negro would take the German "in a couple of heats." But the Uhlan knocked out the Bomber, and the boys who make a business of picking winners wondered.

Then came the Farr-Louis fight. The experts went out to watch the two and came away with the announcement that the Negro would take the Welsh coal miner "in a couple of heats." But Farr stayed fifteen rounds with Louis and gave Joe a whale of a fight, even if the argument did not bristle with technical superlatives.

And so we arrive at this question of experting in the ring. Why do the wiseacres go wrong so often, and when they go wrong, why do they go wrong so badly?

Well, in the first place, to err is human, to forgive is divine. Truly, there is nothing to become divine about because there is nothing to forgive. The advice of the experts always is gratuitous. It is an expression of personal opinion. Take it—or leave it.

The experts had seen Louis demolish Braddock, and had come away with the feeling that this Louis was a greater and grander Louis than any Louis they had glimpsed.



But they ignored the vital factor of experience. Farr had had two hundred or more fights. No matter how dumb a man may be, he is bound to learn a lot in two hundred fights. And we must not forget that Farr is a product of what we might call the county fair system of development of fistic skill in England. Nearly all of the great fighters of England came out of fair booths. Farr had gone through this rough, tough, annealing school of the ring.

There is another reason for frequent mistakes of the fight experts. It traces to the fact that a fight camp nowadays is just a pretext and a pretence. The type of sparring partners one sees in the sometimes spasmodic and sporadic workouts is not the kind to press a worth while fighter.

As a result, those who watch the drills come away with false pictures. And when they place one set of impressions against the other, they get perplexed, and take the course which suggests the easiest decision.

In other words, don't be too hard on the fight experts. They toil and they spin and they bring out their product—and if they go blooey, remember they are but human, working in a complicated science, and a mixed art.

New York, N. Y.:—Joe Louis explains how he failed to stop that guy from over there.

THE brown complexion in the easy chair is Mr. Joseph Louis Barrow, better known as Joe Louis. That thing you see under his right eye is an animal known as a mouse. It is a bright, delicately hued, expertly administered affair, which kids call a shiner, and for which there really is no better name.

Mr. Louis is asked by THE RING'S Globe Trotter to explain why he did not knock out Tommy Farr.

"The reason I did not stop Farr is that I could not knock him down. According to all scientific authorities, in order to knock a man out you got to get him on the floor first. I could not achieve this objective because my scientific components failed to mix in the proper proportions to get the desired effect.

"Now, folks, that's what Joe Blackburn tells me and I memorize it like I do his instructions how to beat Farr with a left hand. The real reason I do not knock out Farr is that he is very tough. Them coal miners in Wales is tougher than three iron bars.

"Folks, I tell you when you keep hitting a guy all night and he just blinks, you kind of get discouraged. If you poke him with fifteen pokes and he squints, you says to yourself, 'This is discouraging, and I ain't gonna keep that early date, after all.' Well, that's the how come of the Farr fight, and they ain't no other reason.

"He give me a hard fight, and I like to fight him again, because maybe this fight softens him up for the second time.

"This here eye which I got I dunno about. I got it. It is with me now. When and how he done it the good Lord only knows."

At this point we bring out the Joe Louis Ensemble, which renders this spiritual:

How he went and got it,
The Lord only knows;
How he got that shiner,
We've seen nothing finer,
In Pullman or in diner,
The Lord only knows, the Lord only knows!

New York, N. Y.:—Tommy Farr explains how he failed to knock out Joe Louis.

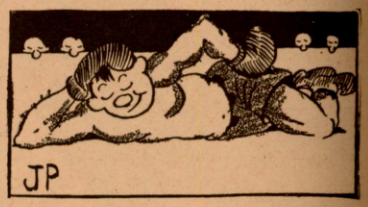
THE lad in the bathrobe in that soft seat is Thomas Farr, the Welsh coal miner, who went fifteen rounds with Joe Louis. In going the route with the Bomber, Farr violated all precedent. He seemed to cast aside all knowledge of the fact that in American rings, British heavies were supposed to take it on the chin and decorate the floor like a bath mat.

As Farr went into the ring, the experts conjured up pictures of past British heavies doing the big and heavy flop. They saw Bombardier Wells and his glass jaw. They glimpsed Gunner Moir and Iron Haig. They saw the long line of Bombers, Sappers, Bandsmen and the like. They remembered Boshter Bill Squires, who came all the way from Sydney to Colma, Cal., to take one punch on the whiskers from Tommy Burns.

Well, this Farr guy refused to remember any of those old pictures. He fought and he refused to go down. However, as you note from the picture, he did not go without some cute mementoes of a very busy forty-five minutes of trading lefts.

His right eye is decorated with the ancient order of the muffled optic and his left peeper is merely a reminder that an eye is there. It is almost closed. In fact, Farr gives you the impression that he is winking. And he is not winking.

"Won't all of you folks give a man a chance to get a bit of sleep?" pleads the miner. "I had a bit of a fight last night."



But the Globe Trotter will not let the miner off so easy. He's got to tell —all.

"It was a jolly fight and I enjoyed every minute of it." Hear! Hear! Such fun he had! If he had enjoyed it a mite more, he would have looked like a hamburger just off the griddle.

"Louis hit me, and I hit Louis, and it was a dandy affair."

Mr. Farr then lapsed into silence. He was thinking, perhaps, of Brighton, of Jolly England, of the royal return home. And, perhaps, of Louis!

"The young man is a good fighter and it would afford me intense pleasure to meet him again. I learned much in the fifteen rounds which would stand me in good stead in another bout."

Of course, at the revised rates. One does not go fifteen rounds with Louis to chance another meeting at the old rates.

"I had the most fun in the fifteenth round, when I realized that there was not another round to go," Farr is reported to

GLOBE TROTTER

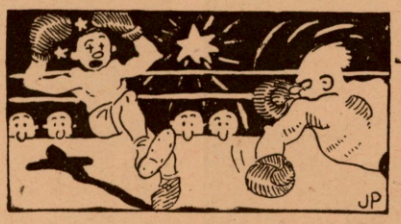
have said. Only he did not say it for THE RING'S Globe Trotter.

Aftermath of Louis-Farr scrap—Joe tells why and Tommy tells why not—The experts in a daze again.

New York, N. Y.:—Clem McCarthy wonders why folks insist he did not do a good mike job.

THE Globe Trotter here shows you Clem McCarthy. He looks rather sad. Usually Clem is a blithesome lad, given to smiles and quips. Now he sits as if he had gone 15 rounds with Louis, too. The reason, folks, is the criticism which was heaped on Clem's noodle after he had broadcast the Farr-Louis fight.

The chief criticism was that McCarthy had given the impression that Farr was winning the fight.



If he did give that impression, it was, no doubt, because he felt Farr was winning.

The broadcaster of a sports event is human. It is argued that he must adopt the neutral, impersonal, uneditorial view and merely act as a reporter. Nevertheless, the impressions of a reporter must have some color. They must reflect something human, something vibrant and vital, or the radio listener-in will shut off the works, or fall asleep listening.

"I figured I did a good job, and so did Ed Hill," says Clem for the Globe Trotter.

It seems to the Globe Trotter that McCarthy would do a much better job if he did not try to get so many words into a minute. In broadcasting a horse race, which lasts less than two minutes, that hoof-beat technique is fine and dandy.

But, Clem, when you sit around for an hour and listen to that constant staccato, the effort to say more words in any given second than Floyd Gibbons ever achieved, the effect is tiring.

And it was not necessary to keep repeating the first names of the fighters, so that after a few rounds the listener-in felt he was hearing a broadcast of a meeting of two left-handed gents named Tommyfarr and Joelouis.

Hill has the ideal delivery. He is calm and yet graphic, clear and dramatic, a grand reporter who talks as he writes. It is a mistake that radio technique demands constant jabbering to fill the air.

However, the criticism that McCarthy misled the air audience cannot be maintained. Besides, those who listened got a fine service for nothing. It's like the prediction of the fight expert—take it or leave it, and if it does not entirely suit you, please don't file any complaints.

The Globe Trotter discerns a growing feeling among the public as regards broadcasts of sports events.

The public, which sits at its radio in a pleasant room, forgets all about the ringside excitement and turmoil, the furore of a fight, or the cold, bleak picture and frozen hands and feet of the commentator at a football game, and demands 145 per cent service.

The public is inclined to forget that the broadcast is a gratuity, that the radio is spending thousands so that thousands might hear—free of charge.

So let us be charitable and kind, and if a man makes a mistake that is traceable only to enthusiasm, why make a furore?

New York, N. Y.:—Max Schmeling signs to fight Joe Louis next June.

STILL in New York. Seems as if the Globe Trotter this month just can't get away from it. The lad with the smile and pen in hand is Max Schmeling, the German Uhlan who knocked out Joe Louis—and perhaps can, and will, do it again.

The smile which is fixed for posterity in this film is the first smile which has creased the Schmeling pan since he stopped Louis. And, as we recollect it, he did not smile so much even then. The overbearing destinies of man had him down for a while that night.

Schmeling squawked and squawked and finally forced Mike Jacobs to sign him for a fight with Louis next June. The pen you see in the Schmeling hand is the very pen with which the signing has taken place and will be presented to Der Fuehrer as another token of Aryan supremacy.

"I am happy," says Schmeling, for the Globe Trotter. "I am happy to know that now comes the opportunity for which I wait so long to get Louis yet back into a ring with me, for a champeenship fight. I do not say now that when I meet Louis in June, he goes under.

"I am now content only to say that I am happy to get the opportunity to win the champeenship back and do something which nobody has done in the history of the fighting business!"

It would seem that in giving Schmeling his chance, Jacobs is doing only what sportsmanship dictates.

There are many involvements in this match. It may not be possible to hold it in New York. The fact that Schmeling is German, and the population of New York City is thirty-five per cent Jewish—and the fact that Mike Jacobs is Jewish himself—develops a situation which will require some ironing out. New York did not tear down the gates to watch the Schmeling-Louis fight of last year and it may not be friendly to a return match.

However, Chicago stands ready to take it over, and with the job the Windy City did with the Braddock-Louis fight, it has a strong claim to recognition for the battle next June.

New York, N. Y.:—Congress of Fight Experts wonders how it went wrong on Tommyfarr.

THE customary backdrop. Forty-Second Street and Broadway, in the merry village of Gotham-on-Hudson. The lads with their hats pulled down over their eyes are Fight Experts. They are wondering.

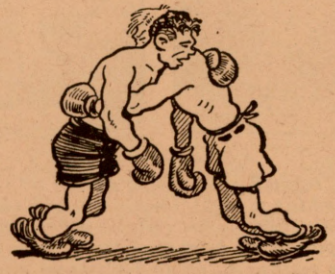
FIRST F. E.:—Gosh, how come? I pick Farr to go out in the first and when I look up in the fifteenth, he still is around.

SECOND F. E.:—Around, and taking it. I figure he goes out in three heats.

THIRD F. E.:—You guys make me tired. My managing editor asks me the morning of the fight should he take the short end at four to one and I say, "This Farr has about as much chance against Louis as I have of getting a raise."

FOURTH F. E.:—I told my wife to lay five to one and now I can't go home.

FIFTH F. E.:—You know what's wrong? Why we all take a Brodie? We read the papers. One guy reads what the other feller writes and pretty soon everybody is feeling the same way.



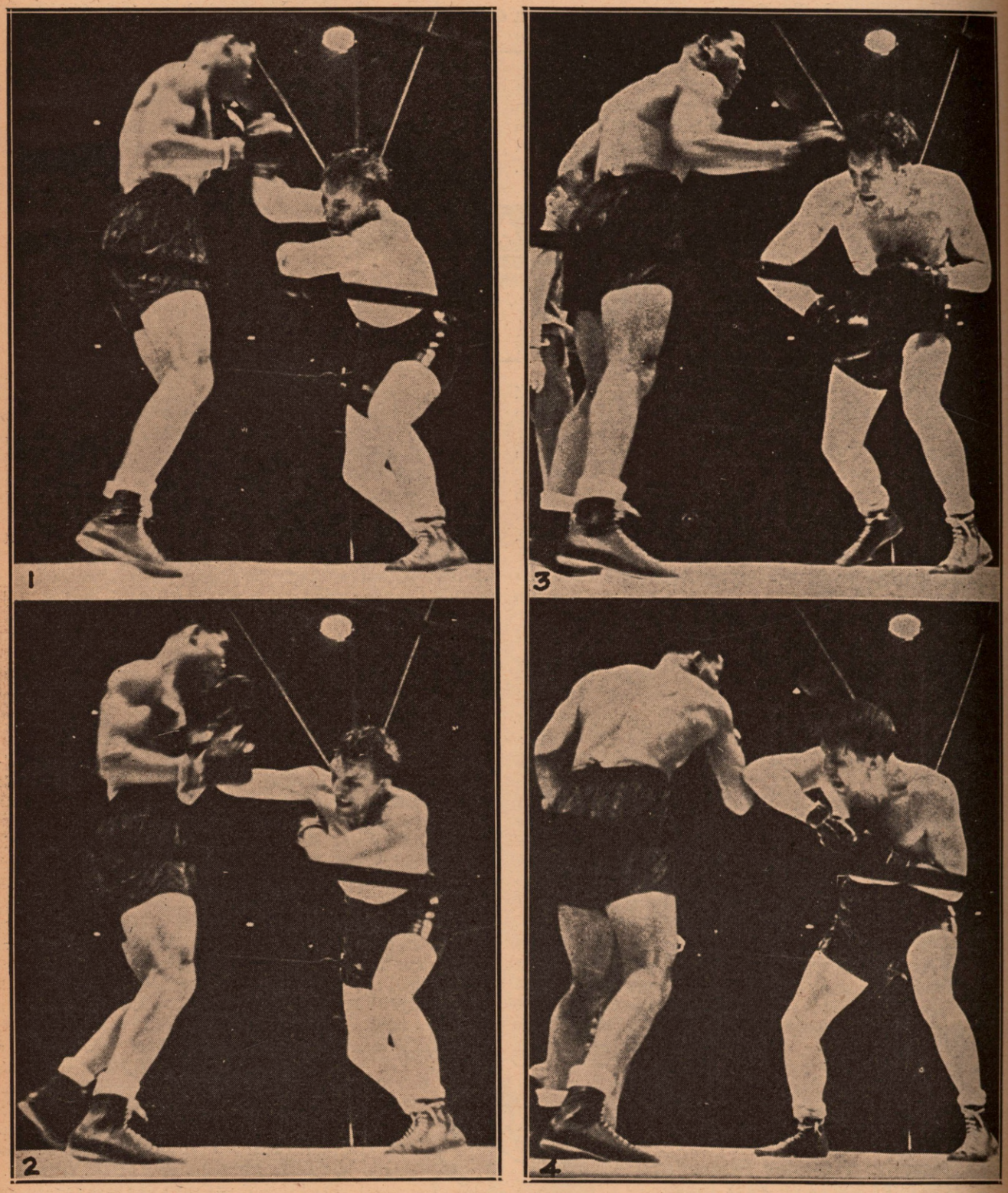
SIXTH F. E.:—Well, the way it comes to me now, in a haze you are the guy which coins the phrase, "In the fourth Farr is far, far away."

FIFTH F. E.:—Can't a guy have any fun any more?

SEVENTH F.E.:—Not writing fights, brother!

(They all wander off, pulling their hats further down over their eyes.)

How the Magic Eye Viewed It



Here is a close up, taken by the magic eye, of a "follow through." First we see Tommy pitching a right towards Louis' chest. The blow lands (2), and the champion flickers his right in a counter (3), but Farr ducks it and as the champion is off balance, Tommy gives him the elbow (4) to complete the maneuver, while Joe's right misses by a mile.

AFTER *the* FIGHT

Joe Louis receiving treatment for his swollen eye. He had no other marks.

A close up of Tommy Farr as he entered his dressing room after the fight. Note his eyes and the cuts under them. His manager, Ted Broadribb is taking charge.

And here we see Tommy after Broadribb had doctored him up a bit. Tommy is listening to an army of scribes who are getting an interview from him.

FRED STEELE'S RIVAL

Al Hostak, Young Seattle Middleweight, is Threatening the Supremacy of Steele

By J. C. GRANT

A ROARING, two-fisted express is coming out of the Pacific Northwest soon, and when he does, boxing fans throughout the country will see one of the scrappingest fighters ever to hit the middleweight division.

Al Hostak is the express' name, and he's just a youngster, having turned 21 a short time back. Al is of Slavic birth, strong as the proverbial bull and blessed with the fighter's ideal build—big, wide shoulders and deep chest, small waist and slender, well-built legs.

For all of his natural strength, he is of the rangy type. When he eventually reaches his full development, he will be a heavy middleweight. He will scale around 160 pounds, which should be his best fighting weight.

Make no mistake about this boy. He's no flash in the pan, and he has been brought along carefully. Nothing has been overlooked to give him a sound schooling in boxing. So that's the reason why he's looked upon as one of the best bets in the middleweight division.

* * *

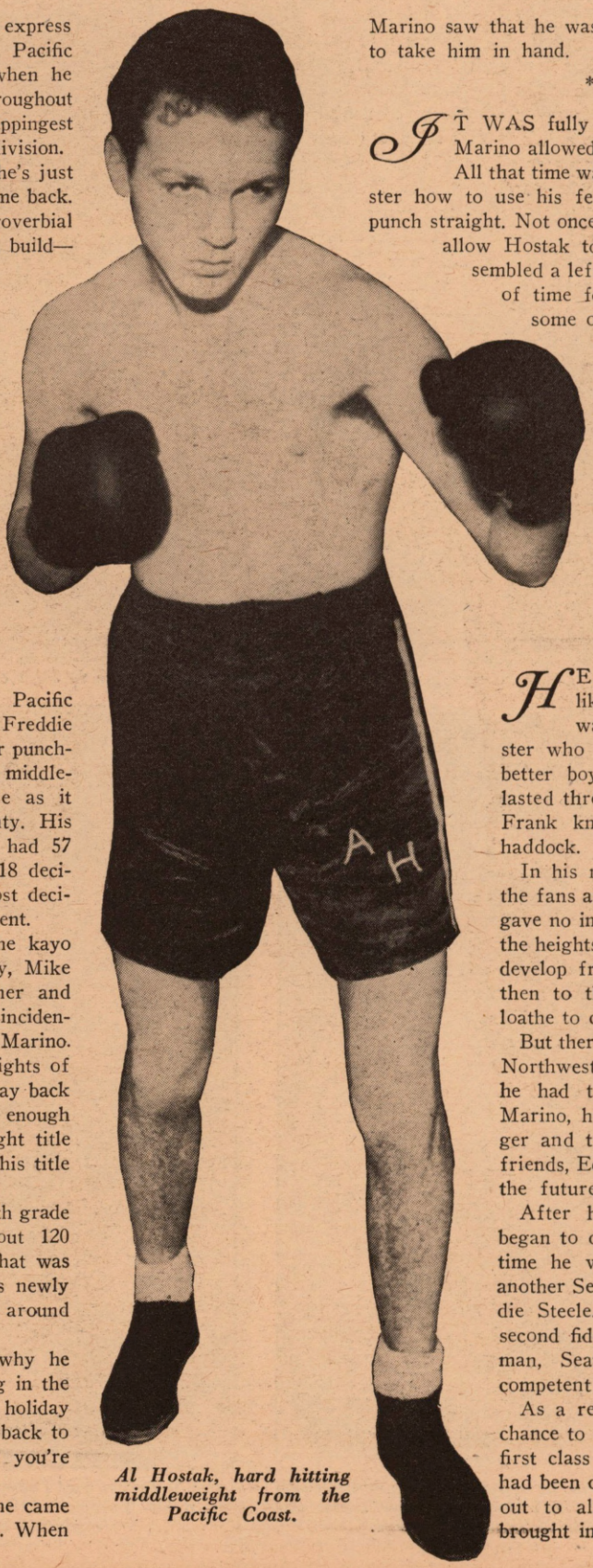
SMART fistic followers in the Pacific Northwest rate him another Freddie Steele. Many rate him as the better puncher—but that is saying a whole lot, for the middleweight champ is one of the best. Be as it may, Hostak can sock and sock plenty. His record is proof of that. To date he's had 57 fights—38 have ended in kayoes with 18 decisions and one lost decision. And that lost decision was reversed in a return engagement.

Some of the boys who have felt the kayo dynamite in his fists are: Young Terry, Mike Bazzone, Leonard Bennett, Tony Fisher and Johnny Sykes. Hostak's trainer, and incidentally, he's his manager, too, is Eddie Marino. Marino was one of the prize featherweights of the era known as "farther back than way back when." In his day, Marino was good enough to hold down the Canadian featherweight title and to have given Abe Attel a run for his title over the 20-round route.

Hostak was just a youngster—in the 7th grade in grammar school and weighing about 120 pounds—when Marino first saw him. That was when the youngster came into Marino's newly opened gym in Seattle and began to play around with the heavy punching bag.

When Marino demanded to know why he wasn't in school and what he was doing in the gym, Hostak slyly replied that it was a holiday and that he wanted to be a boxer. "Go back to school," Marino told him, "and when you're finished come back and see me."

That is just what Hostak did. Only he came right back after the next day of school. When Marino saw that he was really interested, he decided to take him in hand.



Al Hostak, hard hitting middleweight from the Pacific Coast.

* * *

IT WAS fully six or seven months before Marino allowed Hostak to put on the gloves. All that time was spent in teaching the youngster how to use his feet, how to side-step, how to punch straight. Not once in all that period did Marino allow Hostak to use anything that even resembled a left hook. There was to be plenty of time for that after he had learned some of the rudiments.

When the time came for his amateur debut, Hostak had been given a good preliminary training. He had something that the other youngsters lacked and it was evident from the time he started to box. He zoomed through his amateur fights, scoring 17 kayos in 24 bouts. The rest were decisions in his favor.

* * *

HE STARTED his first pro bout like he was set to go places. It was with Alan Frank, a youngster who was regarded as one of the better boys around Seattle. The fight lasted three and a fraction rounds with Frank knocked as cold as a frozen haddock.

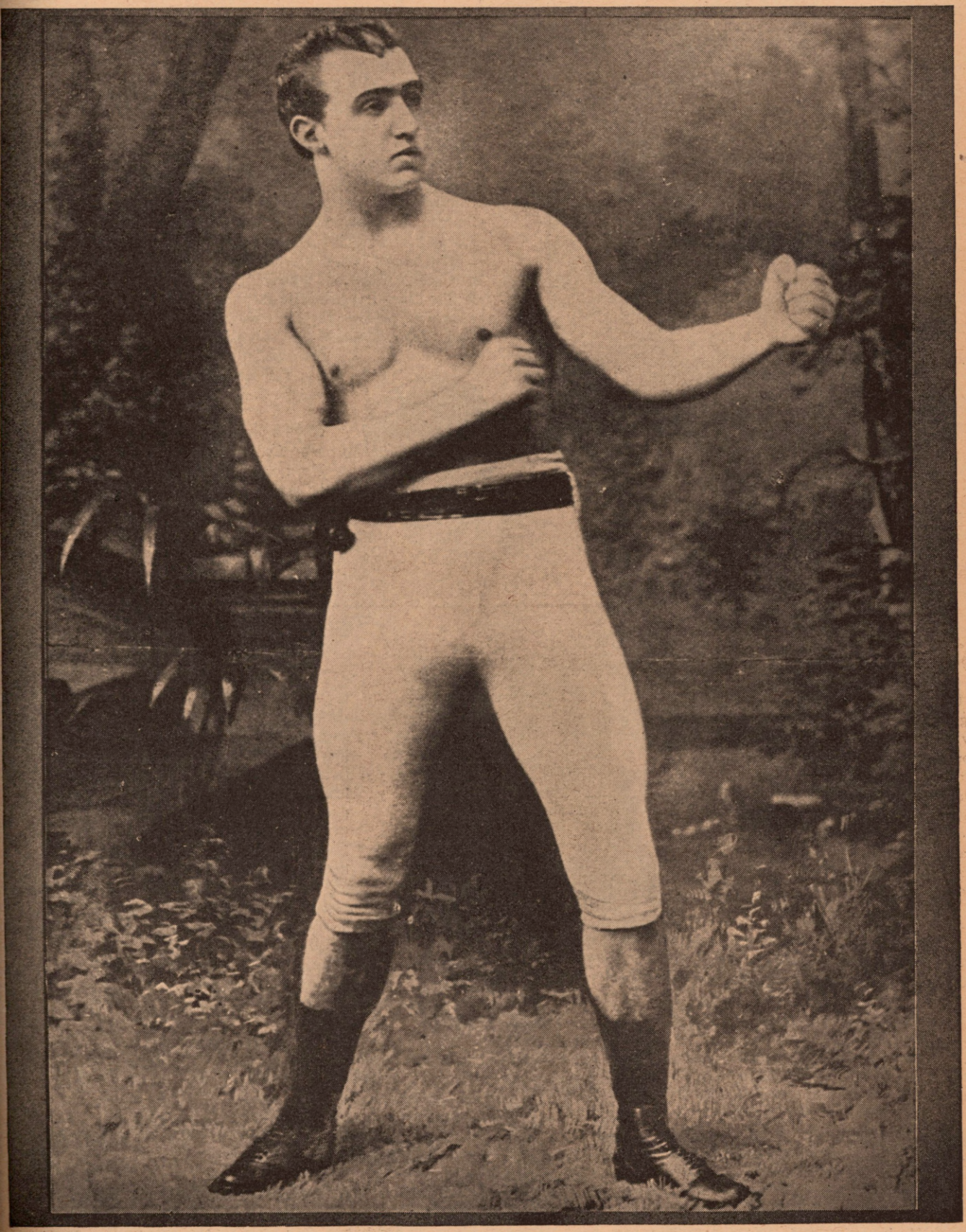
In his next few fights he impressed the fans as being a good boy. But yet he gave no indication of being able to scale the heights. Ring fans who had seen him develop from the grammar school boy, then to the high school student were loathe to commit themselves.

But there was one person in the Pacific Northwest who was willing to bet that he had the goods. That was Eddie Marino, his constant companion, manager and trainer. To some of his close friends, Eddie would confide that he had the future middleweight champ.

After his first few fights, Hostak began to draw the crowds. But all this time he was playing second fiddle to another Seattle favorite, Champion Freddie Steele. And while he was playing second fiddle, he attracted Nate Druxman, Seattle's shrewd promoter and competent judge of boxers.

As a result, Druxman gave him the chance to work to the top. After all the first class opponents in the Northwest had been disposed of, Druxman reached out to all parts of the country and brought in *(Continued on page 46)*

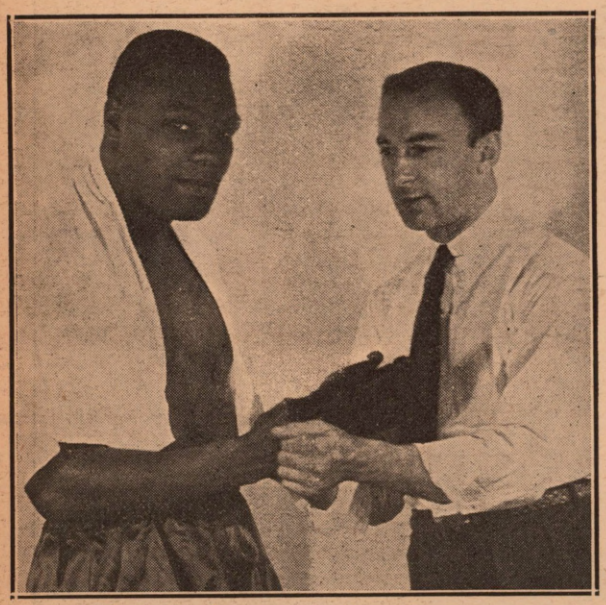
The LITTLE GIANT



Charles Watson Mitchell, one of the greatest boxers in the annals of the British ring, was born on November 24, 1861, and died April 3, 1918. It is noteworty that Mitchell passed away in the same year as John L. Sullivan, his ring foe, and always implacable enemy. Mitchell fought heavyweights. He battled the great and much bigger and heavier Sullivan thirty-nine rounds to a draw in the rain at Chantilly, France. Yet Charley from Birmingham never weighed much more than 160 pounds. He had to give away more than forty pounds to the Boston Strong Boy, but Mitchell's crafty boxing and high ring generalship proved a match for the robust style of the American champion.

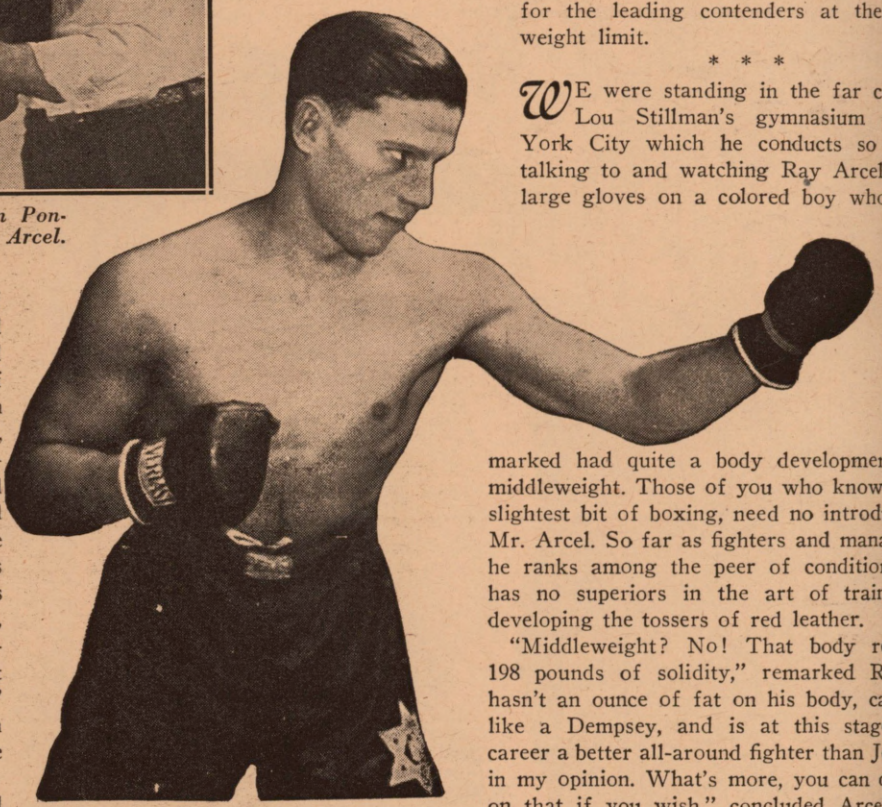
NEW FACES

By MEYER ACKERMAN



Johnny Whiters, a heavyweight from Pontiac, Michigan, with his trainer, Ray Arcel.

WHEN the shadows of fistic oblivion blanketed the prostrate form of Sid Terris in the middle of the Madison Square Garden ring on that eventful night of February 24, 1918 as 20,000 enthusiastic fans applauded Jimmy McLarnin's sensational knockout feat, it marked the farewell for a long time of a fistic hero like Terris, Leonard and Leach Cross among others. But to-day, there has arrived on the East Side a young lad, a product of the amateurs, who promises to carry on where other stars left off. His name is Harry "Bee Bee" Baron and he hails from the section of the city generally recognized as the "cradle of champions."



Harry "Bee Bee" Baron, promising welterweight from New York's East Side.

After a career of brilliance, halted abruptly by boxing's greatest nemesis, ill health, during which time he had to display a fighting heart as big as his sturdy frame to conquer the ravages of a poisoned back in an eight weeks' siege in Polyclinic Hospital, Baron has left behind him at this writing a great 12 fight winning streak since his comeback, a streak that definitely places him on the threshold of fistic fame as a threat in the welterweight ranks.

* * *

BORN in the heart of the East Side he took to fighting naturally and in a short time he had rolled up a record of 57 consecutive victories as a Simon-pure before he met with his first defeat. A fine tribute to the gloved-qualifications of the youthful Harry is the fact that he whipped 7 amateur title-holders numbering among others Shorty Cardiello and Ray Meyers, before he decided to make his entrance into professional boxing.

He had won 6 consecutive bouts before he was matched with Eddie Cannon-ball Martin, former world's titleholder, in Baron's first start as a main bout performer. Harry couldn't cope with the ring generalship of his veteran opponent and lost a split decision after 6 savage rounds of gruelling warfare.

Far from discouraged, Harry went on a winning streak following that defeat that bordered on the sensational. He scored in 26 consecutive bouts before a carbuncle spread poison through his back and forced his retirement from active ring service. He entered the scrap iron business as a health restorative and after 2 years of solid labor, he was urged by one of his close friends, Harry "Irish" Cohen, Broadway plunger, to return to the ring.

And he has left his mark in a stretch of consecutive stirring victories numbering among his victims knockout wins over Bobby Cummings, Frankie Haynes, and Mossie Condon the Irish champion, besides decision triumphs over Joey Greb, Charley Red Miller, Frankie Kid Bruno, Ramon Molina, and Vincent Pimpinella, to serve notice that he is ready for the leading contenders at the welterweight limit.

* * *

WE were standing in the far corner of Lou Stillman's gymnasium in New York City which he conducts so capably, talking to and watching Ray Arcel put the large gloves on a colored boy who we remarked had quite a body development for a middleweight. Those of you who know just the slightest bit of boxing, need no introduction to Mr. Arcel. So far as fighters and managers go, he ranks among the peer of conditioners. He has no superiors in the art of training and developing the tossers of red leather.

"Middleweight? No! That body represents 198 pounds of solidity," remarked Ray. "He hasn't an ounce of fat on his body, can punch like a Dempsey, and is at this stage of his career a better all-around fighter than Joe Louis, in my opinion. What's more, you can quote me on that if you wish," concluded Arcel.

Just then Johnny Whiters hit his spar-mate on the chin with a left hook, the spar-mate hit the canvas, and Mr. Whiters hit out for the floor upstairs to punch the big bag.

It's an amazing record that Johnny Whiters has compiled. With no benefit as an amateur by which to measure his fistic ability, he began to make his natural fighting prowess felt as a pro. At this writing, he has engaged in 67 fights and has scored over 38 opponents by via of the knockout route, which is batting by the slightest fraction of a point over 500 per cent, big time pitching in any league.

* * *

BORN in 1915, Whiters pitched his home around Pontiac, Michigan, and has done most of his fighting around Detroit where he has scored over some of the better mid-Western contestants. Two names easterners will recognize over whom Johnny scored knockouts in one and three rounds respectively, are Terry Mitchell and Ralph Barbara.

His record is tarnished by a defeat at the hands of the very

clever Natie Brown in a contest which saw him finish with a broken hand, but when Billy McCarney came East following the fight, he went into extensive outbursts of praise for the Colored Clouter from Michigan. McCarney hasn't as yet stopped raving.

It is no secret that Jack Kearns, the good doctor who is doing so well in Detroit with Jimmy Adamick and who is raising quite a disturbance in heavyweight fistic circles with his Midland Mid-Axe, offered $10,000 for a half interest in the fighter to manager Harry Baxter only to be turned down cold on the proposition.

It also is no secret that the good doctor Kearns loves the big fellows and is considered tops in his judgment of heavyweight fighters. Still, the offer is quite a chunk of money to turn down which lends credence to the belief that Johnny Whiters has what it takes to reach the top of the heap.

At any rate, Whiters had finished training from where he was sent down for his shower and Ray Arcel and the writer continued in an interesting discussion of the pug-uglies of the day.

* * *

FROM a four-round fighter in the preliminary class to a star bout performer in the short span of six months, is the record of young Johnny Rinaldi, Fordham's latest "steam-roller" threat who bids fair to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious neighbor, Carl Duane.

The colorful Rinaldi is still far away from the championship class and it is more than likely that the most important thing in his mind at present is winning fights. The title will come later—perhaps.

But the fighting Fordhamite, after more or less of a mediocre start in the professional ranks due to his woeful lack of experience, is coming along in impressive fashion and if his sensational victory over Ruben "Buzz" Breese a few weeks ago in his first start as a main bout fighter is any criterion, you can start predicting big things for Mike Valentine's latest charge.

Rinaldi's first interest in fighting dates back a short time ago when he became engaged in a brawl with two lads in a vacant Bronx lot. Johnny, who is an orphan and who makes a livelihood driving a truck, had to get off the vehicle to flatten the bullies, and he did it in such impressive fashion that Jimmy "Lefty" Rimini, a Bronx trainer who witnessed the rumpus, induced Rinaldi to accompany him to the Pioneer Gymnasium, where he turned him over to Valentine.

Mike saw possibilities in the flashy youngster. He took him in hand and although Johnny dropped three decisions in 12 four-round bouts because of his inexperience, he proved an apt pupil. He learned the art of offensive and defensive fighting with rapidity and in fights which saw him lose to Jackie Stewart and Augustine Gonzales he turned the tables in succeeding battles. Gonzales he outpointed in six rounds and it took him five rounds to flatten Stewart.

The youngster has had but 18 professional fights to date and has displayed color and a punch that cries out for immediate attention.

One thing is certain. If he has what it takes to make progress it will be brought out by Mike Valentine.

* * *

CHARLIE GORDON, the pleasing Brooklyn featherweight, who is being capably handled by Tony Brown, is an accomplished pianist and in his spare moments leads a swing band.

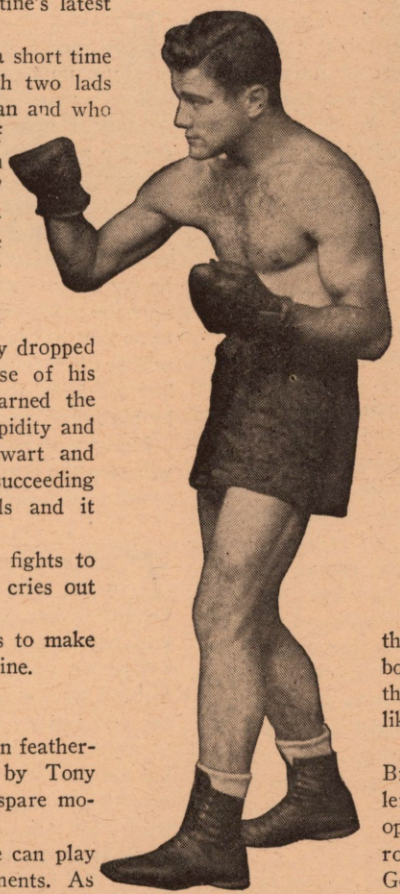
Not that it is of any importance, but how he can play a tune on the bodies of some of his opponents. As Jimmy Marsh, Brown's partner in the managerial direction of Gordon, remarked one night in the not so long ago when Charlie was in mid-ring firing away at one of his adversaries, "How that boy can go to town."

A vicious left hook artist, the slender colored lad has yet to make a bad fight in and around New York. The writer has seen him on several occasions, and when his opponent showed a willingness to disregard his lethal wallops to the mid-section and trade punches, it rained leather. The arena was in a bedlam as both boys stood toe-to-toe in a savage exchange. Which is an example of the style of fighting that Charlie displays.

He has that certain flair for the sensational. He knows how to steal the show. Not long ago managers Brown and Marsh took him for an out-of-town engagement to fight the local favorite, Joey Brown. A student of boxing can remember the time when great things were expected of Brown, and it looked like a home town build-up for the local favorite.

But Charlie went right to work on Mr. Brown and the plastering he gave Joey never left the verdict in doubt. From the time the opening gong was fired, throughout the six rounds of battling, the piston-rod hands of Gordon never ceased firing and that he won the unanimous verdict goes without saying.

He is a great crowd-pleaser who evidently loves to fight and it may be before long that Charlie Gordon will *(Continued on page 47)*



Johnny Rinaldi, the Bronx, N. Y., steam roller, who is being tutored by Carl Duane, star of several years ago.

Bernie Miller, former amateur champion, who is making good as a pro.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Jacobs Seeks World's Best Talent for Garden
Schmeling-Louis Fight Arouses Great Interest
Max Thinks Louis Will be Mark in Return Go

WITH the Carnival of Champions over, a new era of boxing in New York is under way. With Mike Jacobs at the helm, a program of fisticuffs such as America has not seen in many years is contemplated which should put the sport over the top with a bang. The greatest array of talent in the history of the arena that Tex Rickard built, will be seen in action during the next ten months —talent that will include the world's foremost fighters in every division.

From England, Italy, South America, South Africa and Australia, boxers who have made their mark are being booked or have been booked by Al Weill, who has succeeded Tom McArdle as matchmaker of the Jacobs' organization, and included in the list of fighters are a number of champions.

Promoting seven world championships in five months is a record that not even Rickard ever staged, yet that is the accomplishment of Mike Jacobs this year. Starting with the Braddock-Louis fight in Chicago, he followed that with the Louis-Farr scrap at the Yankee Stadium, the four champion contests at the Polo Grounds in which Marcel Thil, Barney Ross, Lou Ambers and Sixto Escobar took part, and then he closed the year's championship series with the Sarron-Armstrong featherweight contest on November 12. Is it any wonder that the sports of America are talking boxing again as they did several years ago before the dark years entered!

Jacobs has been the savior of the sport. Mike is doing in boxing what was Rickard's original idea when he spoke about expanding the empire of the Garden and began negotiations for staging fights in cities other than New York.

* * *

THE realization of a promoter's dream came with the staging of the championship carnival and henceforth, it is his aim, so long as he continues in the promotion field, to wind up the summer season with a show of that quality.

The success of Farr despite his defeat by Louis, and the extension of his agreement to work under Mike and the signing of Alberto Lovell, the sensational South American, leaves only one of the leading ten heavyweights of the world, Pastor, outside the fold, and from all appearances, Bob will get into action under Jacobs' banner shortly.

In the old days, championship fights were few and far between. Even during the period between 1890 and 1910, when American boxing was at its height, titular battles were fought only a little more frequently than during recent years. With the new regime that Jacobs has inaugurated, champions will find it to their advantage to defend their crown as often as a worthy challenger is named, and we can now hope to see real fighting titleholders instead of synthetical ones who are continuously seeking over-the-weight matches. With plenty of dough assured, there is no longer any reason for avoiding the issue.

* * *

WHEN Max Schmeling sailed for home after signing to meet Joe Louis in a championship match next June, he was asked if he still regarded the champion as an easy mark.

"Yes," he replied, "I will beat him in quicker time than I did last time we met when I knocked him out. Naturally I am happy that I finally will get the chance for which I have made so many trips to America, because there is no doubt that I will be the first champion heavyweight to regain the title."

Confidence is a great asset in the fight game, and thousands of fans share Max's confidence in his ability to defeat Louis, by the kayo route, but Max will need more tact than he has shown to date, to make the fight fans forget the words he uttered at the ringside at the Louis-Farr fight and for several days after the battle in interviews with the scribes. The German said many very uncomplimentary things about the Brown Bomber that will react against him when he enters the ring. For example, among other remarks, he said:

"I see so many flaws in his fighting, that I can knock him out every day in the week. I do not need any training to beat him. I can enter the ring right now and knock him out. Joe's punch is gone. He is right hand gun-shy, as you say in America. He is afraid to fight back as he used to when you came to him. He runs away from a right-hand punch because he remembers what I did to him."

* * *

THOSE and other similar remarks by Schmeling won't make it very easy for the publicity department and the scribes to steam up the next world's heavyweight championship unless Schmeling suddenly decides to retract some of these uncomplimentary statements. Then again, the Schmeling cracks may develop a grudge fight.

Regardless of what attitude Max may take, when the time comes to start the ballyhoo for the big fight—the sure-shot million dollar bout—I venture to say that some means will be found to prove to the public that the German won't have the easy time he figures to regain the title. And I also venture to remark that now the public has learned the facts and fully realizes that Louis at no time had ducked the return bout issue, that Louis' popularity will reach the stage it enjoyed prior to the bitter attacks against him following the making of the bout with Farr and aggravated by his failure to score a kayo over the Welshman.

Many of those who are now so eager to wager that Schmeling will stop the champion in a jiffy—four rounds being the average —will be among Joe's backers to turn the tables on the German.

* * *

THE rematch of the pair has been hailed throughout the world where fair play is thought of more than dollars. Schmeling was entitled to the match with Braddock which Jimmy preferred to give to Louis and The RING at the time, and in every subsequent issue, called attention to the injustice of the runout. But as I already have said in the last issue, the shunting of Schmeling for Tommy Farr was brought about by Max himself and no one else could be blamed. Yet that did not take from Schmeling the position which in the opinion of all lovers of true sportsmanship, belongs to Herr Max—the No. 1 post as challenger and when Farr was whipped by Louis, the hue and cry that was raised throughout the country, especially by the scribes in New York, forced the issue and resulted in Schmeling being awarded with the championship match which should have been his a year ago. Thus a wrong has been righted and the best wishes of THE RING go to Herr Max in his aim to regain the title and set ring history, despite the statement that Schmeling made at the boxing com-

mission's office that I am his enemy and have attempted to injure his stand in the heavyweight ranks.

So far as I am concerned, I am the enemy of no boxer or manager. I try to do my duty to boxing as I see fit and if Schmeling, to whom I have given two belts and a medal and by whom I have steadfastly stood in the face of bitter attacks from his real enemies, desires to count me among them, that is his privilege, but that shall not prevent me from saying good things about him when such are merited and oppose him when his tactics warrant. Blaming me for preventing him from getting the Farr match is picayune, for he simply outsmarted himself in that venture, as I already have remarked. I admire Schmeling for his fighting qualities and for his persistency.

* * *

PETEY SARRON, the Birmingham, Alabama, youth whose claim to the world featherweight title, is recognized in every part of the world but in California, now that New York's Commission has decided in his favor following the illness of Mike Belloise, thrilled 25,000 fans in Johannesburg, South Africa, when he handed a severe beating to Freddie Miller, from whom he had won the crown.

Following their non-title bout in the same city six weeks previously, a contest that Miller won, Sarron did everything but score a knockout in their 12-round return engagement at the championship weight. Sarron floored his opponent twice and contrary to general belief, he was exceptionally strong at 125½ pounds. It was his last fight on a world tour which had taken him twice to England and twice to Johannesburg. He is back in New York where he is preparing for his title bout with Henry Armstrong of California on November 12 in the Garden.

Sarron, until a few weeks ago, was unable to gain recognition as champion in several states of this country despite the fact that he had won the crown legitimately from Miller in Washington.

In California they recognized Armstrong as titleholder because he defeated Belloise and in New York, the champion was Mike until he became very ill and temporarily had to retire from boxing. Thus the Armstrong-Sarron fight in the Garden will clear up the featherweight situation as the winner will have clear sailing as king of his division.

* * *

THE manner in which Sarron won from Miller in their latest bout was gratifying to his friends who have stood firmly by him in his fight for recognition as champion. The Birmingham Bomber almost ended the bout in the sixth round when he ripped a right to Miller's stomach that doubled him up and then shot a left cross to the head that floored him. Miller, recovering quickly, got up at seven and from then to the end of the round, the spectators were treated to a slugging bee that stopped only when the referee stepped between them after the bell, which neither had heard, had rung.

In the twelfth, Sarron again dropped Miller with a right, but Freddie bounced up at three and fought back viciously. He tried hard to change the tide and slugged away until the bell rang. In the previous round, Miller drew the claret from Sarron's nose with a hot right that looked like a haymaker and Petey retaliated by opening an ugly cut above Miller's eye.

The Johannesburg crowd—largest seen at a local fight in years, voted the bout one of the best staged by the Transvaal Sporting Club of which St. John "Tiny" Dean is the general manager. No matter whether Sarron retains his crown against Armstrong, he has been invited to return to Johannesburg to fight Laurie Stevens, the lightweight champion, over whom he has a victory, and even a return mill with Miller will be welcome.

* * *

FREDDIE Steele, who is the recognized world middleweight champion in New York and by the National Boxing Association, again proved that he is the outstanding fighter in his division when he knocked out Ken Overlin of Washington, D. C., in the fourth round of their bout at Seattle. Steele, who was declared the world title-holder by THE RING after Marcel Thil had announced his retirement, only to come back into the fold and declare that such a statement attributed to him was erroneous, should not hesitate to fight the winner of the Thil-Apostoli battle to clarify the championship situation.

Mike Jacobs talking it over with Tommy Farr after the Welshman had his injured finger treated.

When THE RING named Steele the world champion, it did so only after word had been received of Thil's retirement, and based on Freddie's victories over every worthy middleweight in America, we felt that he had earned his right to topnotch honors. When Thil returned to fight Apostoli immediately after our announcement, THE RING Editor decided that Thil's claim to world honors, like that of Steele, is not a clear one, and in order to become the undisputed champion, Steele must agree to meet the winner of the Thil-Apostoli bout, even though his claim to the title is better than that of the Thil-Apostoli contest victor.

At this writing, the Thil-Apostoli bout is a fortnight off. Thil's opponent was knocked out by Steele in the tenth round, and in turn, Apostoli handed Lou Brouillard a shellacking. Yet Lou fought Thil three times, one bout ending in a draw and in the other two, according to unbiased information, Thil was knocked out by Brouillard, but upon a claim of foul on each occasion, the award was made to Thil. It was after the Paris papers raised havoc with his last claim that Marcel retired, only to relent when he found he could get $30,000 to fight Apostoli in New York.

In his bout with Overlin, Steele proved his championship calibre. Overlin was counted out in ten seconds of the fourth round after he had gone down on his back, then arose to one knee but could get no further. That bout was the fourth defense of Steele's American title in fourteen months since he took the crown from Babe Risko on July 11, 1936. Steele's attack began to function in the third after Overlin had taken the second and the first was about even. Midway in the third, Steele was staggered with a right over the heart, and just before the bell, Ken crashed a heavy right to Steele's jaw.

As the fourth opened, Steele forced Overlin into a corner and there he delivered the left that sent Ken down and out.

* * *

THE National Boxing Association seems to be going out of its way to make things uncomfortable for Joe Louis. The statement attributed to Mr. Maloney, the retiring president, that Joe was handed the decision over Tommy Farr on a silver platter smacks of high class prejudice. Even Farr and his manager concede that Louis won the fight on its merits, yet here is a national president giving out such trash for publicity purposes.

New Knockout Artists

By TED CARROLL

WHENEVER the boxing business falls upon evil days at the box office, a knockout wallop is always the magnet that brings the fans swarming through the turnstiles once again. This was true in the days of Dempsey and more recently, the case of Joe Louis is a mighty example of a puncher's power to revive interest in the fight game. The clever lads have their points, of course, but in the final analysis, it's the kayo punch that excites the customers and jams the boxing arenas.

Boxing's prospectors have been aware of this for many a day and are forever seeking their vein of gold that flows from a sleep producing right or left. Our old friend, the dapper Jack Kearns, believes he has for the second time in his colorful career, come upon such a treasure. The canny "Doctor," past master of the art of ballyhoo, parlayed the Dempsey punch into a million dollars, and given another chance, he may repeat the trick with his present sensation, Jimmy Adamick, Michigan's new man mauler.

From the looks of things, the debonair Doctor has plenty to work with in his new protégé. The young man has been bowling 'em over out around Detroit in a manner reminiscent of Stanley Ketchel or Paul Berlenbach when these worthies first came upon the pugilistic scene. The 23 year old farmer boy, now in his fourth professional year of fighting, has the level-headed and cagy Kearns singing his praises in an almost hysterical manner.

"Dempsey was not the natural hitter that this kid is," opines the good Doctor. "Jack had to be worked with and made over as a fighter when I first got hold of him back in 1917." The records seem to bear out Kearns' statement here for the old Manassa Mauler had received more than his share of bouncing around at the hands of John Lester Johnson, Johnny Sudenberg, Wild Burt Kenny and others when he came under Kearns' wing.

* * *

GIVING Joe Louis all due credit as a puncher, Kearns refuses to concede anything in Joe's favor as a hitter over Adamick. He points out that one Jack Kranz survived the eight-round distance with Joe back in 1934, while big Jack lasted just one round under Adamick's lethal barrage. Adamick's string at this writing has reached the unheard of total of 37 consecutive knockouts, and whatever the calibre of the opposition, the young man must have something in the way of a wallop. Many of his victims have been strictly of the bush league variety, but Johnny Erjavec, a good tough nut, failed to go the distance twice against him in recent months, and Johnny Miler, well known throughout the country, was belted out in two heats.

If the Midlands, Mich., walloper has what it takes he could not have made a wiser choice to transform prowess into fame and fortune than Jack Kearns, whose trick of turning the Dempsey talents into a golden flood, stands as a model for all aspiring pugilistic mentors for all time. Thus far Kearns, with his usual sagacity, has proceeded slowly with his inexperienced charge before unleashing the floodgates of publicity which he always seems to have at his command, but apparently the astute Jack realizes the time has come to sound the tom-toms of ballyhoo.

His first move in this direction is his offer to former champion Max Schmeling of $100,000 to meet Adamick in Detroit. This overture landed young Adamick on the front pages of the country and is probably the first move of the canny Kearns to establish his protégé as the No. 1 white hope of the nation.

* * *

ANOTHER more or less familiar figure crashed the pugilistic picture with a vengeance in August when big Lorenzo Pack turned in what was perhaps the outstanding heavyweight performance of the month when he flattened tough, hard hitting Leroy Haynes in a couple of rounds in Philly. After a promising start, the young Detroit giant struck a rough stretch of going and for some time, was unable to untrack himself.

Unbeatable as an amateur, large Lorenzo turned pro with a fanfare of acclaim not even accorded Joe Louis back in 1935, and made his appraisers look very good with a string of impressive kayoes, before managerial troubles halted his rise in the same year. Imported to New York by Jimmy Johnston, Pack found himself stymied by that big town hoodoo that has harried so many boxers for some time.

He was not very impressive in his first New York appearances and when rangy Jack Trammell sneaked a right-hand punch over against him in the first round in the Garden last winter, most of the boys were willing to write Lorenzo off as a complete floperoo.

* * *

YOUNG Mr. Pack has since displayed the ability to come back from such a reverse characteristic of top notch performers, in a decisive manner. Since then he has only dropped one bout, that to the highly capable Tiger Jack Fox, and has knocked out all his remaining opponents. He stopped among others, tough Unknown Winston, and then showed he is still very much of a heavyweight menace with that win over Haynes. Since Eddie Walker took over the reins, he has shown great improvement.

Contrary to popular opinion, he never met Joe Louis in the amateurs as Joe was only a light-heavy at the time, but Lorenzo still has hopes of some day getting the present champion in the ring. He has the punch to make trouble for his home town rival if he ever gets the chance.

* * *

STRIFE begins at thirty for the present knockout terror of the cruiserweight division, Tiger Jack Fox, transplanted colored Hoosier who found himself far from his native Indiana on the slopes of the Pacific Coast out in Spokane, Wash. After years of knocking about the Middle West with indifferent success, Fox gained a new lease on life way out where men are men and 29 year old fighters become rejuvenated.

As soon as the Tiger set foot in Spokane, his punches became charged with a new power, his skill became sharper and his ruggedness greater. He climaxed a sensational string of far western performances with a sensational two-round knockout of former champion Bob Olin, followed this up with a draw with the always perplexing, ever youthful Maxie Rosenbloom, and then headed east when he ran out of opposition.

Arriving in the metropolis, the Tiger found that his new reputation had preceded him, and Manager Billy Nelson soon discovered that the boys all had other engagements when the Tiger's name was mentioned. Dispairing of getting any big shots at the moment, Fox engaged in a series of bouts in one of New York's smaller clubs, Rockland Palace, and soon became the toast of New York's Harlem.

He beat Pack, flattened dangerous giant Jack Trammell out in Youngstown, and began making menacing gestures in the direction of John Henry Lewis. Fox and Lewis have met before but that was in the days when the Tiger was just a toothless Tabby, and not the raging terror he is now. He's right in the front line of Lewis' challengers at the moment, a position gained by his consistent good work in the past year and his easy kayoes over the highly touted Deacon Leo Kelly and Red Bruce, Lewis' policeman.

The Tiger is 30 years old and has been boxing ten years. He has a tendency to clown at times, but is overloaded with the smartness of experience. He is a terrific hitter and is taking his profession seriously for the first time in his up and down career. Against even so capable a warrior as Lewis, many boxing men rate him an even money choice at this time.

TIGER JACK FOX.. IS LAYING 'EM LOW AMONG THE LIGHTHEAVIES!!!
THE OL' DOC!
JIMMY ADAMICK
THE YOUNG "MIDLAND MAULER"!!!.. HIS SENSATIONAL KAYO STREAK HAS THE BOXING WORLD.. AGOG!!!...
-JACK- KEARNS
..THE "OLD DOCTOR" SEES IN ADAMICK.. A NEW DEMPSEY.. WHOSE.. MIGHTY PUNCH HE PARLAYED INTO A MILLION DOLLARS!!!...
..ALSO CRASHING INTO THE KNOCKOUT PICTURE!!!
.BIG- LORENZO PACK
...WITH A STUNNING 2 RD. KAYO OF LEROY HAYNES!!!.
POW!
TED CARROLL

What Makes a Champion?

By BOB EDGREN

A CHAMPION in any line isn't an ordinary, normal fellow. If he were, it's dollars to doughnuts he'd never reach championship heights. A ball player like Babe Ruth, for instance, was examined by doctors, and they found that he was more intelligent, had better eyesight and hearing, was more efficient in movement, and had steadier nerves than a normal person. His most outstanding advantage was in the matter of nerves. The Babe had steadier nerves than 499 out of 500 people.

In boxing, sometimes a champion has advantages over the rest of us that are so far above normal they are almost freakish. The Tacoma middleweight, Freddie Steele, is one of the best fighting men in the ring today. Doctors were astounded, on examining him, to find that he has a heart beat of forty-four.

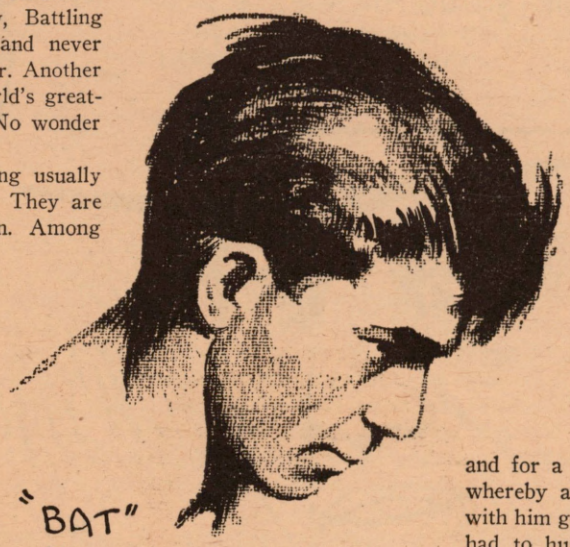
If you are only normal, your heart will beat seventy-two times a minute. A slower beat usually gives a fellow more endurance. Why? Because under strain, the heart must speed up.

Even when fighting desperately, a man with a very slow pulse puts about the strain on his heart that a normal person would with moderate exercise. That's why some track coaches make a practice of testing the heart beat of boys trying out for the team. They find that the boys with slow heart beats have a lot of endurance and make good distance runners. The boys with faster hearts are better suited for a short effort like the sprints.

* * *

THIS natural advantage means a lot to Steele. Boxing is one of the severest tests of endurance and condition. The most durable man in boxing history, Battling Nelson, claimed that he was never hurt and never tired. He, too, had a heart beat of forty-four. Another super-man, Paavo Nurmi, who was the world's greatest distance runner, had a pulse of forty. No wonder he won several races in one day.

The men who are near the top in boxing usually are more or less alike in physical ability. They are strong, quick, and keep in good condition. Among these men, there are a number who have all the physique they need to win a championship. The difference between these fellows and the champion is in their brains and in their nerves. A smart man who is cool is the champion type.



"BAT" NELSON had a heartbeat of 44— (72 is normal)

Remember Jim Jeffries? There was a heavyweight champion who—in his prime—had everything. He could box, he could hit; he had a wonderful build, plenty of speed and endurance, and he was as patient and cool a man as ever fought in the ring. If he hadn't been, he would have lost his title not long after winning it.

He fought Jim Corbett. Corbett was a tantalizing opponent. He was a perfect boxer, fast as lightning, with a cutting, jarring jab. It was almost impossible to hit him solidly. Now at this time, in 1900, Jim had not yet learned to box as well as he could later. Round after round Corbett stuck gloves in the champion's face. The crowd began to laugh. It jeered Jeffries. Did Jeff lose his head and rush in, swinging wild punches?

He did not. He laughed with the crowd. He said: "I can't get you now, Jim, but maybe I will later on." He controlled his temper, patiently tried over and over again to catch Corbett with a punch that he had practiced hundreds of times in the gymnasium. Corbett was so clever he left almost no openings. Finally he left one—just a small chance. Jeffries was coolly watching, stepped in, cracked Corbett to the canvas. Many said Jeffries was lucky; that he was outboxed. It was true. But he was not outnerved and his champion's mental attitude pulled him through.

A sense of humor is a wonderful thing in relieving the strain on the nerves. That's where the Negro fighter is supreme. There's nothing he enjoys more than a good joke.

Sam Langford was short. He fought a huge Negro opponent named Battling Jim Johnson. Jim squinted down at chunky Sam and coolly remarked, "Look out, boy. I is bad medicine. I was born wif boxing gloves on mah hands."

Sam smiled a flashing smile, from ear to ear. "That's nothing, big boy," he replied. "First time I hit you, you is going to die with 'em on!"

The record book shows that the referee tolled ten over Battling Jim Johnson that night.

It was pretty hard to get the better of Sam in a joke. One time, when he was matched with Jim Flynn, Tom McCarey, the promoter, thought it would be fun to needle Sam a little beforehand.

"This Flynn is mighty tough," he said dolefully, shaking his head. "I'm afraid you're going to get yours this time, Sam."

"Huh!" replied Sam. "You got a piece o' paper an' an envelope?"

He was given what he wanted. He wrote a message, sealed it, and handed it to McCarey.

"Jes' open this after the fight!" he explained.

McCarey sat at the ringside and watched the referee count out Flynn in the seventh round. He hastily tore open the envelope. Scrawled in Sam's pencilled handwriting was the following:

"Sam Langford will knock out Jim Flynn in the seventh round."

* * *

TIM McGRATH tells a story of a lazy fighter who was made into a regular wildcat by a little strategy employed by his manager. In those times fights were not as elaborate as they are now, and Harry Maynard's café in San Francisco held bouts almost every night.

The purses were small; they consisted of a collection taken up in a hat.

One fighter whom Maynard kept on hand to battle all comers was June Dennis. Dennis was a well-built Negro, and for a time he fought under a scheme whereby anybody that stayed four rounds with him got fifty dollars. Naturally, Dennis had to hustle every minute of those four rounds, and that was against his nature. He wanted to sit back, with a tummy full of fried chicken, and let the world go by.

Maynard began losing money. He tried appealing to Dennis, but that didn't have any effect. Then he rigged up a plan to change Dennis' mental attitude.

One day four medical students, who were in on the scheme, bought Dennis a few drinks. While he was feeling very friendly and jovial they signed him up to a contract to sell his body to them for dissection after his death. The price was fifty dollars.

* * *

AS soon as Dennis was sober, this fact preyed heavily on his mind. He could hardly eat. The more he thought it over, the more horrified he was that his poor body would not rest in a decent grave after his death. Finally he asked Maynard for advice.

"Bah!" said Maynard. "Why, it's like getting fifty dollars for nothing. Whadda you care, after you're dead?" This only scared

poor Dennis even more. Then one day one of the medical students came into the cafe. June watched him, all eyes, from a corner in the rear, while Maynard welcomed the boy in a loud voice. "Yeah," said Maynard, "I have a subject for you, but he isn't quite ready!"

The student waved his arms. It was plain he was objecting.

"Yeah—yeah," roared Maynard. "But I can't deliver the body before he's dead, can I? Now, listen to reason. This guy is awfully lazy. He can't fight a lick. I'll match him with some tough eggs and you'll have your body pretty soon."

As soon as the medico was gone, Dennis rushed up to Maynard. "Ah heared what you said," he chattered. "Ain't none o' them men gwine kill me. I'll knock 'em flat, every one!"

And he did!

From that day on, June Dennis was a new man.

* * *

MENTAL attitude is a very important thing in a fight. Willie Lewis knew that. While he was fighting in England, he knew what deep respect most of the English pugs had for any lordly looking chap in a dress suit.

Before fighting one of these fellows, Willie would put on his swallowtail coat and stalk into his opponent's dressing room just before the bout. When the pug had risen respectfully, Willie would say:

"I'm going to let you off easy tonight. It'll be a knockout in the second round."

"Who are you?" the guy would stammer.

"I am Willie Lewis!"

The pug would usually be so impressed with Willie's formal attire and confident manner that he would lose heart and put up a very feeble battle.

* * *

SPEAKING of fighters in full dress suits reminds us that Kingfish Levinsky has been moving in social circles over in England, too. One night he attended a banquet given by the leading sport characters of the country. The toastmaster arose, and according to the English custom, proposed the first toast to royalty.

"Gentlemen!" he cried. "To the King!"

Everybody at the table jumped to his feet and hoisted his glass. That is, everybody but Levinsky, who remained seated. The "King" coughed modestly, glanced around the room at the people drinking, and then took a grateful look at the toastmaster, thankful for the compliment.

The dream was blown to bits when the fellow next to Levinsky leaned over and whispered fiercely: "Get up! They're drinking to the King!"

"King?" said Levinsky. "Oh!"

And he got up.

* * *

IT probably wouldn't have done a schemer like Willie Lewis much good to try his dress-suit trick on Kingfish Levinsky. It wouldn't make much of an impression. Nor would it worry a man like Maxie Rosenbloom. Why? Because Maxie would probably forget who the man was that came into his dressing room. One time when Maxie had won a ten round bout in Florida, a young man came into his dressing room after the fight.

"You fought a swell fight," said the young man. "Congratulations."

"Thanks," said Rosenbloom.

The young fellow left. Maxie turned to his manager, Frank Bachman, and asked, "Who was that guy?"

"Y'poor cluck," roared Bachman. "That's the guy you just fought!"

The truth is that Maxie forgets faces very quickly and at one time was said to have accidentally bumped his own manager on the street and apologized without recognizing him.

* * *

SOME faces Maxie would have liked to have forgotten were the faces of Buffalo people. When he was at the height of his career he had only been beaten thirteen times—and boxers from Buffalo accounted for eight of those beatings. Jimmy Slattery and Lou Scozza won three apiece, Frankie Schoell and Art Weigand getting the nod over Rosenbloom once each.

Sometimes managers see that their fighters have the wrong attitude in training for a fight. Maybe it is too late for them to do anything about it, but some of them will try to get their fighter into the right frame of mind even if it takes some deep scheming to do it.

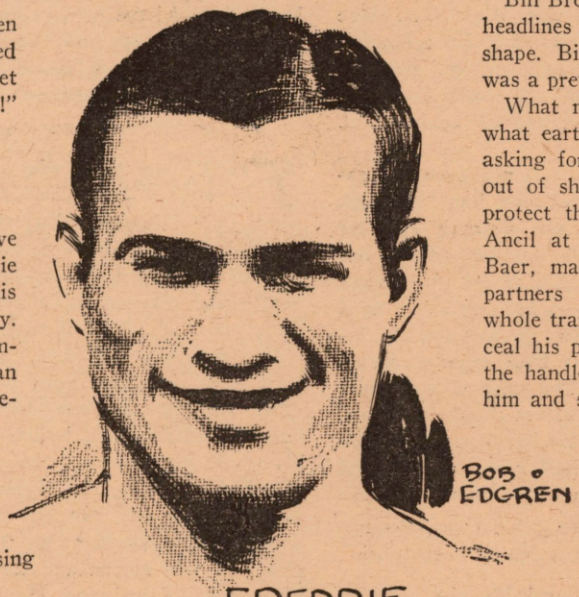
When Max Baer was training to fight Primo Carnera, he was very confident. Some said overconfident. At any rate he wasn't training very hard at times, and Ancil Hoffman, his manager, astonished the press and public by asking to have the fight postponed a week because Baer wasn't in condition.

Bill Brown went down to Asbury Park and made headlines by declaring that Baer was badly out of shape. Bill was kidded a lot about this, but he was a pretty shrewd observer.

What nobody could make out at the time was what earthly purpose Hoffman could have had in asking for a postponement. Usually if a fighter is out of shape his manager tries to hush it up to protect the gate receipts. I was standing behind Ancil at the training camp the next day, when Baer, mad clean through, tore into his sparring partners in the most vigorous workout of his whole training session. Hoffman couldn't quite conceal his pleasure. He almost danced a jig. One of the handlers sidled up to him. Hoffman turned to him and said—so quietly hardly anyone else could hear: "It worked!"

He had made Baer mad. Baer was still mad when he fought Primo and the result of that fight everyone knows.

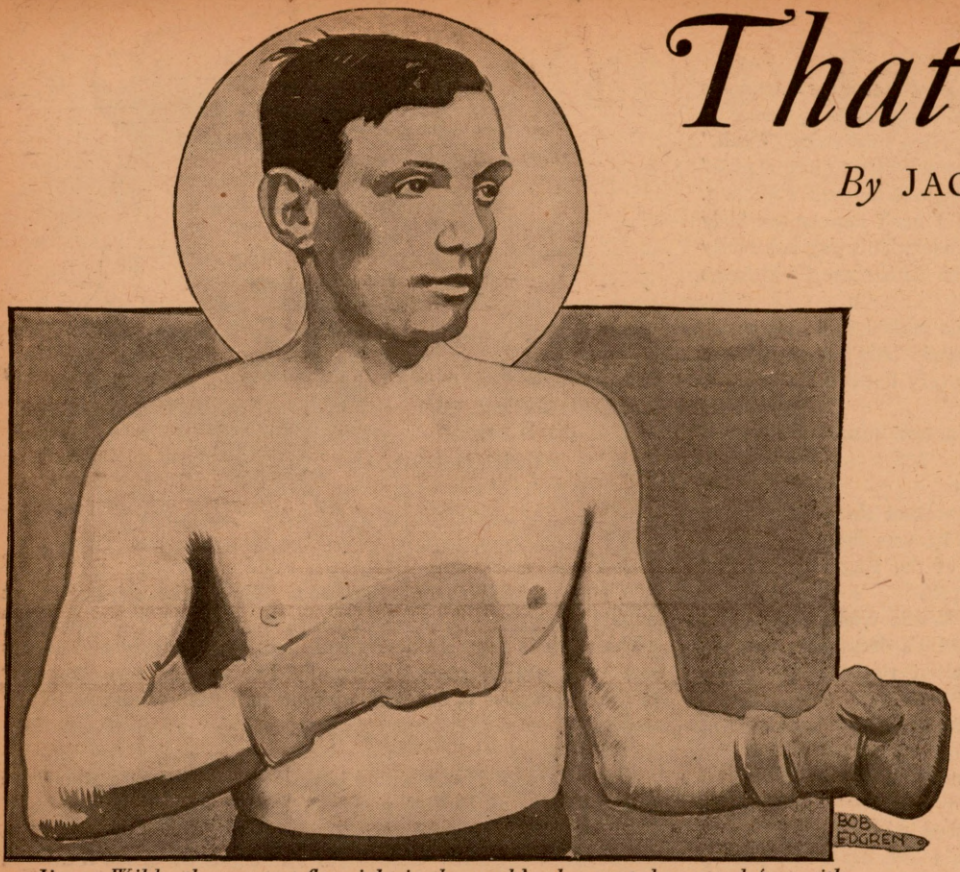
There are many cases on record in the history of modern boxing where a champion had to be worked into a state of fury before the trainer could get the best out of him, but once the fighter reached that stage, there simply was no stopping him. There is a vast difference between being on edge and being mad.



FREDDIE STEELE another exceptional fighter -- heartbeat

That's How

By JACK KOFOED



Jimmy Wilde, the greatest flyweight in the world, who went down to defeat with flying colors.

FOR a couple of rounds before the finish it was obvious that James J. Braddock was through. He moved around the ring with his legs wide apart. His eyes were heavy and lacked luster. There was no drive from his big shoulders when he threw a punch. He was an old man in a fighting sense; rusty from inaction. His two years absence from the ring was evidenced in the bad timing that made his right miss the target time after time.

The Dark Angel of Destruction shuffled after Braddock like a prowling lynx. There was no hurry in Joe Louis' movements. They were sleek and well oiled. His left hand curved like a scythe, and when it landed . . . . which was often . . . . there was a ring of authority in it. That ring echoed in Jim's buzzing brain. The punches drained the strength out of him. He kept getting weaker and weaker, but held onto the vague hope that one punch might turn the tide running so strongly against him. Brave men always do hold on.

But it was a hope that no one else . . . . not even his enthusiastic manager, Joe Gould . . . . shared with him. Braddock had not been a great champion, but he was a brave one. He kept trying, though it was obvious that the best he had was not good enough. The finish came in the eighth round. A moment before the lethal punch landed he was on his feet . . . . tired and groggy but upright. A moment later he was flat on his face, a little twitch running through his back muscles as his subconscious mind urged him to get up. The spirit was stronger than the flesh. He couldn't get up. The referee counted him out. His handlers carried Jim Braddock to his dressing room, and he lay on the rubbing table, exhausted, half conscious. He had given every atom of strength he had in defense of his title. He had gone out the way a champion should.

* * *

I REMEMBER Jimmy Wilde, probably the greatest flyweight the world ever saw, in his last fight with that little demon, Pancho Villa. Jimmy came back to his corner, blinded, sick at the stomach, so weak he could hardly keep his wavering knees straight under him. His chief second wanted to throw in the towel. There was no sense in letting the merciless slaughter go on. He begged Wilde to let him do it. The little man shook his bloody head.

"Don't," he panted. "There's only one way for a champion to finish . . . . that's on the floor!"

And when the bell sounded he managed, somehow, to get to his feet, and staggered out to take the punch that would end his career.

I remember Battling Nelson in that awful battle at Port Richmond, California, when he lost his title to Ad Wolgast. Nelson had taken frightful punishment. Both eyes were swollen shut. His face had puffed out of all resemblance to a human countenance. His body was banded with the crimson imprints of Wolgast's fists. In the fortieth round he pawed his way toward the center of the ring because he couldn't see his opponent. Battling Nelson was trying to get close enough so that he could feel the Cadillac Wildcat and begin a weak tattoo against that fellow's hard body muscles, but he couldn't reach him.

The referee had stood as much as he could. When Wolgast smashed a relentless fist against Nelson's ghastly face, he stepped between the men.

"That's enough," he said.

"What are you doin'?" Bat mumbled through his swollen lips. "I'm all right. I can still lick that bum."

"Maybe," said the referee, "but you're not gonna have the chance. It's all over."

Protesting, trying to pull away and attack the man who had beaten him, Nelson was led to his corner. Had the choice been his he would have died in the ring before admitting defeat.

That's the way real champions finish . . . . the way Braddock and Wilde and Nelson finished. How did the other heavyweight kings of the past react when they faced the end of the trail?

* * *

THERE are those who say Jess Willard quit that steaming Fourth of July afternoon on the shores of Maumee Bay when Jack Dempsey whipped him for the title. It is true that the Tall Pine of the Potawattomie did not come to his end in the conventional way. He sat on his stool as the bell for the next round clanged its brazen note on the humid air . . . . sat there and said: "I'm through. I can't do any more."

You may say that was quitting . . . . that Willard could at least have risen and gone out to meet his fate as Wilde and others had done. But consider the punishment the most murderous hitter of all time had inflicted on him. As he slumped there on his stool, Big Jess was the most severely beaten champion the ring had ever seen. His cheekbone was fractured. Half his teeth were knocked out. Six ribs were fractured. I don't think there was enough strength in his thick legs to lift that gigantic body. His face was ripped and torn. He sucked air into his painful lungs like a dying man. Maybe Willard was not game as some people have said. I think it is utterly unfair to say that about a man who went on as long as he was physically able. There comes a time when the body refuses to obey the orders of the will . . . . and the Tall Pine had reached that point.

Dempsey will tell you so himself. The Man Mauler never had a word of criticism for the man he defeated. He knew what he had

Champions Finish

dealt out. He was glad that Willard had not died under the furious flailing. Many a man would have.

Jack, himself, faced the old problem one rainy September night in Philadelphia. The ring and fighters and spectators were drenched. Dempsey, after a long period of idleness and a training siege in Atlantic City that had been made up of innumerable worries and irritations, did not come to the defense of the championship in the same superb condition in which he had won it. His face, under the stubble of beard, was drawn and tired. There wasn't the old speed in his once agile legs or the same zip in his punches.

* * *

TUNNEY, the master boxer, lanced and slashed him with hundreds of blows, and evaded vicious counters. Almost from the start it was obvious that Dempsey did not have a chance, because he could not catch up with a great ringman, who had youth and speed and skill on his side. As the rounds slipped by Jack's stubbled face reddened with the continuation of punches that poured against it like the rain from the skies. Toward the finish the Mauler was so tired it took a distinct effort of will to even lift his hands. But, right through to the finish Dempsey was crowding forward, winging his short, hard punches . . . . taking jarring ones in return.

Tunney could not knock him out, for Jack had too much of the old stamina to be overcome in ten rounds. If the fight had been twenty we might have seen the greatest slugger of them all on the floor. If that had happened, you can bet all the tea in China, Dempsey would have kept on getting up until the world burst in flame before his eyes and he couldn't get up any more. There never was a gamer guy than William Harrison Dempsey.

How about Jack Johnson, from whom Willard won the championship that he lost to Dempsey and Dempsey lost to Tunney?

Here is the first interlude in our saga of gameness. Johnson fought the Tall Pine of the Potawattomie in Havana . . . . and there is still some doubt as to what the finish was really supposed to represent. I don't mean to say Jack didn't have as much courage as the others. He showed in plenty of fights that he had what the boys call moxie.

* * *

BUT the picture of what happened at the end of the fight in Havana is still indelibly printed on my memory. Johnson has gone down from a punch. He's flat on his back while the referee counts. The sun blazes down with a heat and brilliance known only in the semi-tropics. Jack's eyes are closed . . . . but the sun seems to bother him. As the count goes on, he brackets one arm over his face so the glare won't annoy him. The pictures showed that. It's down in the records . . . . and I submit that it is a queer finish for a heavyweight champion who is supposed to be knocked out.

But, let's go back to the afternoon when Johnson won the title from James J. Jeffries. The burly, hairy-chested boilermaker had been one of the great champions of all time. After a long absence from the ring he was brought back as the supposed "hope of the white race" to beat Johnson. I say that Johnson won the title from Jeffries. He had really hooked a technical claim to the crown by hammering the courageous little Tommy Burns into a bleeding rubble down in Australia. But he had to lick Jeff to make the claim stick.

He did it, too. Jeffries found out, just as Braddock did later and a lot of others have, that you can't lay off a long time and still have what it takes. Jim didn't have it. It was pitiful to watch the man who had battered down such warriors as Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Ruhlin and others, stumble blindly into the accomplished fists of the big black man from the Galveston docks.

* * *

CORBETT was one of Jeff's seconds that afternoon. He wanted to throw in the towel. He couldn't stand seeing the man he admired so much beaten and smashed and hacked into a blinded hulk that kept moving . . . . always moving ahead. Jeffries had little fighting equipment left. He knew it . . . . but the least he could do was fight as long as he was able. He did exactly that. Jim had been a great champion. He was still great in courage when he came to the end of the trail in Reno.

Jeff understood. He had seen the skinny-legged, wide-shouldered Cornishman, from whom he had won the championship, face the same problem. Fitzsimmons was an old man as warriors of the ring went, but was a tremendous hitter. Those great shoulders of his could throw a punch as hard as any ever fired. The trouble was that his big, bony, freckled hands were no longer able to stand the power behind them. He hit Jeff's iron clad jaw with everything he had. Then his fists began to crack. After a while they were like a jumble of dice in a bag. They were smashed in a dozen different places. When a fighter's hands go he's through. Game and tough as he was, Fitzsimmons could not let punches go at the jaw. It was too painful. Every wallop hurt him more than the man they landed on. The lanky red head switched to the body. It was bad enough, but the broken bones did not rasp and shoot red hot agony up his arms as they had when he fired at the chin. But he couldn't stop Jeffries that way. He kept trying until the 220-pound giant battered the senses out of him. Fitz made a last ditch stand that was as heroic as any epic of the ring ever written. His bald head, with its edging of red hair kept moving into the cannonade, but he couldn't keep moving up forever. Bob eventually went down, a ruined caricature of the destroyer who had come into the ring.

* * *

THE Cornishman finished Jim Corbett off in a different way to win the title he prized so much. They fought in Carson City, you know, and Carson City is built at an exceedingly high altitude. Gentleman Jim was knocked out with what has gone down in history as the "solar plexus" punch. Bob belted him with that, and Corbett dropped. He wanted to get up. He tried his best. Until that time he had outboxed the freckled wonder, and looked like a sure winner . . . . but that wallop finished him. He was in a terrible state. His brain was clear. He knew everything that was going on . . . . but couldn't get his breath and his knees turned to sand. They were so weak he could not pull himself up, and for awhile it seemed he would strangle to death. So, while he was going through these tortures, Jim Corbett was counted out.

Afterward he scoffed at the solar plexus story. Jim said it was simply an ordinary punch in the belly, but the light air prevented him from getting his breath . . . . and a man who can't get his breath is in an utterly helpless position. At any rate, he was beaten, and had nothing to apologize for. He did his best . . . . and it was a good best and a brave one.

There wasn't the faintest element of luck in the finish of John L. Sullivan, and the Boston Strong Boy's end was as dramatic and courageous as any ever written. He was not only a champion . . . . John L., wasn't . . . . he was a symbol and a tradition. The whole world thought him unbeatable. He was certain of it himself. He owned the most unimaginable scorn of the dapper bank-clerk who had the impertinence to think he could beat him.

The odds might have been 10-to-1 or whatever you cared to name. Who was going to bet on Corbett, anyway? He didn't have a chance. Everyone forgot the years of dissipation through which the champion had waded. Everyone forgot the countless gallons of champagne and whisky he had swilled. John L. was fat and out of condition when he entered the New Orleans ring that night.

* * *

THROUGH the long martyrdom of the fight Corbett slipped around the square like a formless ghost that could not be hit, while Sullivan pursued, unleashing the most tremendous wallops, bellowing and daring his enemy to fight. When John was drunk with exhaustion, so *(Continued on page 47)*

RING

Fistic Sports Make Men of Most Boxers, But Wrecks of Others, Due to Lack of Supervision in Gymnasium Workouts—Supervisor of Training Suggested As Needed Remedy

"WELL, he's on the downgrade."

"He's lost his punch and he's lost his timing. Even his stamina is gone. Too bad he doesn't see the light and retire."

How often have you heard these remarks at the ringside following the pathetic appearance of a once great fighter who, just a mere shell of his former self, has been battered from pillar to post in a preliminary bout?

A comeback, he calls it, but the fight fans almost to a man see the former fistic hero in another light—one they term the punch-drunk fighter.

How often have you been at a fight club and watched the hero of another day fall before youth, before vitality of the youngster just coming to the front and wish you had not attended because you liked to remember the knocked-out gladiator as he was in his prime? You've seen that, and so have I. You've looked on sympathetically, perhaps, wishing you could lay your hands on the one who sent this former star to his doom.

* * *

TAPS to a ring career comes to every fighter eventually, but unfortunately the majority do not know when to quit. They go through the mill several years after they should have retired, and when they finally hang up the gloves, they act like the shell-shocked soldier who returned to us from the battlefields of France during the World War. Others heed the call, but pity that the boxing commissions who have it within their power to halt such lads do not act with an iron hand.

Out in Chicago in the lobby of the Morrison Hotel on the day of the Louis-Braddock fight, there were several such pitiful cases on view. There was poor Pete Herman, blind in both eyes. I could name two dozen other stars of the past, some of whom were walking on their heels, others who were begging alms because of their helpless condition, and all because those who control the sport in this country have neglected a most important part of their work—proper medical supervision over the men whom they control.

This is a rather ticklish subject to tackle, because I love boxing and its environment. An editorial such as I am now writing naturally reflects on boxing as a sport but, regardless of any censure that might be heaped upon me for bringing to light the conditions which I am describing, I think it is in the best interests of the sport that such an article be written, with the hopes that our fistic solons, wherever boxing is legalized, will take heed and rectify this abominable curse.

* * *

ONLY recently a young lad was tried for murder in one of our states and the defense put in a bold claim that the act was that of an irresponsible boy. He was "punch-drunk," was the plea of the defense lawyer, and instead of roaming the streets, he should have been confined to an asylum for medical treatment.

I was requested to furnish the record of the boy, whose name I won't mention to save his family from further embarrassment, and in the questionnaire I was asked to submit to the court the following information:

Q.—What, in your opinion, is punch-drunkenness?

Q.—How does one acquire this condition?

Q.—Do you know of any cases of fighters who, having reached that condition, have been confined to an institution for safe-keeping?

Q.—In this boy's case, was it ever brought to the attention of the authorities who ruled boxing in his state, that he was unfit physically to continue in his vocation?

Q.—In how many fights, in your opinion, did he engage after this condition was discovered?

These were only a few of twenty-one queries put to me to save the lad from capital punishment. There was no doubt in my mind that the defense's claim was a proper one, yet a murder had been committed and punishment had to be meted out.

* * *

HERE was a boy who held the state championship, was a splendid boxer, a clean, healthy lad who ranked among the first five in his division for almost three years, and then came the shock—the realization that his days as a topnotcher were over. Would he quit? Not he! He had too much pride, and he had a manager who cared more for the few dollars he could get out of fighting this boy as often as he could obtain matches for him, than he did for the health of the fighter who had enabled him to reap a fine income while the going was good.

Came the day when the promoters who signed him often when he was in his prime and had paid him a handsome fee for his services, no longer could use him except as a preliminary fighter. The fees were small, but the urge to make a comeback was great. The expenses continued, and to make both ends meet, where only one or two fights a month were booked in the past, five or more were arranged now.

The result? Just what was to be expected. The boy was battered from pillar to post by raw novices—young, aggressive, fast, sharp-eyed lads who wouldn't have been fit to hold a candle before this same fellow three years previously.

Soon the eyes became dimmed. The snappy step became a shuffle. The keen brain became clogged. The clear speech became confused and dragging and a steady tremor struck the limbs. Punch-drunk? Well, if we are to admit that such a condition actually exists, there were the unmistakable signs!

His friends pleaded with him to give up the ring and seek some other work. One friend even offered him a job, but the lad refused to yield.

* * *

THE boxing commission had its doctors on the job, but they just laughed at the thought that the fighter was unfit to fight. So long as he was willing to risk it, why should they, paid employees of the state, specifically assigned to protect the fighter against himself, say nay when they could protect the promoter and the Shylock manager by saying yes!

The fighter was passed, and in the fourth round of a six-round affair, he was knocked cold. Seven times he had hit the canvas, and after being battered from pillar to post, the end came with a merciful kayo.

That night, his brain still befogged, he walked in a daze—where, he didn't know. A gas station attendant bumped into him, and in the mêlée that followed angry words, the attendant was struck over the head with a wrench and was killed. Murder? Of course it was murder, but who was to blame for that killing? The fighter? In a way, yes, but the real offenders were the boxing commission and the doctor who had repeatedly permitted that boy to fight when he should have been banned.

What happened then might happen in other places, and all because of the conditions that prevail in this and every other country in boxing. At the trial, my affidavit was instrumental in saving the boy from the extreme penalty. He was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment with the stipulation that he be kept in a state hospital until cured of his ailment.

I mention this not as a sermon, but because of the fact that hundreds of young boys are facing that very condition unless the boxing commissions throughout the country get busy and check the cause at its base. Go into any gymnasium and watch

TRAGEDY

By THE RING EDITOR

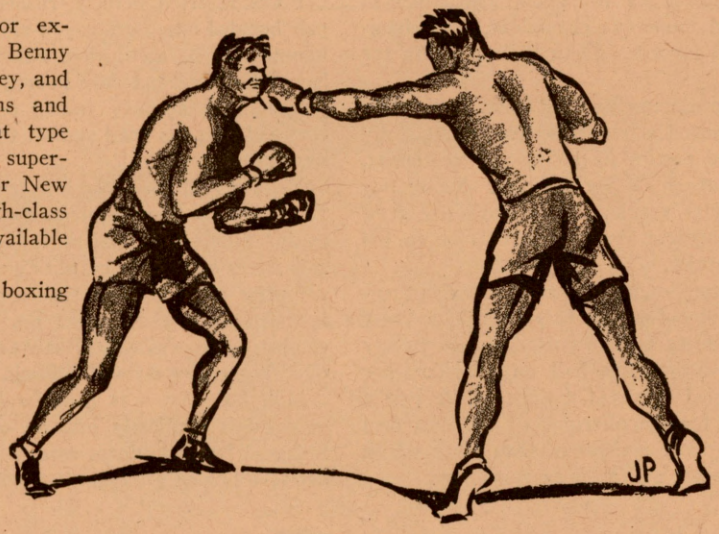
the lads training. I'll venture that it won't take long for you to pick out those who are unfit for further boxing service because they have been punched around too much.

It isn't in the professional ring where the danger lies. It is in the gymnasiums where, without proper supervision, boys are being battered to a pulp daily while acting as sparring mates. Big, husky heavyweights take a keen delight in shellacking an ordinary middleweight, and a bantam takes his medicine from a welterweight, and so on.

* * *

THE remedy? Simple. Appoint a special supervisor of gymnasiums, a man who knows his boxing from A to Z and has also had considerable experience as a trainer. Not a politician—we have plenty of those as the executive heads of our commissions—but a teacher of boxing, a man who is well versed in physical training and has had charge of boxers in their training periods. Let's do that and we'll soon rid the field of the so-called "punch-drunk" fighters.

There is Mannie Seamon, for example, in New York. He trained Benny Leonard, helped train Gene Tunney, and has been with many champions and near-champions. A man of that type would be the ideal to act as a supervisor of gymnasium workouts for New York, and the same type of high-class trainer would undoubtedly be available in other states.



As one who is interested in boxing and the boys who perform in the ring, I hope that my suggestion and the story I have told will be thoroughly digested by our fistic fathers in all states, and that a move to establish a new post—supervisor of training—will meet with approval. It deserves a trial.

Weaklings often enter the ring because they think that it offers better chances for getting rich quickly than any other. They carry on for several years and soon find themselves physical wrecks.

Strong men take it up for the same reason, plus the fact that they feel they possess the capabilities for speedy advancement, and they make good. But after six to eight years of continuous ring struggles, they reach the stage where the bolt has been shot, but they continue until they, too, become physical wrecks, when, had proper precautions been taken by the boxing commission, these boys would have retired healthy, strong and successful.

Gene Tunney is a perfect example of that type, but how many more can you find? Some are through in three years, others go on, as did Johnny Dundee, Tommy Loughran and Tony Canzoneri.

* * *

A RING veteran may be twenty-two and he may be forty-two, as was Mike McTigue when he retired. Canzoneri, for example, started his fighting career at sixteen and within four years he was on top of the heap in his division. At twenty-six, he is an old man of the ring.

Some retire without a mark; others with the badge of their profession plastered all over them.

Some quit the ring in full possession of their limbs and faculties; others with a stutter in their speech, a stagger in their gait, a befogged memory and a queer look in their eyes. Their brains have been mashed with batterings, yet the boxing commission that should have protected them led them on to the continued slaughter by ignoring the ailment—a brain disease that every scribe who follows the sport knew those boxers possessed, and often called attention to it in special articles.

* * *

BENNY LEONARD, who retired the undefeated lightweight champion of the world, didn't know enough to stay retired, and after a ring absence of seven years, he returned to the fistic warfares, only to receive the worst beating of his honorable career when he was knocked out by the youthful Jimmy McLarnin. It was only then that Benny Leonard came to his senses and listened to reason—the pleas of his friends—and again retired. Today, he is a successful business man. Had he continued, it wouldn't have been long before he, too, would have gone the way of other less fortunate boxers—into the goofy house.

Jim Corbett, who died three years ago, was a handsome specimen of manhood. He knew when to retire. When he found his legs no longer could carry him through with their accustomed speed, he called it a day and lived to a ripe old age—sixty-six.

When Jack Dempsey attempted his last comeback, he was warned by his pals that he looked frightful against Levinsky and that a few more such fights would ruin him physically, and he quit. Today, the former king of heavyweights is an honored citizen who enjoys the friendship of millions, and all because he took the bull by the horns and called it a day just in the nick of time.

* * *

JIMMY WILDE, the world's greatest flyweight, looked sickly when he started his career, yet he was so clever a fighter, and so splendidly did he take care of his physical condition, that he retired after being stopped by Pancho Villa, with a fortune and his health unimpaired. That defeat convinced him that he couldn't go on indefinitely and he decided to take no further chances. When he visited my offices in the Garden three years after his retirement, I brought up the query and here was his reply:

"I quit when I thought I had had enough. I have seen too many fighters, both in England and here, broken down, punch drunk, walking on their heels and talking to themselves, their brains scrambled by the frightful beatings they had taken. I've got better sense. When I go back, I shall organize a boxers' union, through which I hope to save our boxers from such an ending. It can be done, and should be done. Your commissions should have better supervision to check such conditions."

And what Jimmy had promised, he did. In England today, they have the only boxers' union in the world, and it takes care not only of the current needs of those who are in its membership, but it sees to it that boxers who are physically unfit or mentally unfit are protected against further assaults.

Superlatively game, a veteran fighter might continue for many rounds to fight to the cheers of the throng, while inwardly he would be suffering from the constant thud of the padded mitts against his body, and he might even win, but at what price! That's what must and should be considered if we are to offer to the youth of the land that is

(Continued on page 47)

GANG WARS and POLITICS

CRIME and politics have ever been a thorn in the side of boxing. From the birth of the sport in this country to the present day, the progress of pugilism has been hampered by politicians and criminals or associates of gangsters. Thanks to legislative action throughout the nation, boxing is now conducted on a higher plane than ever before, even though in many sectors, gangsters and hoodlums still rule the game and the commissions.

THE RING herewith presents the fifth of the series of articles on gang wars and politics, a most interesting story of the hazards which boxing has hurdled over a stretch of almost one hundred years to survive gang warfare, hoodlumism and murders, a story which is as thrilling as it is a novelty. Follow this story in THE RING.

HARRY HILL'S sporting resort on West Houston and Crosby Streets, west of Broadway, vied in popularity with such notorious joints as McGlory's Armory Hall, 158 Hester Street; Theodore (The) Allen's Mabille at Broadway and Bleecker; the Black and Tan at 153 Bleecker Street, and other gathering places for live pleasure-seekers which abounded in New York City during the fifties and sixties. It was at Harry Hill's emporium that electric light is said to have first astonished the inhabitants of the metropolis. There also, on the small stage devoted to fistic exhibitions, John L. Sullivan made his first public appearance in Gotham rings. And there did numerous champions, near-champions, visiting pugs and local favorites flaunt their prowess for the benefit of Hill's patrons.

The said patrons were of an extremely mixed class. Hill's place was one of the town's recognized show spots, and consequently it was not uncommon to see parties of ladies and gentlemen, escorted by detectives, disporting themselves amid the motley assemblage of thieves, prostitutes, crooks of high and low degree, ranging from expert bank burglars and confidence men to the lowest of the pickpocket fraternity.

The building was a two-story structure with two front entrances, one for male, the other for female guests. The latter passed in free of charge, while each male customer paid twenty cents for admission. Inside was the dance hall, on one side a bar from which girl waiters carried drinks. On the opposite side a stage offered accommodation for the offerings of the theatrical performers, usually song-and-dance artistes of both sexes whose professional abilities were on a par with their surroundings.

* * *

HARRY HILL was English by birth. He fought in the British ring, without attaining any prominence. But as proprietor of his noted hall, he won a deserved reputation as a dangerous rough-and-tumble fighter. Like "The" Allen, he was not of bulky proportions, but stocky, muscular, and a bulldog for gameness.

Also like Allen, he was an ardent devotee of the ring and missed none of the matches of the day, besides running glove contests under his own direction which brought many promising fighters into public notice.

Among these latter was Jimmy Elliott, who, prior to engaging in regular battles with the bare knuckles, figured in glove bouts on Hill's stage as a persistent winner. He was then a mere lad of sixteen and growing fast. Yet the sports thought so well of him that they persuaded him to try his hand at slugging under London rules.

Accordingly, he was matched to meet Nipper Pekes and went into training for the event. A week before the date set for the contest, Elliott, accompanied by his backer, Hill, dropped into Allen's saloon for the purpose of letting the latter know where the battle was to be held. It chanced that Nipper Pekes and two friends arrived at this juncture. Pekes, who possessed an ungovernable temper, took umbrage at some remark he overheard Elliott make with regard to the coming encounter.

Pekes retorted fiercely, rushed at Elliott, and the pugnacious pair buckled into a go-as-you-please scrap that lasted for over ten minutes. At its conclusion, Pekes lay senseless at the end of the bar. Elliott had not only floored him with a terrific right on the jaw, but, deliberately falling on the prostrate man, seized his ears and beat his head against the brass foot-rail until his victim was unconscious.

Neither Hill nor Allen interfered, nor did any of those present. It would have been unfair, according to barroom code, for anyone to do so, unless, as sometimes happened, friends of the principals saw fit to engage in hostilities on their own account. Allen was perfectly satisfied with the outcome of the affair, for he had intended to risk a bet on the Nipper in the prospective ring combat, and it was now clearly evident that Elliott was the master of Pekes at any style of milling.

Hill, however, was considerably annoyed at his protege for going thus recklessly into an off-the-reel mauling bee. Harry, first and last a business man, figured that the saloon fracas had deprived him of the opportunity of making a nice financial killing on Elliott in the intended professional bout. When it was made plain next morning that neither Pekes nor his backer meant to go through with the scheduled engagement, Hill's wrath knew no bounds.

Owney Geoghegan, famed New York character of the rough-and-tumble days of fighting.

Had the aggrieved Harry flourished in modern times he would never have been compelled to worry about any fighter giving away stuff that could be sold. But gladiators of the Hill era were ready to battle at any place or time without regard to the commercial interests of themselves or their patrons.

* * *

IT was natural that Hill should have reproached Elliott for the latter's recklessness. It was also a matter of course that Elliott, who never took kindly to correction, should have invited his patron to go to hell. Their argument occurred in Harry's bar, and

of the PRIZE RING

By GEORGE T. PARDY

Harry Hill's Resort in New York—Scenes of Many Stirring Encounters—Jimmy Elliott's Rise and Death at the Hands of Jere Dunn—Johnny Dwyer's Victory Over Elliott at Long Point, Canada

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wound up with the worthy proprietor hurling a bottle at the fighter's head, which, fortunately for Elliott, went wide of its mark. Mutual friends interfered, Hill admitted he had been hasty, and they shook hands.

Nevertheless, from that night, Elliott nursed a grudge against Hill, and the latter, famed as a man who never forgot and never forgave, doubtless figured on getting even after his own fashion. On the surface, however, everything was lovely and it was in Elliott's company that Harry attended a bare knuckle mill between George King and Johnny Woods at Huyler's Landing on May 28, 1860.

When the crowd gathered on the ferry, it was discovered that both principals had been arrested on their way to the scene of action. The ring patrons were peevish at being dragged out on a wild goose chase, and some ardent sport suggested that, among the many pugilists present, two should engage in an impromptu mill. This idea met with general approval and a purse of fifty dollars was hurriedly subscribed.

On behalf of his protege, Hill stated that Elliott was ready to meet any fighter, and the defiance was accepted by Billy Clark.

Although only 24, Clark was a veteran compared with Elliott, having six ring victories on the turf to his credit. Elliott had yet to engage in a regular professional battle with bare knuckles, and was only sixteen years old. Still, his speed and ferocity were such that the experts gave him a chance against any opponent outside of the top-notchers. Clark was a strong Tammany favorite, and the politicians present backed him liberally to win.

To the day of his death, Elliott always insisted that Harry Hill sold him out, after engaging in a whispered conference with two of the Tammany big shots already mentioned. Contemporary accounts of the battle show that Elliott, instead of fighting in his usual tigerish style, was slow, lethargic and seemed to be in a sort of daze. He claimed that he was drugged by a drink Hill gave him between rounds. The latter's friends denied this accusation, and it is certain that on no other occasion during his long sporting career was Hill ever suspected of foul play in any direction.

New York's "gas-lit" night life at Harry Hill's. Scenes, characters, incidents and accidents during a typical night at Hill's famous rendezvous.

In fact, he was inordinately proud of his reputation as a square-dealer, and although the "nobbling," or drugging, of a fighter was then considered rather a neat trick by many of the unscrupulous hangers-on of the ring, such a practice would seem to have been altogether foreign to Hill's nature. Be that as it may, Elliott was knocked out in five rounds, held Hill responsible for his defeat, and promptly severed all relations with him.

There was too much of the gamecock in the youngster's disposition to permit of his losing heart over his disastrous debut, and nineteen months later he met Henry Winkle at Weehawken before a crowd of eighty persons.

Winkle had won fourteen out of eighteen battles, so the novice again found himself in formidable company. This time, however, Elliott fought with splendid dash and energy, al-

though he was outweighed by thirty-five pounds, heavy odds against a lad engaging in his second professional combat.

Winkle was several times on the verge of a knockout. He saved himself by frequently falling without being hit, and employing such strategy as might serve to baffle a youngster lacking in the generalship which only comes with experience. At all events Winkle was seriously weak and groggy in the 95th round, while Elliott was rather weary from his exertions. The fight was declared a draw after a period of two hours and fifteen minutes. Both were arrested but soon released, after a hearing before a friendly magistrate who sympathized with the sporting brotherhood.

Immediately following the battle, negotiations were opened to re-match the men. Elliott consented at once and his backer posted a $500 forfeit with a challenge to Winkle. But the latter, presumably having had enough of the adventurous novice, refused to enter into another engagement.

The result of the good showing made by Elliott against a man so much his superior in weight and experience, as well as Winkle's backdown from a second trial, boosted Eliott's stock sky-high with the ring fanciers. Also, it earned him the good will of the Tammany crowd, and during the next aldermanic election he was very much in evidence as leader of a gang of fighters employed by his political admirers to guard their interests around the polling stations.

* * *

HAVING thus made his mark with the ruling powers, Elliott might be considered as having won his spurs in that queer half-world of respectability in which fighters of his time existed. It has already been noted how champions of the Hyer, Heenan and Morrissey kin were actually gang-leaders, according to our modern notions. Yet they would have resented being classed with the crook brigade, although on terms of intimacy with criminals of all grades. Such was the case with most of the pugilists in Elliott's age, although the average respectable citizen of non-sporting tendencies would probably have recognized little difference between the status of scrapper and thug.

James Dunne, who fought Jimmy Elliott for the heavyweight title and lost.

Proud of their fighting prowess the pugs certainly were, to a degree our polite young persons who now accumulate fortunes in short tapping-matches with six-ounce gloves would find it difficult to comprehend. It is hard to conceive, for example, of Joe Louis, after being whipped by Max Schmeling, lying in wait for his conqueror, with the intention of evening matters up by tackling him in a rough-and-tumble argument.

Yet it is recorded that young Elliott, following his defeat by Billy Clark in his first professional battle, went on the war-path looking for the victor, as soon as he in some measure recovered from the effects of the struggle. But it happened that immediately after the encounter Clark left for Chicago, where he was engaged to appear with a burlesque show in a meeting-all-comers act, and later departed for San Francisco, where he remained for some time.

Six months to the day after he won from Elliott, the latter's conqueror reappeared in New York. Tidings of Clark's return reached Elliott quickly, and the hunt for revenge was on without delay. That night Jimmy located Clark in Harry Hill's place. Those present were at once treated to a mix-up between the pair that completely outclassed any bout on Hill's boxing program in point of unleashed savagery.

In less than ten minutes Clark, pinned to the floor by Elliott's iron grip and threatened with the loss of an eye through the pleasant gouging tactics then much utilized in barroom brawls, gasped "enough," and retired to a hospital. Incidentally, the affair added fresh fuel to the fires of the old feud between Harry Hill and his former protege.

Hill, despite his strong political pull, had recently been subjected to a police raid instigated by members of a sort of citizens' union, which now and then made sporadic efforts to clean up the town. The proprietor of the notorious resort believed that Elliott had deliberately selected his place as a battleground in order to make its bad name worse and get him into fresh trouble.

This was not the case, but Elliott made no attempt to excuse himself. His animosity toward Hill had not lessened with the progress of time and, oddly enough, it was this ancient hatred between the pair that indirectly led to the pugilist's death by violence many years later.

* * *

IN 1863 Elliott, though not yet nineteen, scaled 171 pounds and stood five feet eleven and a half inches in height. On May 11 of that year he was matched to fight Jim Dunne of Brooklyn for $600 a side. The ring patrons set out for Camp Scott, Staten Island, but the harbor police were on the watch and removed Elliott and his backers from a sloop on the way over. On the 13th, the battle took place at Weehawken.

Elliott had much the better of the slugging and Dunne was weakening rapidly, when, in the twelfth round as they wrestled for a fall, the Brooklynite was thrown heavily, and was unable to respond to the call of time. Dunne's adherents claimed that Elliott struck his opponent when the latter was on the ground.

Contemporary accounts differ as to the truth of the claim, but the fact remains that the referee declared Dunne winner on a foul. The Elliott contingent flared into action, blows were freely exchanged, and soon the six hundred spectators were engaged in a terrific free-for-all. This fray terminated with the belated appearance of the police on the scene and the arrest of seventy-five patrons, but the principals escaped.

However, Captain Mike Harrigan, in charge of the police squad, was not to be balked of his prey and merely bided his time. Warrants were issued for the fighters. Dunne cleared out West, but nearly a year later, Elliott fell into the hands of the law. He was returning from acting as second for Dooney Harris in a battle with Patsey Marley, when arrested.

On June 5, 1864, he was sentenced to two years in Trenton State Prison. Immediately his political pals started pulling wires and brought about his release in 1865. By this time, his pugilistic stock had soared to greater heights, and he experienced no difficulty in securing the aid of backers willing to wager $1,000 on him against any heavyweight in the world, a large sum of money to risk on a ring encounter in those days.

There was no response to the challenge. So far as fistic activity went, Elliott remained idle until May 10, 1867. On that date, he defeated Bill Davis at Point Pelle Island, Lake Erie. Elliott won in twenty-three rounds, and was rewarded by a purse of $600. Following this victory he knocked out Charley Gallagher in twelve rounds.

* * *

IN 1870, Elliott chanced to be present at a party given in honor of David Soisson, a prominent New York politician and leading Tammany executive. The festivities took place in a Philadelphia sporting house operated by the notorious Madame Rose, and ended in a drunken row. During the melee the guest of honor was robbed of a valuable diamond ring, and ex-State Senator Joseph Hawkes was wounded by a stray bullet. The injured man died and Elliott was arrested on

suspicion of having fired the fatal shot.

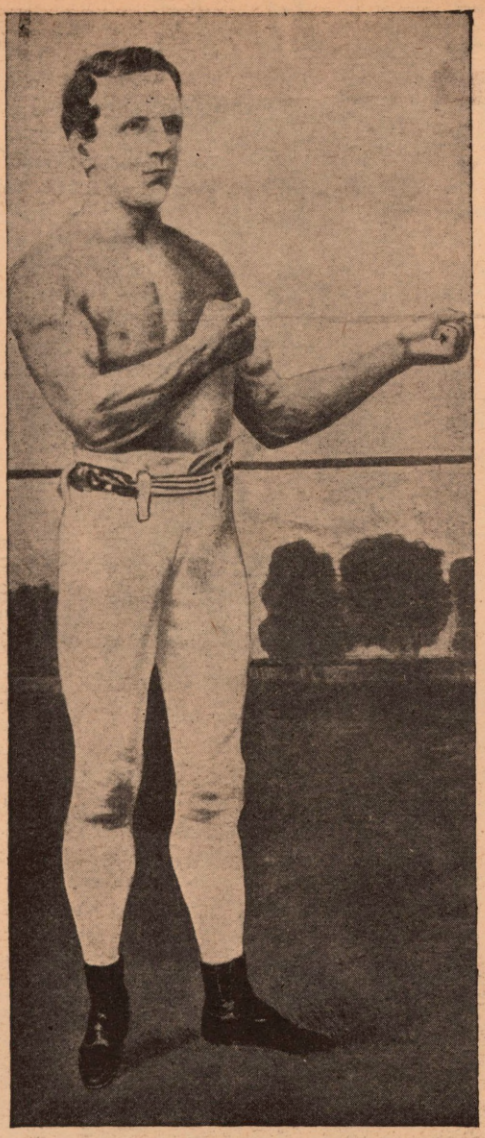
Lieutenant Grogan of the Philadelphia detective force, who handled the case, declared later that Elliott was entirely innocent of complicity in either the killing or robbery. But the pugilist had offended certain powerful politicians, and it was currently believed that these latter used all their influence to have him convicted.

However that may have been, the prisoner was sentenced to sixteen years in the Cherry Hill Penitentiary of Pennsylvania and fined $2,000 for robbery and assault with intent to kill. Elliott served only a few months of this sentence, for political influence again entered into the case, this time in his favor. He was released, and matched with Johnny Dwyer for the heavyweight championship, and the battle took place on May 9, 1870, at Long Point, Canada.

His bid for title honors proved a failure, as Dwyer won in twelve rounds of a bout lasting thirteen minutes and forty seconds. Nearly a year later Elliott again fell into the grip of the law through his connection with a New York gang guilty of bank robbery. He was not so fortunate in escaping from the toils as on the former occasion, for it was eight years before his political sponsors managed to obtain his freedom.

* * *

PRISON life had not improved his physical status, yet his backers still had faith in him, and in 1882 he was matched with John L. Sullivan, who had just won the heavyweight title from Paddy Ryan. The result was what might have been expected, for Elliott was knocked out in three rounds, the battle being staged at an outdoor picnic held under the auspices of the Tammany braves.



Johnny Dwyer of Brooklyn, who fought Elliott for the heavyweight title in 1870 at Long Point, Canada.

The following year, Elliott went to Chicago where Charles E. (Parson) Davies took him under his managerial wing. Elliott intended to locate permanently in the Windy City. Davies approved of this resolution, except for one drawback—the presence in Chicago of Jerry Dunn, or "Jere Dunn," as he was known to his intimates. The Parson knew there had been bad blood between Elliott and Dunn for a number of years and feared the consequences of a chance meeting between the pair.

At this time, Jere Dunn was forty years of age and a fine specimen of athletic manhood. He was always attired in the height of fashion, wore a jet-black beard of Vandyke cut, and possessed a reputation as a dangerous rough-and-tumble fighter, although he had never figured in the professional ring. Dunn was a native of Elmira, N. Y., and enlisted in the Union Army during the Civil War, through which he served with distinction, and emerged at the conclusion of hostilities with the rank of captain.

Even in his youth he was a sport devotee, being especially fond of horses, and after the war was a well-known figure on the Eastern race tracks. Dunn was possessed of an iron nerve that nothing could shake. He was not a quarrelsome person, but a man to avoid when his temper was aroused. It was common knowledge that there was no way of bluffing Jere, of whom it was said that he never went back on a friend or feared an enemy.

He was very intimate with Harry Hill and naturally took sides with the latter in Hill's feud with Elliott, whose dislike of Dunn was heightened by the result of an encounter which took place between Jere and Gammer Logan, one of Elliott's admirers. Logan was a notable figure in the underworld of the late sixties. Bill Pinkerton, the head of the famous Chicago detective agency, listed Logan as a topnotcher among bank burglars and a gunman who would shoot just for the love of killing.

Like the majority of his kind, Logan spent his ill-gotten earnings freely, was a great favorite with the fair members of the town's fallen sisterhood, a patron of turf and ring, and welcome customer in the principal New York sporting resorts. An altercation between Dunn and Logan in The Allen's establishment was halted by its resourceful proprietor, who ordered Logan to get out of the place.

Logan obeyed, for, desperado as he was, he wanted no trouble with Allen, other men who had disregarded similar commands in the past having invariably been removed to hospital on stretchers. But as he left the premises Gammer openly threatened to shoot Dunn on sight, and Allen advised the latter to be on his guard, as Logan generally meant what he said.

It followed therefore, that Jere was watchful when he saw Logan approaching him on Broadway the next day. Gammer was but a few yards away when he opened fire, but quick as he was on the draw, Dunn was a shade quicker. A well-aimed bullet knocked Logan's gun out of his hand, incidentally carrying off two of his fingers, and a second penetrated his heart, killing him instantly.

Although the general opinion was that Dunn had rendered a service to the community by disposing of Logan in such summary fashion, Jere was well aware that the dead thug was extremely popular, not only with the criminal element, but with certain gentlemen of high political standing in Gotham who had employed the dead man in various shady transactions whereby their bankrolls were substantially increased, without those benefiting being obliged to appear personally in the deals.

Consequently Logan enjoyed "protection" of a kind that had kept him out of jail on several occasions. Under the circumstances, Dunn decided not to stay and stand trial, as the chances were all in favor of his being railroaded to the scaffold by Logan's would-be avengers. Accordingly, he slipped away, evaded the police, and boarded a train for Chicago. There he lived quietly for a year before the apostles of vengeance caught up with him, when he was arrested, extradited and taken back to New York.

* * *

THE prosecution was of a singularly vindictive nature, urged on by Logan's invisible backers, who did their very best to have the prisoner hanged. Had it not been for the political pressure exercised against Dunn he undoubtedly would have been discharged on the plea of self-defense against a notorious scoundrel. Logan was known to have shot a policeman in the leg on one occasion, and was strongly suspected of killing another officer of the law, whose murderer was never brought to justice.

But Dunn was finally convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, part of which he served. When released, he made his home in Chicago, where he became known as a horse-breeder of international repute. He engaged successfully in various other sport enterprises, owned a stable of fast horses, and was the proprietor of *(Continued on page 45)*

"BOSHTER BILL"

"BOSHTER BILL" SQUIRES, heavyweight champion of Australia in 1906, 1907 and 1908, was perhaps not up to the class of the greatest Australians, Frank Slavin, Jim Hall and Les Darcy, but he was enormously popular, and was of the true Aussie breed, a dashing, aggressive stousher, who could take and give as much punishment as any man who ever stepped into a ring and who was fast and clever with it.

During his term as champion, he fought nine times, four times in Australia, three in America, once in Ireland and once in France. All the American battles were defeats, so Bill is probably rated not so highly by fans in the U. S. A., many of whom no doubt remember that he was K.O.'ed three times in California in 1907—by Tommy Burns in one round, Jack "Twin" Sullivan in nineteen, and Jim Flynn in six. But in Australia, "Boshter Bill" has always been "the goods."

Bill Doherty, the author.

Even after those defeats, sixteen thousand people turned up at the Sydney Stadium to see him fight Tommy Burns in August, 1908, though every one of the sixteen thousand knew that Tommy had K.O.'ed him twice before and would probably do it again. But they also knew Boshter Bill, and felt that they would get their money's worth. They got it.

The men looked strangely unlike in the ring, though they were both on the 180-pound mark in weight. Burns was only five feet seven inches in height and had a womanish softness of outline that contrasted sharply with Squires' five feet ten and one-half inches and great hard, bulging muscles. Burns' muscular development was smooth and supple, deceptively so, for he was invariably in the pink of condition, and was known to be an active and skilled exponent of half a dozen different forms of strenuous sport.

Right from the beginning, Boshter Bill was the aggressor and in the first few seconds of round one, he forced his way through Burns' guard and got home on the face with hard and well-aimed blows that brought the blood from lips and nostrils and elicited howls of delight from the supporters of the Australian. And that was much how the fight went on round after round.

Boshter Bill was more "boshter" than he had ever been in his life—he was magnificent, forcing the pace, carrying the fight into Burns' corner, and dealing out terrific punishment. What Burns took in those early rounds can be guessed at from the following observation which appeared in a newspaper account of the battle at the time:

"Burns has, apparently, a wooden head which is uninjurable from the mouth upwards by human effort. Some of the blows which Squires passed the American in the neighborhood of the forehead, ears and eyes were enough to slay an adult gorilla in robust health."

And that was not all. In addition to dealing out heavy punishment, Squires by skill, speed and aggressive tactics, piled up such a lead in points that by the tenth round it had become impossible for the American to win by any other means than a knockout.

Now, Tommy Burns has been described in some quarters as

The fight between Bill Squires and Burns in California, in which Burns scored a one-round K.O. Jim Jeffries is the referee.

The Great "Lost Punch" Mystery—How the Expression Originated — Tommy Burns, the Anatomist

By BILL DOHERTY

(One time heavyweight champion of Australia)
Author of "In the Days of the Giants"

"one of the worst world's champions that ever held the title"—but he has not been called that by anyone who saw him fight Squires in 1908. In that battle he showed that he had brains, stamina and superlative skill as an infighter.

Realizing that it would mean defeat to trade punches with Squires at long distance, he bored in, taking all that the other man could give him in the process, and at close quarters, bashed the Australian heavily in ribs, biceps and shoulders, with occasional jolts to the chin thrown in for luck. It was in the course of operation of this style of fighting that the deceptive strength of those smooth muscles in Burns' arms plainly showed itself.

The fist of the American, travelling only a few inches, would jar and rock Boshter Bill from heels to head. Squires still retained his aggressive, forcing style and still scored points, but under the impact of those terrific short-arm jolts, began to wilt, to lose speed, precision and hitting power.

After the tenth, he became definitely groggy and his supporters realized with sinking hearts that their champion would be hard put to it to stay the distance and reap the advantage of the points he had gained. In the thirteenth, he was almost out on his feet and before the end of that round, Boshter Bill, fighting gamely to the last, went down and out.

* * *

IT was a thrilling and interesting fight, but the real thrill and interest were still to come. In that battle, the Australian lost his wonderful knockout punch, the punch that had raised him sky-high in the estimation of the multitude, and he never regained it. A new phrase entered the Australian version of the English language, "lost his punch."

It is nearly thirty years since that fight, but to this day in Australia, you hear people from the highest to the lowest use the phrase, not only in connection with boxing, but in regard to business, all forms of sport, politics and even religion. To say that a man has "lost his punch" is to indicate in language that everyone can understand, that the person is definitely not the man he was.

It is no mere figment of the imagination of fight fans, this legend of the lost punch. It was a real punch and there is no doubt that it vanished forever in that fight with Tommy Burns. Before that day, Boshter Bill scored twenty-four knockouts for a total of sixty-one rounds, which means that he put twenty-four men to sleep in the time that it took Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson to fight their famous sixty-one-round draw in 1891—and after that day, Bill scored no knockouts at all. He had lost his punch.

* * *

HOW did Burns do it? What art did he employ to rob the twenty-nine-year-old Squires of his hitting power for the rest of his life? In this respect read what a Sydney pressman wrote of Burns shortly afterwards:

"Burns is not so much a fighter as an anatomist. He destroys his opponent's blows either by dancing away as they come or by coming in closer and hitting the arm or shoulder that is delivering the blow, thus destroying the aim."

Did Burns actually destroy not only the aim of Squires' blows but the power for all time of those mighty bunched muscles as well? Or did his method of attack have some lasting mental or psychological effect on his opponent, an effect akin to that of a mesmerist, a putter on of spells?

I am no anatomist, neither am I versed in the science of mesmerism or hypnotism, but it seems to me that a clue lies there to the mystery of that "lost punch."

It cannot be explained by alleging that Squires lost his heart or courage or fighting spirit. He had the heart of a lion, the courage of a bull terrier and the spirit—well, the spirit of the dinkum fighting Aussie that he was—right to the end of his career.

After the Burns battle, he fought long, hard and skilful fights with good men, such as Bill Lang and Dave Smith. Only the punch was missing.

Tommy Burns, as he looked when he fought in Australia after winning the world title.

The mighty fist that had laid low in a matter of minutes battlers of the calibre of Peter Felix, Pat Farley, Starlight Rolins, Tim Murphy, Bill Smith, Mike Williams and Jem Roche, was shorn forever of its driving force. Boshter Bill had scored his last knockout.

The mystery of the lost punch remains a mystery still, and for all I can do in the matter of explaining it, a mystery it will remain forever.

* * *

THE fight between Burns and Boshter Bill in America, of course was a one-sided affair, with Tommy winning in a jiffy. It will be remembered that for the hardest, gamest and cleverest fighters that had come to the United States were Australians and naturally, when Burns turned the trick so quickly on Squires, Australia's reputation as a nursery for champion pugilists received an awful jolt. It was hard for us here to believe that the best heavyweight of Australia had gone down to defeat in less than one round in the States.

The reputation of these Antipodeans was so great that the fact that they came from there was *prima facie* evidence that they were dangerous. The battle in which Squires participated lasted just 2 minutes and 8 seconds of the scheduled forty-five rounds.

But in that time the crowd saw the best man Australia had, the man who had such a punch that he whipped every opponent in less than three rounds. But when he met Tommy Burns, he went up in smoke, just like a lot of fire-crackers and sky rockets that the younger generation were amusing themselves with outside the great arena.

However, after the full shock of Squires' defeat, a cold, deliberate analysis of the facts made one take a more charitable view of the Australian's performance.

Jim Jeffries, who Squires liked, stated that he was a dangerous fellow and attributes Squires' quick defeat to carelessness. He said that Burns caught him first crack out of the box, and Squires was so eager to be up and doing that he arose before his head cleared.

A Wrestling Favorite

By BERNICE SANDBOE

AT last I have met a wrestler who loves to wrestle! Perhaps he isn't the first one I've met, but he is indeed the first one to be quite so emphatic about it.

I daresay that the fans up New England way who have frequently watched this individual work will let forth one long and resounding howl when I mention his name, but braving all, I herewith state that he's Robert (Rebel) Russell, the rough and rowdy Rhode Island renegade!

I know that wherever the Rebel has wrestled, the above opening paragraph is going to be met with guffaws, to put it at its mildest! However, it's all a long, long story, this tale of one of matdom's roughest, being a fond advocate of the scientific side of the sport, so if you're interested, read on.

Reb was born in Newport, Rhode Island, twenty-nine years ago, and was christened Robert Milton Russell. He was a fine, bouncing little laddie, this Robert Milton Russell, and definitely the apple of his mamma's and papa's eyes. Not only could this astounding young man outspell any of the kids in the neighborhood by the time he had reached teen age, but he could take off his glasses and whip their ears down in a backyard wrestling match any time of the day. Yes, indeed, little Robert Milton was a perfect example of an American youth—the rare combination of scholar and athlete.

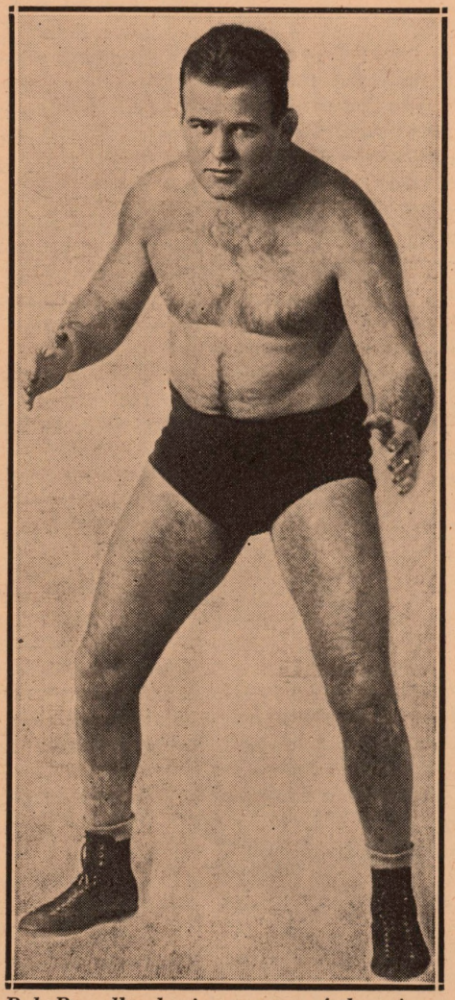
And that statement is as true today as it was twenty years ago back in Newport. Bob Russell managed to successfully blend his rough and tumble profession and his inborn love of culture and education, and as a result, he is one of the most interesting personages among the wrestlers both in and out of the ring.

* * *

BECAUSE he was so vitally interested in the scientific side of wrestling, it was only natural that Bob should turn to the amateur grappling game when he graduated from high school. Amateur wrestling is a sport which is not expounded freely, but is, nevertheless, one of the most scientific and clever phases of the grappling industry. Its supporters and fans are drawn from those limited few who prefer their wrestling straight, stripped of all showmanship, color and rowdiness, and it is the unanimous opinion of wrestling authorities that a matman who has behind him a good amateur record can be relied on to make his mark in the pro game.

Bob Russell's record is perhaps one of the best in recent years. To enumerate but a few of his accomplishments:

In 1928, his first year in the competitive sport, he proceeded to capture the New England 175-pound A. A. U. championship at Boston and then won the New England trials for that class on the United States Olympic team. And all this in his first year of wrestling! Then in the national Olympic trials, Bob finished third, a noteworthy position considering his experienced competition. In 1929 he again took the New England title, but shortly thereafter was forced to retire from active wrestling because of illness. In 1932, he again loomed to the limelight by copping the Metropolitan 175-pound championship in New York, not to mention the New York State title in the same class.



Reb Russell, who is a master of the science of wrestling.

The same year, 1932, Bob found himself bucking the barrier of weight. He was rapidly overgrowing the 175-pound class and his efforts to keep his weight down to that mark weakened him so that he finished only as a runner-up in the National Amateur Championships at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

In 1933, however, he profited by his previous experience and decided to enter the heavyweight field, although he weighed only 185. But being the lightest man in the division did not stop this young fellow, for he won two state Y. M. C. A. championships (the Massachusetts and Rhode Island) and carried on to capture the New England heavyweight title at Cambridge. In all, it can be approximated that Bob has participated in over three hundred amateur bouts, all of which were hard, fast and gruelling contests of skill and endurance.

* * *

AT about this juncture in his life, Bob decided to turn professional wrestler. There was a charming, dark-eyed young lady back home in New England whom he wanted very much to make Mrs. Bob Russell, and Bob decided he could easily use more money, so in 1933, Robert Milton Russell abandoned his brilliant career as an amateur wrestler and became a pro.

Now comes a psychological point that demonstrates why this admirable athlete is one of the most diabolical demons of the ring. At least, it is my diagnosis of it, and as Mr. Russell offers no others, I take it to be true. When Bob Russell turned from a game of skill and science to one that also demanded showmanship and color, he realized that probably his ability would go for little unless it was mixed with these qualities, and so he decided to forget his amateur career and embark on one of mayhem-making. In that, he has so nobly succeeded that today fans would laugh in your face if you tried to convince them that Reb Russell is actually a great scientific wrestler.

And if you won't take my word for it that he is one of the finest, best all-around wrestlers in the game, just ask anyone who has followed the Simon-pure sport for any time. You will, I am positive, receive a most emphatic answer in the affirmative that Bob Russell ranks with the royalty in that field.

* * *

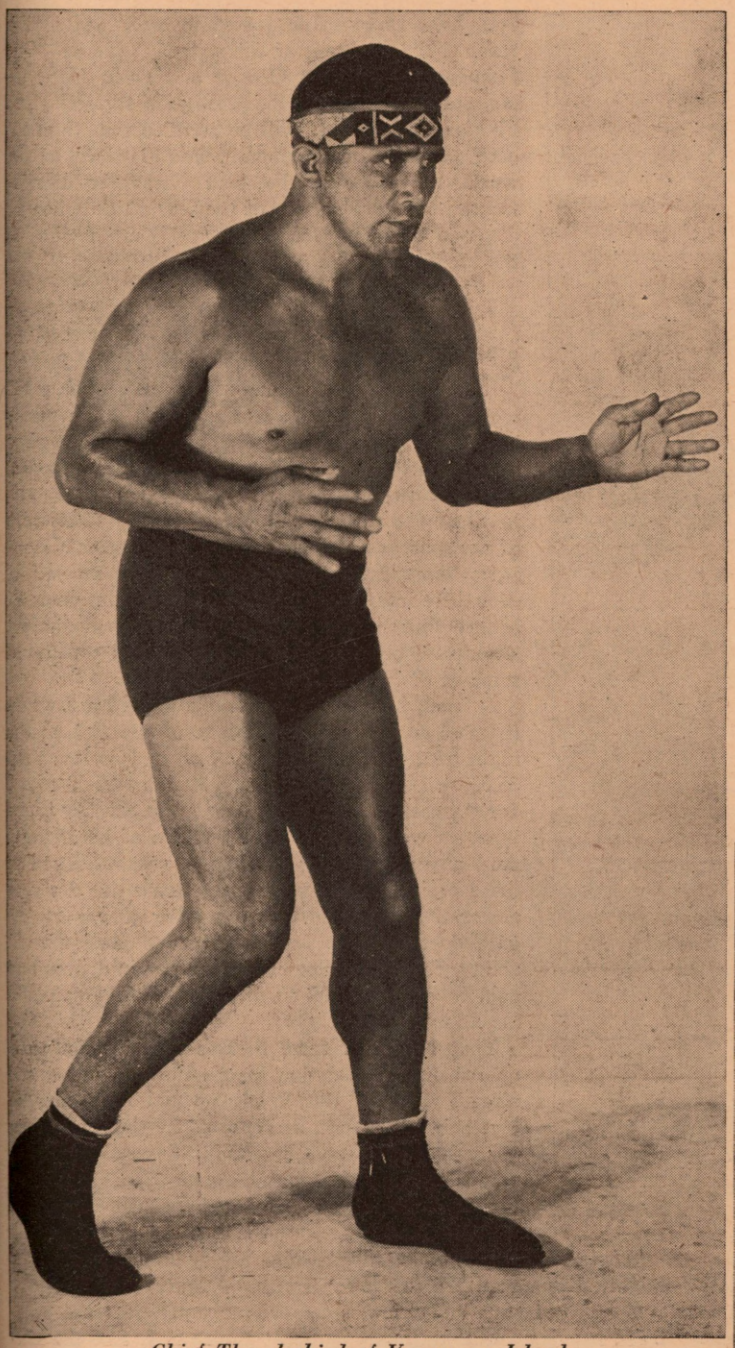
NOW to get down to the more personal side of Mr. Russell's life. He married, incidentally, the black-eyed girl from New England, and Mrs. Mary Russell wins all the prizes for being one of the nicest persons I know. She's greatly interested in her husband's career and says she doesn't blame him for turning "meanie," because he wouldn't be appreciated if he stuck to straight wrestling. Mary likes very much to travel and collects souvenirs of all their trips.

The Russells, by the way, are quite a couple of globe-trotters. They have visited Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, Tahiti and Hawaii and tell many interesting and colorful tales of their travels. Their apartment is decorated with bright leis from Hawaii and many lovely souvenirs.

Mary hopes some day that she and Bob will settle down, though, and have their own home, so she can fix up a den for Bob with all his amateur medals and belts hanging on the wall. *(Cont. on page 46)*

Matmen Who are Making Good

By the CRITIC



Chief Thunderbird of Vancouver Island.

FEW full-blooded Indians have attained national prominence in sports activities but those that did, will be ever remembered for their great performances. Off hand, it must be admitted that baseball fans will never forget the accomplishments of such a sterling hurler as Chief Bender of Connie Mack's championship team, and Chief Meyers, the copper colored backstop of the New York Giants, when the late John McGraw piloted the National League champions.

But Jim Thorpe, the one and only, will be recalled as the ace Indian athlete of them all, a master of all sports. Yes, he will be given the glad palm by everyone, everyone except those who will swear that Chief Thunderbird, head of the Saanich Tribe of Vancouver Island, has taken all the thunder away from the immortal Jim.

The followers of Chief Thunderbird have good reason for pointing with pride at the Saanich Brave as the best ever of copper colored athletes, for whereas Thorpe was master in football, baseball, basketball and on the track, Thunderbird made history in exactly twice the amount of competitive games. And Thunderbird was equal to the task in proving the superior in whatever field he entered for his Alma Mater, the Cushman Indian School, of Tacoma, Washington. Here are his feats:

He won the light-heavyweight and heavyweight collegiate wrestling championships.

He won the light-heavyweight and heavyweight boxing titles.

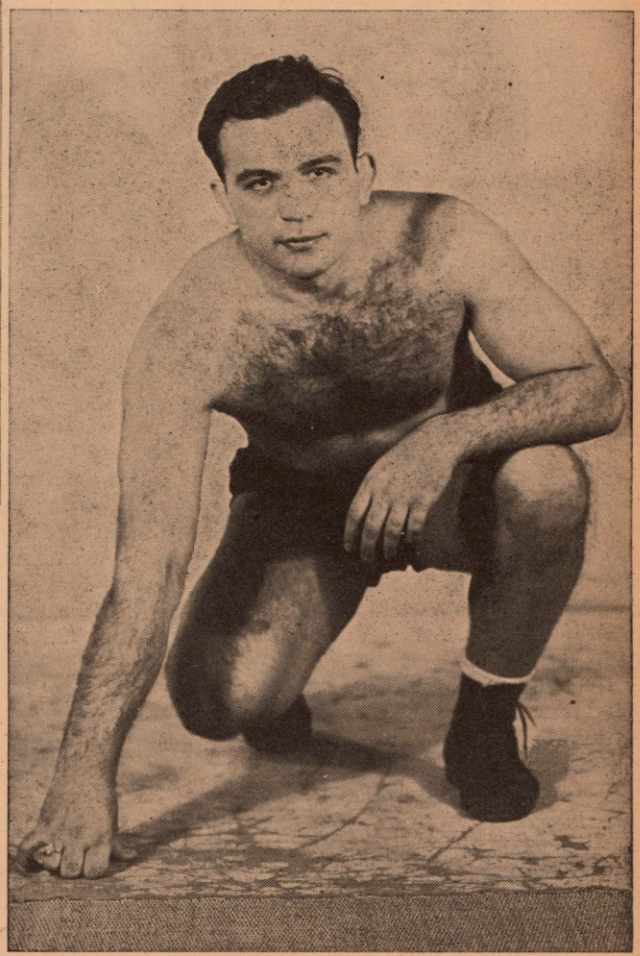
He won the canoe racing championship for four consecutive years.

He helped his team win the football title. His position was fullback and he scored the most points for three straight seasons.

He was the guard on the basketball team, which also won the collegiate titles. In addition to keeping the opposing teams from scoring, he did most of the tallying for his own quintet, being the outstanding point getter in the college ranks.

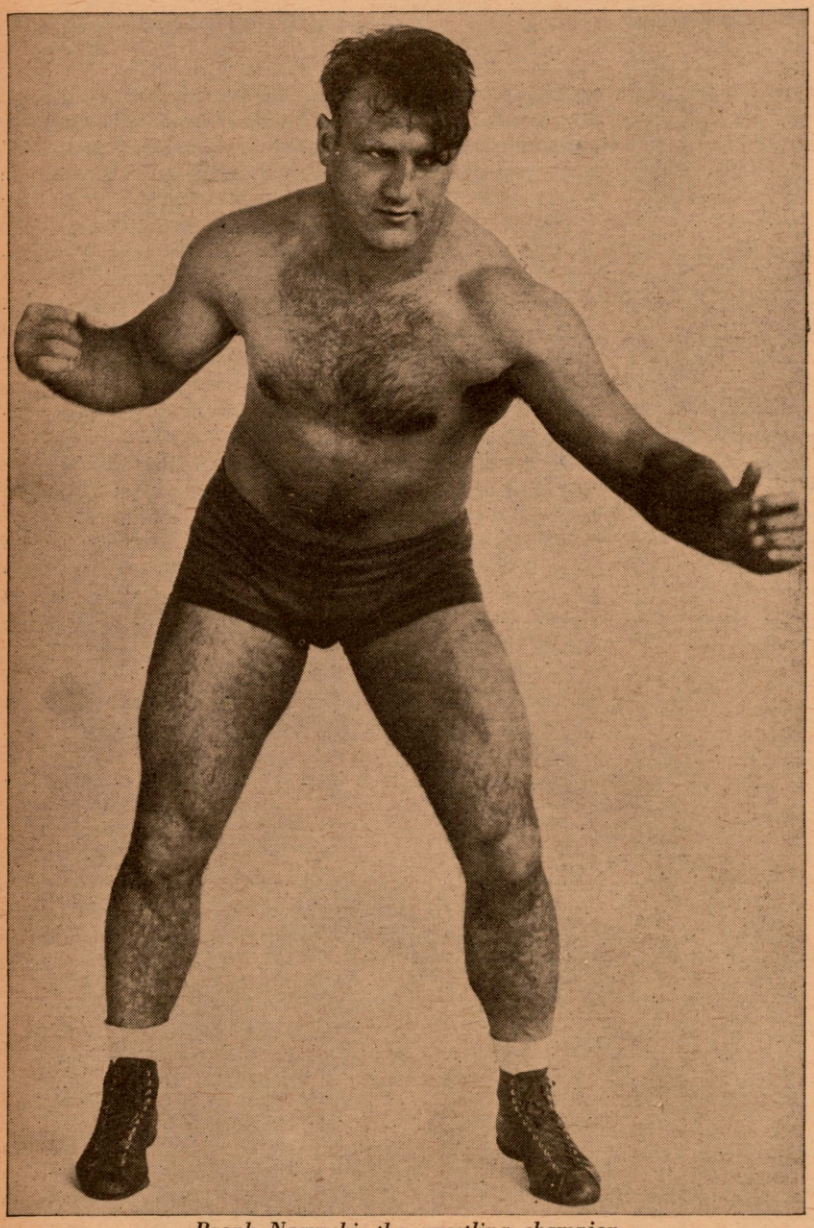
On the diamond, he captained his team into first place for three years. He played first base; holds an almost perfect fielding record, and was the best batsman in the circuit.

In track, he excelled in the javelin and shotput tosses as well as being the *(Continued on page 46)*



Mike Strelich, wrestling globe trotter.

WRESTLING'S



Bronk Nagurski, the wrestling champion.

WRESTLING champions don't last very long these days, five having been crowned within the past two years. After the downfall of Jim Browning came Dick Shikat, Ali Baba, Dave Levin and Dean Detton in the order named, and now we have still another in Bronko Nagurski, the conqueror of Detton. A colorful champion, is what the mid-Westerners term the Pole, who is a strong, powerfully built athlete who has jumped into the wrestling spotlight almost overnight.

It was out in Minneapolis that Nagurski first attracted attention when he recently raised 270 pounds of Strangler Lewis, held him at arm's length and tossed him with a thud to the mat. That proved to the fans that Nagurski not only was a good football player, but a powerful grappler who would go a long way if properly coached. It also opened the eyes of Tony Stecher to such possibilities, for he placed Bronko in the hands of George Sauer, and it wasn't long after that Nagurski beat Detton for the crown.

Nagurski, one of the greatest football players of all time, pulled a big surprise when he conquered Dean, for few experts conceded him a chance yet he proved his worth when put to the test. Like three other famed gridiron stars who reached the top rung of the wrestling ladder—Gus Sonnenberg, Ed Don George and Dean Detton—Nagurski has added to the prestige of the collegians by his great feat. It will be recalled that Sonnenberg, graduate of Dartmouth, won his share of the world crown when he beat Strangler Lewis; George gained a portion of the world title when he disposed of Henri De Glane, and Detton clinched the crown when he beat Levin.

* * *

IN Bronko's first defense of his title, he stepped into strange territory, in far off Los Angeles, and there proved that his win over Dean Detton was no fluke. He won as he pleased from a man who himself at one time held claim to the grappling laurels, Vincent Lopez, the Mexican.

When the match was made, veteran followers of the sport were putting the new champion's manager, Tony Stecher, a wise and cagy mentor if ever there was one, on the frying pan. They couldn't believe that Stecher would risk Nagurski against an experienced foe like Lopez, who had conquered some of the world's best wrestlers.

A week before the Polish giant pinned Detton, it was Lopez who held Dean to a draw. Came the night of the Nagurski-Lopez bout and no less than 35,000 wild-eyed fans jammed Wrigley Field to see for themselves whether or not Tony Stecher knew what he was doing for the welfare of his charge. And anyone drawing in such a vast audience in these trying times surely must have the drawing power. But unfortunately, drawing power at the gate doesn't make an individual a champion in ability. Still, the customers came out in droves and paid in over $40,000 to see the new champion in his first title clash.

That Nagurski came to Los Angeles and conquered and proved that his mentor did not err is already history. But it also would be fitting to give a little account, as reported by the experts on what their eyes actually saw in this man Nagurski, who is certain to bring back the mat sport to a much higher pinnacle than it has enjoyed for years.

From Jack Singer of the Los Angeles *Times:*

"Under a boundless, infinite awning of twinkling stars, the mightiest mammal of the mat, Bronko Nagurski, a primitive symphony of bone and sinew, stood triumphantly over the prostrate, heaving frame of Senor Vincent Lopez and, like the Untamed Tarzan of Tug that he is, listened to the vocal tumult from 35,000 parched throats that acclaimed him the unchallenged King of Beasts—heavyweight champion wrestler of the world.

"Nagurski emerged as the pinnacle of wrestling's million dollar brawn sport for Lopez could neither match the brute strength nor the superb skill of the gridiron's one man football team and succumbed ignominiously in straight falls."

Sid Ziff, Sports Editor, *Evening Herald and Express:*

"There's more to Bronko Nagurski, the new mat champ, than just a football name. In short, he's not a phony. His actual ability earned the approval of the fans in the contest against Vincent Lopez, who was made to look ridiculous. We've seen a lot of champions and so-called champions paraded down the avenue in the last ten years, but no one of them has looked the part better than the Big Bronk from Minnesota. I see no reason why Nagurski's reign should be short lived. There's no youngster about half as powerful as the new champ."

NEW KING

By NAT FRANK

MAXWELL STILES, Los Angeles *Examiner:* "Bronko Nagurski, the bucking bronco of the gridiron, is a REAL heavyweight wrestling champion of the world. He doesn't run for the ropes, he doesn't turn villain and rough 'em up, he doesn't get on his bicycle, and they don't have to knock themselves out to lose to him.

"He simply bowls 'em over when and by such means as it pleases him, bowls 'em over and strides magnificently away from the wreckage he has left, towering above them all as the most convincing champion the mat game has seen since the hey-day of 'Strangler' Lewis.

"We've seen Jim Londos and Ed Don George, Ed Lewis and Dave Levin, Gus Sonnenberg and Dean Detton, and Danno O'Mahony and Vincent Lopez, but we NEVER have seen a man who has the power of NAGURSKI, a man who has toyed with a formidable foe as Nagurski PLAYED with Lopez, a man who has impressed those at ringside with the fact of being a complete master of every situation as Nagurski dominated every moment of that battle.

"The man had 'IT' in football and he has 'IT' in wrestling. If sheer power and a fair knowledge of the fundamental holds in wrestling mean anything, Nagurski is here to reign as champion for some time to come. No one of the present crop of grapplers can hope to stay with him."

Fundamentally, Bronko Nagurski is a football player. He admits it's his abiding love — well, of course, next to Mrs. Nagurski, his six-months bride. "Football is my game," he proudly admits. "I wish I could play it the rest of my life."

He plays a lot of it, too, both as to duration in the moleskins and amount of give and take in any particular game. Take the word of Steve Owen, the New York Giants' great back.

Said Steve Owen: "Bronko Nagurski is the only football player who runs his own interference." Here's the explanation: Bronko gives them the shoulder as he hits. But it goes further than that particular blocking proclivity, all reasoned out by the International Falls Nag during service on the field.

Bronko had no thought of playing football when he was rough-and-tumbling it in his early days at International Falls. But he caught the fever as he grew older. And so he played three years of football—and basketball —in high school. He wasn't the whole team, either. Such teammates as Bob Fritz, all-state fullback at Concordia College, and Hootch Kroll, later a Gopher and another International Falls giant, took care of that. And so his appetite for football was whetted to the bursting point when he matriculated at the university the following fall.

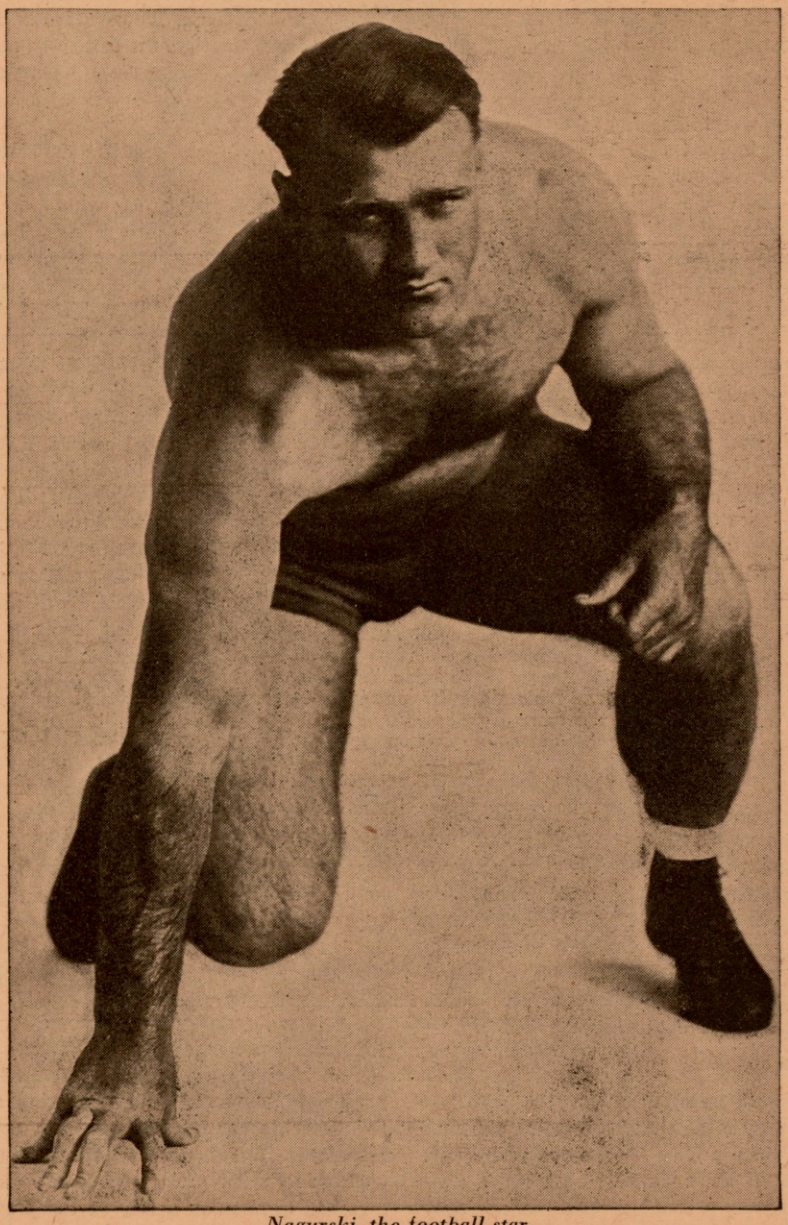
He played tackle as a freshman. Thus began one of the most dramatic careers in University of Minnesota football annals. So valuable and so polished in two positions, he wandered back and forth from tackle to fullback—and into the other team's backfield —so much that there could have been a move on foot to make the Gophers play with only ten men.

Some critics hailed him as an all-America fullback, others as an all-America tackle. In other words, wherever he was, he was an all-American. That 7 to 7 tie with Notre Dame was the greatest—and the toughest—college game he ever played in, but one other produced the most cogent memory, a story never told before.

Through the 1927 season, Harold Hansen, Minnesota's great unofficial all-America guard, and the Nag played side by side with such success and such damage that all who hit there were hurt or disillusioned. Came the Michigan wind-up, and there was friction in Destruction Duo. From the start, Harold was riding the Nag with unbridled tongue. That didn't make sense. So the Bronk looked up Hansen after the game and asked him how come?

Harold explained it all. He was working under orders from "headquarters" to "make Nagurski mad." It worked, Minnesota won, and the Bronko turned in his most destructive and greatest game of the year.

Perhaps our Western scribes have gone too strong for Nagurski. Perhaps they have misjudged him into believing him invincible. Time will tell. With Jim Londos back in harness, Nagurski may find his master in the Greek, who made wrestling history in this country. Londos has just returned from South Africa and the chances are that he will be groomed for a bout with the new title holder in which case, Jim will have an army of supporters from among his faithful countrymen. Londos is one of the most popular wrestlers of recent years. He is confident he can regain the title.



Nagurski, the football star.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EMERY CLARKE

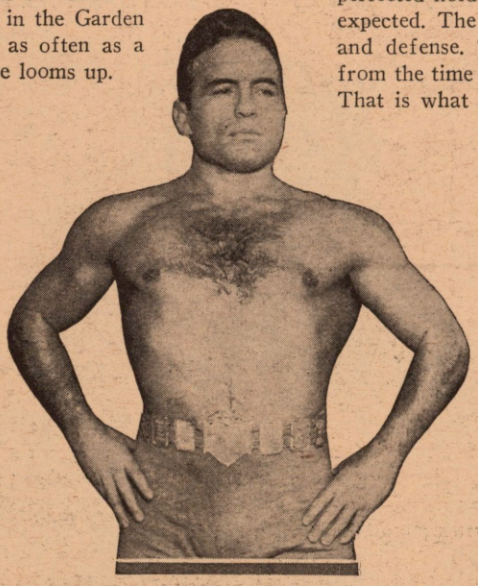
THE wrestling war in New York is on. The battle for supremacy in the Metropolitan district, between one faction in control of Ray Fabiani, Toots Mondt and Rudy Dusek, and that headed by Jack Pfeffer, young Jack Curley, son of the late famous promoter, and Paul Bowser of Boston, has reached the point where the wrestling fans of New York are getting fed up on the petty squabbles and are most eager for a settlement of the promoters' differences so that the best available matches will be furnished them as in the days when the sport was at its height. While the faction headed by Fabiani, which has taken over the Hippodrome in New York, is striving to crush the Pfeffer combine, it is a certainty that when the smoke of battle is over, Pfeffer, as in many previous such encounters, will survive the barrage. He simply can't be licked.

Pfeffer is a shrewd, manipulating promoter who fears no one, defies all rivals and even the boxing commission to put him to sleep. He controls practically every small club in the Metropolitan district. And now with Madison Square Garden an open house, with the rental open to any promoter willing to put $3,500 on the line for each rental, we are certain to see the Pfeffer-Bowser-Curley, Jr., faction staging shows in the Garden in opposition to the Hippodrome combine as often as a card worth while for such huge expenditure looms up.

* * *

THUS it appears that again wrestling in the East will have to fight for its life. From our point of view, there is only one thing the fans want—high class wrestling shows and an elimination of the internal warfare, and the only way to accomplish this end is for all hands to get together, smoke the peace pipe and stop cut-throat competition. Jack Pfeffer has been in the wrestling game for many years and regardless of what might be said about his tactics, he is as strongly entrenched in New York as is Lou Daro in the West or Ray Fabiani in Philadelphia and to attempt to kill him off is simply playing with fire.

Let's have peace. The field is not too small for all hands to work in harmony and the only way to do so is for Ray Fabiani and his associates to work harmoniously with Pfeffer and to protect the interests of the Curley family by making a place in their combine for the son of the man who did so much for wrestling and whose friends in New York are legion.



Jim Londos, whose appearance in Eastern wrestling matches, has caused a big jump in attendance. There is no more popular matman in the world than the former world heavyweight king, who is out to regain the title. He will be seen in several matches at the New York Hippodrome and in Madison Square Garden. He is also booked for appearances in Boston and Philadelphia.

Fabiani's shows in the Hippodrome have been exceptionally pleasing. The New York fans are flocking to the Hippodrome because of the good billings but their patronage will be even greater if new faces, new combinations and stars of matdom are presented with an assurance that only the best will be served them. Fabiani has proved his worth in Philadelphia and undoubtedly will get the patronage in New York which he seeks. He has a splendid array of talent to choose from and only a continuance of the fight with Pfeffer and Bowser can prove his undoing.

* * *

TAKE the word of a veteran wrestler—a grappler who has seen action in all four corners of the world—that the mat youth of today is far better than the bone benders of yesteryear. And this "Old Timer" has faced the very best of them—champions, near champions, contenders, pretenders and the ordinary types, rough and orthodox types, freaks and idols, villains and "baby faces," so naturally he should know whereof he speaks. His name is Tommy Draak.

"For twenty-two years I have gone to the post and in that span of over two decades of active competition, I dare say that never did I think that a 'young upstart,' a beginner would lay me low, fracture my leg and force me into permanent retirement.

"Men like Jim Londos, Ed Strangler Lewis, the Zbyszkos, the late Big Jim Browning, Joe Stecher, John Pesek and ever so many of the 'Old School' type never gave me any worries. True, some of them defeated me and numerous of them fell by the wayside at my hands. But the wrestlers of yore had styles that the every day fan knew. They had their favorite holds and would invariably work their opponents into positions where the clamping on of the finishing grasp would become but a mere formality.

"But what have we today? Daring, ambitious and industrious youngsters, fresh from the campuses, who feel that their future is as good as made in the wrestling realm. They don't pursue the old traditions of trying to down their adversaries. They have perfected holds of their own. They strike when it is least expected. The oldsters worked with a set plan of attack and defense. Today's matadors don't know what to do from the time the bell rings until the match is terminated. That is what makes them ever dangerous.

* * *

"WITHIN the past five years when I took on the newcomers, some of whom weren't born when I began my career, I didn't know what to expect. Generally, when I would have it figured out they would attempt to strike with a drop-kick, I found myself downed with a flying tackle; when I was planning to ward off what I thought would be a toe-hold or wrist-lock, I would be caught in a giant swing or some other new form of attack. Yes, those new 'babies' got me to thinking plenty.

"But I little dreamed that the time would come when I would be forced into retirement by an 'upstart' who tricked me into position where he let fly for all he was worth and crashed me to the floor as a result of a perfect strike of a flying tackle. I not only crashed into defeat, but my leg cracked in several spots. Needless to state that my wrestling days are a thing of the past.

"It took a youngster to do it. He pulled the unexpected on me in the same manner as many others of the new generation have tried but this one succeeded in making good his body charge. I hold no brief against this lad. He was in there to win. It meant either the future for him or the ruination of me. He succeeded. I failed. But in my failure, I doff my cap to the boys of today, who to my mind are equal to the task of conquering more than 90 per cent of the veterans for the simple reason that they are ever ambitious and one thing they don't lack is courage."

* * *

THE speaker, Tommy Draak, who is at the present time hobbling along on crutches, his leg in a cast, as a result of having the misfortune of not being able to judge properly the flying tackle coming at him from Frank Bruce, a novice from Jamaica, L. I. This unfortunate scene took place at Ralph Mondt's Columbia Park, North Bergen, New Jersey club, three months ago.

Asked to mention a few of the present day bone benders who,

Wrestling War Continues—Factions in New York Prevent Sport From Coming Back With a Bang—Veteran Tommy Draak Lauds Young Talent

in his opinion were equal to, if not superior to the stars of a generation or two ago, Draak was quick on the reply.

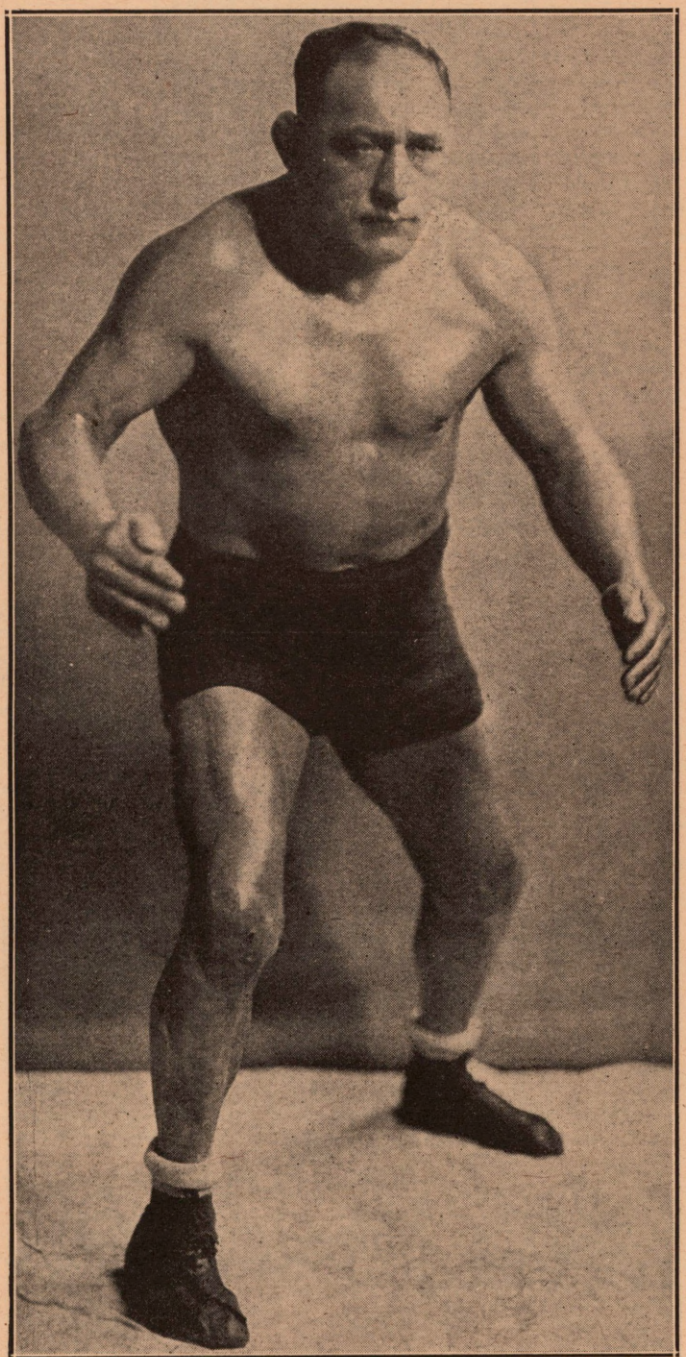
"Off hand, I would mention Ernie and Joe Dusek, who are but mere tots as far as age is concerned; Cliff Olson, the burly Swede who broke Yvon Robert's leg to dethrone the latter from his title claims; Nick Campofreda and Bernie Kaplan, both of whom came direct to the mat from the football field of Western Maryland University; Ed Meske, Ohio State Champion; Irish Jack Kennedy, the Iowa Wonder-Boy; Rebel Bob Russell, the Texas Terror; Dynamite Joe Cox, the Kansas City Krasher; Hank Barber, the former grid great of Dartmouth College; Bill Sledge, the one-time aviator from Texas; Irish Jack Donovan, who gave up a promising fistic career for that of a matman; Smiling Sammy Menacker, the Jewish Adonis from New York; George Lenihan, the Boston Battering-Ram; Ralph Garibaldi, the younger brother of the more famous Gino; John Swenski, the Polish star and master of all holds; Mike Strelich, the Utah gripster; and the Blond Tiger, Walter Podolak.

"Of course, I could go on and mention many more names, names that the wrestling fans may not have heard so much about, but mark my word they are rapidly rising to stardom and the 'vets' are slowly, but surely, being pushed into the background and out of the picture by the latest generation of daring youths," concluded the man who has faced them all the world over, the erstwhile champion of Holland, Tommy Draak.

* * *

IT IS Draak's opinion that the collegians are a better set of wrestlers than the old-timers because they are more brainy, and therefore absorb more knowledge than the old-timers, but in strength he hands the palm to the old-timers. Here is his explanation:

"The old-timers were a beefy lot. They depended almost wholly on their poundage because in the good old days of the wrestling sport, it was mostly a case of a tug-of-war. We had a sample of that type of wrestling when the New York Hippodrome opened last year and Strangler Lewis was one of the participants. The fans don't care for such grappling. They want action and it is the collegians with their nimbleness, their speed that attracts the crowds. I don't think the old-timers could have stood the gaff of six matches a week against the college youngsters of today. It would be too much of a strain for them."



The veteran Tommy Draak who praises the young collegians who are competing in pro mat matches.

NEWS FROM THE BRITISH MATS, by *Hugh O'C. Sturt.* Clubs here in England are humming with activity and attendances still maintain a very high standard. B & D promotions are going after the bigger matches in Europe. This is a smart move on the part of Sid Burns, astute mogul from South London, who runs shows at all leading centers in the British Isles. It will be remembered that it was B & D who introduced such men as Benny Sherman, Carl Pojello, Sailor Arnold, Billy Bartush and Al Hamilton, etc., to British fans. Sid Burns, who was a leading pugilist of yesteryear, has as his co-partner, the able Barney Davis, and between them they have made the mat sport the most successful here. Hats off to B & D, for they are always the shows to see.

* * *

That great Australian wizard of the mat, George Pencheff, is still bowling 'em over in great style. So far this month he has defeated the Mighty Palmer, Stoker Smith, and Jack Pye at Lanes Club. The fans enjoyed the way in which he humbled the Doncaster Panther. FLASH—the Laddie from down-under has just won over the Hungarian ace, Karoly, in Paris.

* * *

Frank Gest, Russian threat, has thrown out a challenge to George Boganski, Tiger Daula and George Pencheff, the latter being the only mauler willing to accommodate him. Gest, who was first brought here by Sid Burns, is managed by Joe Branski.

* * *

Paul Shikat, Yankee limb-twister, is a "house-full" attraction at Lanes Club where he has downed this month Bulldog Bill Garnon, Stoker Smith and the Mighty Palmer, the U.S.A. gob being the only one to give Paul a good fight.

* * *

South American Joe Conkle is still hated by all, loved by all, and booed by all, but he sure packs in the fans. He is never in want of work and has met recently the most skilful of our grapplers. Harry Brooks, Charlie "Smasher" Green, Jack Pye, Black Butcher Johnson and Bob Gregory having fallen before his terrific onslaughts. The wild man from Borneo lasted just ten minutes with South American Joe.

* * *

A newcomer to this country is Sandor Nemarth of Hungary, who has disposed

of Polish Jan Gotch, Johnny Dallas, strongboy from the Windy City, and South American Joe Conkle. Good going, Sandor.

* * *

The most popular feature in rassling today is the "Battle Royal," which was introduced here from the good old U.S.A. by B & D. Bob Gregory and Johnny Demchuck disposed of Black Butcher Johnson and Johnny Dallas. Bob teamed up a second time with Whipper Billy Watson and disposed of the ferocious Tiger Tasker and Johnny Dallas. Both bouts being at Lanes Club.

Syd Burns of B & D Promotions has asked me to announce through the medium of THE RING that any classy Yankee maulers wishing to show here in Europe can be accommodated by getting in touch with the writer of this series at 132 Olive Rd., London, England.

* * *

Glad to see Canadian Jim Burnett back in harness once more after being on the sidelines for a few months. His leg injury now having mended, the Canuck defeated Hurricane Harry Brooks at West Bromwich, Tony Baer at Lanes Club, Gil Knutson at the "Ring" Blackfriars, but dropped the decision to Stoker Smith at Kilburn.

* * *

European Champion Max Krauser met the German Frankenstein of the mat, Hans Schmeling, at Antwerp, the nod going to the champ.

* * *

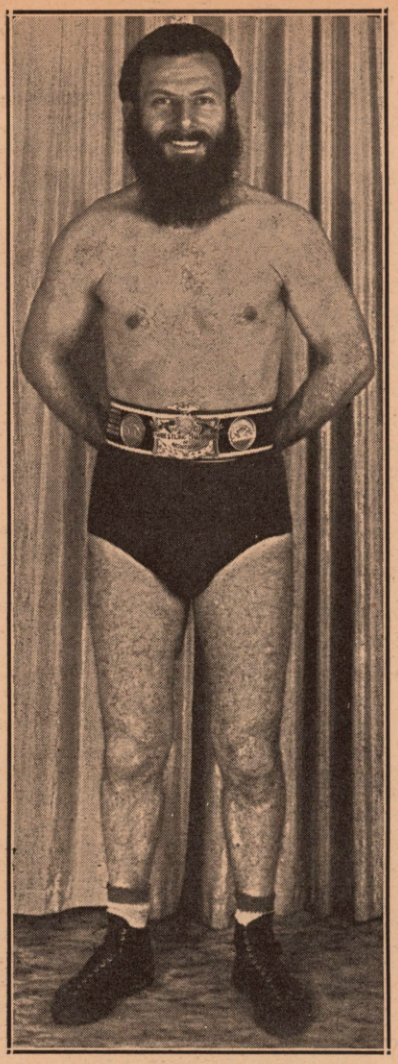
Al Hamilton, pioneer of Canadians, is still going strong here . . . . Yankee Gob, Stoker Smith, is now doing excellent work here . . . . Young Ray Davis defeated Ronga at Kilburn . . . . The Utica Panther, Joe Malcewicz, will be here shortly . . . . Morrie Sherman is now rassling pretty regularly, many good men having fallen before him. In his spare time he referees.

* * *

A boy the promoters are putting on the sidelines is young Ray Davis, Welsh terror. This youngster is a first class performer and has turned back all the top-notchers. Tough break, kid.

* * *

A sensational show was staged by Harold Lane recently. The main attraction being a "Battle Royal" between the famous Jack and Harry Pye and those two Canadian whirlwinds, Al Hamilton and Whipper Billy Watson. Both teams took terrific punishment, and the decision finally went to the brothers Pye. In the semi-windup, Tony Baer flattened Black Butcher Johnson, the wild man from Borneo. Other results were: Johnny Demchuk and Tony Mancelli's encounter was declared "no contest" owing to the injury of Mancelli. Johnny sportingly refused the decision. "Smasher" Green beat Leo (Dogsbody) Lightbody, and Bob McNab defeated Sparks Junior.



Hugh "Whiskers" Adams, Montana State Champion.

* * *

Paris has gone all Gregorian now the Elysee Monmartre has been opened. Another successful venture on the part of capable Bob Gregory . . . . Welcome return of Maurice Letchford, South African warrior . . . . Rene La Belle, the Flying Frenchman, is still winning . . . . Dickie Maxwell is still adopting that TOUGH expression. As is Tiger Tasker . . . . Fans over here are anxious to learn the doings of Bob "Legs" Langevin in the States . . . . If you see this "Legs" let your British friends have the news . . . . Morrie Sherman, ex-boxer, is doing well in the mat world . . . . His manager is getting him plenty of work, as he is a great showman . . . . Good work, Morrie.

* * *

THE Duseks, Emil, Joe and Ernie, are bigger gate attractions now than ever, and all because they possess the greatest of all assets in an athlete—color. Rudy, the veteran of the family, although the hero of more than a thousand stirring battles, is still one of the toughest babies in the wrestling field. He has a tremendous following and now that Ray Fabiani has taken over the New York Hippodrome, Rudy and his famous brothers will be billed as headliners on many occasions this fall and winter. The New York wrestling fans are sure to turn out in large numbers when these mat warriors are billed because they know that action aplenty is in store every time they appear, regardless of their opponent.

What is it that makes the Duseks go, is a query one often has heard asked. The answer is simple—an overabundance of courage. They fear no one and expect their rivals to face the music when billed against a Dusek.

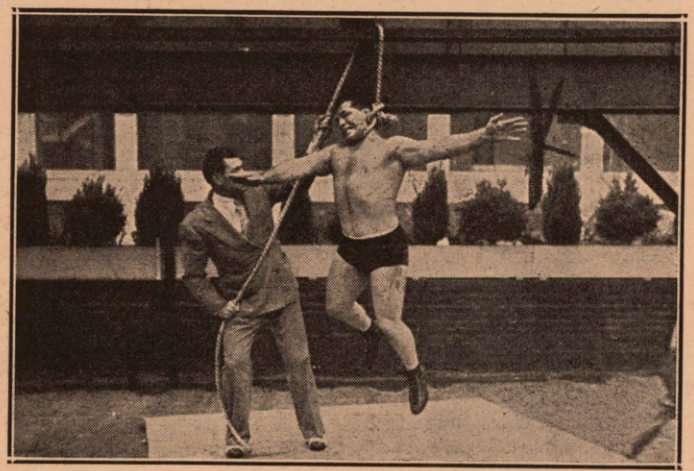
You may jeer Ernie and he can make you hate him, but he will give you your money's worth when he's in there rasslin'. He's as full of the devil as a dog is of fleas, but I know he has the fans' interest at heart when he's in there agitating all that feeling against him.

* * *

MONTANA has a new state wrestling champion who is a hit with the fans and is destined to go places if he continues to improve. His name is Hugh "Whiskers" Adams, who was born in New Abbey, England, and has been living since his fourth birthday in the United States. Hugh started his pro career soon after he graduated from school. He first was a ball player with the House of David team and later took up wrestling.

Adams has travelled quite a lot. He spent five months in Honolulu and upon his return, placed himself under the tutelage of Hugh Nichols, and while in his care, won fifty-seven out of sixty matches.

When he learned that a championship tourney was in progress in the Mountain State, he entered and after



The latest in stunts—Here Jack Dempsey is performing the "hanging" act on Ernie Dusek on the roof of Jack's Restaurant.

clearing the deck of all rivals, was crowned the king. Hugh has never shaved. He hopes soon to make an appearance in the East.

* * *

DIXIEDOIN'S, from Bernice Sandboe, follow: Texas wrestling fans are turning out in the usual large quantities to pack Promoter Morris Sigel's amphitheatre of muscular maneuvers each week. That of course is a phenomenon which is directly due to the aforementioned impresario Sigel's wise selection of performers and the interesting way in which he tosses them together.

As for instance, the biggest crowd to throng to the old town hall for grappling festivities, turned out to see Señor Vincent Lopez, the sensational Mexican wrestler, grapple Paul Jones, the town hero. It was a splendid battle and Lopez proved to the public that he was of championship calibre despite his recent set-back at the hands of Bronko Nagurski.

Then, too, we have with us now such stellar stars as Louis Thez, Karl Davis, Chief Little Beaver, Gorilla Macias, Tommy Mahoney, Lew Plummer, Roland Kirchmeyer, Rudy Strongberg, Al Billings, Killer Shikuma, Frank Sexton, Tommy O'Toole and Angelo Cistoldi. All the boys turn in ace performances each week and keep the fans screaming for more. You will notice if you know your wrestlers, that among the above group the roughies and toughies seem to have a wide majority, but that's the way we folks like it down here.

* * *

LITTLE THINGS ABOUT BIG MEN —Chief Little Beaver is an incurable tobacco chawer . . . the likeable big Injun chief keeps a big healthy wad in his mouth most all the time and claims he can even eat ice cream leaving the chaw intact . . . Lopez's hobbies are taking motion pictures (he owns a $1500 camera) and collecting guns . . . our sincerest best wishes to Larrupin' Lew Plummer, a swell guy and athlete, who is in the hospital due to a ring injury . . .

Bill Lee's favorite pastime is "Skeet shooting" . . . Tommy O'Toole is still gunning for the person who put itching powder on his shirt when he went swimming not long ago . . . We certainly have an abundance of Ohio State footballers around here these days . . . Karl Davis, Frank Sexton and Big Al Billings all claim the Ohio college as their Alma Mater and were gridiron heroes . . . John Katan has a tourist camp and filling station in Toronto, Canada . . . Charlie Allen is on the side lines with a broken leg . . . although boxing isn't my line I can't help but hand a bouquet to young George Thomas, one of the best little fighters around these parts . . . he's a big favorite with all the wrestlers, too . . . Nick Elitch is a swell golfer . . . wonder what ever became of Pete Schuh? . . . Bluebeard Lewis, who had to shave his beard after losing a match with Leo Savage out in California is sprouting a new set of shrubbery and it isn't blue but grey . . .

* * *

PACIFIC COAST and Northwest Wrestling Review, by Dave Cavadas, follows:

Twenty thousand Los Angeles wrestling fans swarmed into Wrigley Field to see the newly-crowned champion, Bronko Nagurski successfully defend his laurels against Vincent Lopez, the Mexican Idol. After taking the first fall in 29 minutes, with a series of flying tackles, Nagurski came back quickly to gain the second straight fall in one minute and ten seconds.

As the semi-final attraction on the Nagurski-Lopez card, Promoter Jack Daro presented a mixed bout between Nick Lutze, wrestler and Pio Pico, boxer. The bell saved Pio at the end of the first three minute round, but after two minutes, twenty-one seconds of the second canto, Lutze pinned the Mexican boxer's shoulders to the mat. Maxie Baer refereed this match.

Making a tour of the Northwest, Bronko Nagurski defeated Sandor Szabo, the Hungarian at Vancouver, B. C., and again at Seattle. Billy Hansen, Bob Kruse, and Abe "King Kong" Kashey also fell before the champion on this trip.

It took Abe Kashey, colorful Assyrian to unmask the Golden Terror at Seattle. Kashey tangled the masked wrestler up in the ropes in his crucifix hold, socked him at ease and then pinned him to the mat. It turned out that the Terror was Bobbie Stewart.

After a five years' absence of Northwest rings, rough, tough Dick Raines, returned to dispose of Paul Boesch and Billy Hansen with the deadly back-breaker. The way that Raines applied the hold brought back memories of the Red Shadow.

COAST CAVALCADE . . . Dean Detton pinned Hans Steinke . . . Bob Kruse defeated Ivan Managoff . . . Sandor Szabo won from Abe Kashey . . . Ivan Managoff fell before Sandor Szabo . . . Billy Hansen threw Herman Olsen . . . Gus Sonnenberg subdued Pat Meehan . . . Ignacio Martinez drew with Babe Zaharias . . . Ted Key beat Gus Sonnenberg . . . Kiman Kudo disposed of LaVerne Baxter.

Nick Lutze tossed Babe Zaharias . . . Bob Kruse beat Olaf Olsen . . . Chief Thunderbird drew with Paul Boesch . . . Ignacio Martinez drew with Jimmy Sarandos . . . Ali Baba tossed Dick Lever.

Ignacio Martinez, the new Mexican Marvel is giving Vincent Lopez a close run for popularity honors in Southern California. Lately, Lopez has been losing the support of the wrestling fans and it is possible that Martinez may replace him as Popular Idol Number One. Young and handsome, Ignacio combines skill with showmanship to win his matches.

DEADLINE PICK-UPS . . . Tony Stetcher is doing a good job in handling the affairs of champion Nagurski . . . Joe "Toots" Mondt made his annual tour of the Northwest this month . . . The Lopez-Nagurski match in Los Angeles clicked the turnstiles to the tune of $23,000 . . . Northwest fans have plenty to get ired about with two men like King Kong Kashey and Dick Raines on the same cards . . . Sandor Szabo, Billy Hansen, Abe Kashey, Bob Kruse, Danny Dusek and Dick Raines are headlining in the Northwest . . . Dean Detton, Gino Garibaldi, Kiman Kudo, Jack Sampson, Gus Sonnenberg and Pat Fraley are campaigning in California.

* * *

FROM J. Jimmie Amann, comes the following: Johnny Stote, in some states recognized as welterweight champion, despite the fact that Jack Reynolds is the official titleholder, took a vacation through here recently. Stote has been campaigning through the southern states where he reports the game is thriving. Reynolds is out around Montana and is bouncing all of the top flighters in his division. A Reynolds-Stote match in New York City would be worthwhile.

Bronko Nagurski rules the heavyweight roost in my NATIONAL WRESTLING RATINGS which I issue monthly and includes the listing of over 2000 professional wrestlers from heavyweights to welterweights. The Rating is based solely on activity. Twenty five cents in cash and a self-stamped envelope to Jimmy Amann at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, will get you the latest copy.

Lord Lansdowne Finnegan, the English light-heavyweight and former world's welterweight champion, has proved once again that he is the big drawing card in the middle western states. Since returning to this territory, the Londoner has placed himself in the light heavyweight tournament sponsored by Al Haft and Ross Leader, Ohio promoters and at the present time looks like No. 1 man to succeed the retired Midget Fischer. Down through Oklahoma I am told Red Berry, the Big Arkansas star is rated as world's champion through his win over Hugh Nichols. I rate Berry as champion. He has never appeared in this sector.

Fredrich von Lamm, the bearded beanpole welterweight, may soon appear on Roy Welch's southern programs. The German 147 pounder should prove a real drawing card down below the Mason and Dixon's line. Von Lamm can be contacted through the writer.

* * *

FROM Istanbul, Turkey, comes the following, sent in by Kerim Kanok:

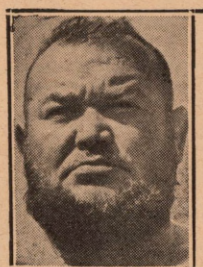
Wladek Zbyszko has several wrestlers campaigning in Turkey. In the last week of July, he had his American grappler, Bull Komar, on exhibition but the Bull didn't fare so well, especially against the Turkish heavyweight king. Bull won the decision over Djemal but dropped three matches to Champion Mouliyam.

* * *

Then Zbyszko pitted Campbell, a South African, against Mouliyam, but Campbell lost on a foul.

With Campbell, Van Derwelt, another South African, journeyed to Turkey and he lost on points at the end of an hour, the time limit, with the Turkish king, Tekirdagli Huseyin, as his opponent. Van Der Welt also tackled Mouliyam, who beat him in a one fall match in 18 minutes.

Turkey has one star in Mersinly Ahmet, a young wrestler who is an excellent prospect. He is the winner of the Olympic championships.



PROMOTERS ATTENTION

why not book

the sensational, colorful

SERGEI KALMUKOFF

WRESTLING FREAK

By EDDIE MERRILL

YOU have often been to the Circus and seen the fat man or the fat lady occupying several chairs selling picture postcards of themselves to make a living. That is hardly a novelty. But when you look at Martin Levy—625 pounds Leviathan—27 years old, who is a wrestler, who can turn a somersault, do a split and kick over his head to a height of 7 ft. 6 in., and who enjoys the poundage of the fat man or the fat lady of the Circus—that is a novelty worth while writing about.

Try this. It takes nimbleness to turn this trick, yet Levy, with his 625 pounds, finds it no difficult task.

Such vast proportions might prove a handicap in a man's life, at least you might think so, but to hear Martin Levy talk about it, it's nothing of the sort. For instance, he is an excellent swimmer, and his weight gives him advantages which others do not enjoy. If he tires in the water, he merely rolls on his back and floats.

He can remain in that position any length of time without fear of sinking. Frequently he stays in that comfortable restful position reading his paper and smoking his pipe.

On another occasion, when arrested for speeding, his size proved a blessing rather than a handicap. The law at first wished to take Martin to jail to think over the error of his ways, but after looking him over the cop abandoned the idea, first because there was no cell big enough to accommodate the big boy and second for fear lest the feed bill prove too costly for the township. Besides the cop reflected that Martin could easily be found when wanted. It is not so easy to hide one's 625 pounds!

Martin Levy sitting on Mike Jacobs' desk in the New York Hippodrome while the genial Mike looks on in amazement.

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AND speaking of eating, Gargantua had nothing on Levy. He has a tremendous appetite. His idea of a normal meal is a whole chicken followed by a three pound steak, plenty of trimmings and desserts in sufficient quantity. He repeats the dose three times daily which enables him to bear up until the next day. Among the unique jobs he has had, he once was employed by a restaurant specializing in frankfurters. Levy's job was to sit in an arm chair and eat frankfurters the major part of the day.

Levy says that was the most pleasant job he ever held for besides getting his tummy well supplied with food he received $5. He gave up the position because the steady frankfurter diet became somewhat tedious. Probably if the proprietor had varied the diet and changed it to include steaks and chickens, Levy would still be on the job and wrestling would have lost a picturesque character.

Martin Levy stands six foot, but measures 84 inches around the waistline and is therefore rounder by twelve inches than he is tall. His exceptional size is attributed to the development of the pitori gland gone on a rampage. With the exception of one brother—Levy has four brothers and four sisters—14 years old who weighs 300 pounds; the rest of his family is not blessed with the generous avoirdupois enjoyed by their big brother. Both his father and mother were normal folks.

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LEVY finds little discomfort due to his exceptional size, except a certain shyness which he does not feel among friends but is very apparent when with strangers. He dislikes to be stared at, doesn't consider *(Continued on page 47)*

Gang Wars and Politics

(Continued from page 33)

Lady Alice, a celebrated trotter, valued at $15,000, that died on the track at Saginaw, Michigan.

Except on the turf, he never figured as a gambler, although not averse to laying an occasional bet for amusement's sake in the faro joints with which Chicago then abounded. Most of his numerous investments were lucky, although there was something more than mere luck necessary for the building up of the handsome fortune he acquired before reaching the age of forty-five. In every sense of the phrase, Jere Dunn was a smart business man who had mastered thoroughly the fine art of combining business with pleasure.

He did not encourage meddling in his private affairs. Few men of his generation would have dared to offer him unsolicited advice regarding his attitude toward a foe. But Parson Davies, whose reputation as a person of extraordinary nerve was equal to that enjoyed by Dunn, essayed the task of promoting peace between Jere and Elliott. There had been a good deal of talk going the rounds as to what was likely to happen when Dunn and Elliott met. Davies sought an interview with the horseman and appealed to him to pay no attention to busybody gossip, and bury the hatchet.

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DUNN scouted the idea that he was looking for trouble and assured Davies that all he wanted was to be let alone. If Elliott didn't bother him, he would not bother Elliott. He admitted that he habitually carried a gun, but had no desire to use it, unless forced to do so. In other words, Dunn insisted that his position was strictly neutral, and that he would not be the first to take the offensive.

Davies told Elliott of the result of his visit to Dunn. The fighter was not impressed by the reported pacific intentions of his enemy. He merely said that the only way Dunn could get the better of him was by shooting him in the back. Nevertheless, he promised Davies he would not be the aggressor in the event of a collision with Dunn. The Parson had to rest content with this somewhat vague promise, and accordingly went ahead with preparations he was making for a sparring tour of the West in which Elliott was to be starred.

The sporting world was then all agog over the discovery by Jem Mace, England's bareknuckle champion, of Slade, the Maori, whom Mace believed capable of defeating any heavyweight in the world. Intending to match Slade with John L. Sullivan, the Briton brought his protege from Australia to San Francisco, where they gave boxing exhibitions. New York was Mace's goal, but he accepted a theatrical date for the Maori in Chicago which was to cover a two weeks' period.

What happened to Slade when he faced Sullivan is well known. John L. won by a three-round knockout before a packed house of enthusiastic New Yorkers. But prior to the contest there were many rabid Gotham fans who could not wait for the arrival of Mace with his reputed man-killer. A number of these made up a party for the express purpose of visiting Chicago and getting a line on Slade's form with the gloves.

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PROMINENT in the New York delegation was Harry Hill, anxious not only to see Slade, but to renew acquaintance with his countryman, Jem Mace, a friend of long standing. It was natural that Dunn should be the first to welcome Hill to the Windy City, and it was in Jere's company that Harry spent most of his time during his stay in Chicago.

Harry Hill's fame as a sport and fighting critic was countrywide, and his views on the prospective meeting between Slade and Sullivan were eagerly sought by the local reporters. Hill talked freely, and in discussing the merits of contemporary American heavyweights, Jim Elliott's name was mentioned.

Since Elliott's arrival in the city, Parson Davies had boosted the former's prowess considerably, and Elliott himself had not been backward in asserting his ability to beat anyone in the universe. Harry Hill waxed sarcastic when asked his opinion of Davies' star.

"Elliott a champion!" snorted the keeper of Gotham's most notorious pleasure resort. "Didn't Sullivan knock him cold in less than three rounds? What's more, John L. can knock him out twelve times in as many seconds with the gloves. You couldn't drag Elliott into a ring again with Sullivan! Jere Dunn will tell you the same thing."

Appealed to by the newspaper men, Dunn confirmed his companion's statement, which was published in a Chicago morning paper the next day. Elliott's wrath on reading the Hill-Dunn estimate of his prowess may be imagined. The boxer had a large following in Chicago, consisting of the really tough element of the Western metropolis. Like runs to like in these matters. Jimmy was popular in New York's underworld, and the freemasonry of the criminal gave him a similar standing in Chicago.

Swearing that the ancient grudge between him and Hill would soon be settled, Elliott, toting a gun and accompanied by half a dozen local scrappers, headed for the hotel where the New Yorker was staying. Fortunately for the latter, his friend Dunn had learned through that mysterious grapevine route whereby information is transmitted for the comfort of those at grips with the law, that Elliott and his gang were on the war path. The horseman concluded that the best thing for Hill's health was to ship him back East in a hurry.

Jere entertained a sincere regard for Hill and figured that although the latter might safely defy Elliott in New York, the chances were 100 to 1 that either the pugilist or some of his crowd would kill the Gothamite sooner or later. Dunn felt quite capable of attending to Elliott and the latter's cohorts personally But he did not relish the notion of having to act as bodyguard for Hill into the bargain.

Hastily explaining the situation to Hill, his friend rushed him to the railway station and did not leave the platform until he had seen him on a train en route for New York. Elliott and his party reached the hotel only to find the bird flown, and the fighter's anger against Dunn was intensified when he heard how Jere had spirited Hill away. His expressed intention of getting even at once was momentarily balked by Davies, who persuaded him to start for St. Louis with the boxing troupe managed by the Parson.

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ALTHOUGH sensational yellow journalism had not yet flowered into bloom, Chicago papers of that date were not averse to playing up thrill yarns to an extent far beyond the limit to which their New York contemporaries would go. Especialy was this the case with the *Times*, edited by Wilbur F. Storey. The latter was far in advance of his day in this respect and some of the "shock" news he published would not have been out of place in a modern tabloid.

A *Times* reporter interviewed Dunn regarding the threats made against him by Elliott, and the horseman's reply, duly garnished with glaring headlines, appeared on the front page next morning, as follows:

"Jimmy Elliott is a big bag of wind, as well as a cur, and you can put that into the paper. I care no more for him than a dog in the street. What Harry Hill said about him is true, and goes double for me. I am in a respectable, legitimate business, and hold such characters as Elliott in utter contempt."

"Supposing Elliott makes up his mind to resent what you say, can you whip him?"

"Even if I thought I could whip John L. Sullivan, let alone a cheap fighter like that fellow, I would not enter the ring. My ambitions never tended that way. But if Elliott attacked me, I would shoot him as I would a rabid dog. I have no personal grievance to redress. I have lived peaceably here, and have many acquaintances whose friendship I value. You can say that if Elliott comes for me at any time or place, I'm willing to bet $5,000 I'll stop him!"

The effect of the *Times* article on the Dunn-Elliott feud was akin to pouring oil on a roaring fire. As soon as Elliott read Jere's acid defiance, promptly forwarded to him by indignant admirers, he deserted the Parson's show and hurried back to Chicago, with the avowed intention of killing Dunn on sight.

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THE storm so long abrewing was bound to break. The climax came on the night of March 1, 1883. At eight o'clock Elliott and Fred Plaisted, the oarsman, were seated at a table in the rear of a saloon and restaurant kept by Billy Langdon on Dearborn Street. Suddenly Dunn entered the room where Elliott was sitting. The two enemies caught sight of each other, and the battle started.

A shot was fired and confusion followed. There were a dozen people, including some women, present. Jere's gun was first to bark. Elliott leaped, swinging a chair, which smashed the globes of the gas fixtures above, a second shot followed, and they clinched. Plaisted caught hold of Dunn, but was hurled aside.

The combatants crashed to the floor within eight feet of the barroom. Elliott was on top, and again revolver shots rent the air. They regained their feet and fought down toward the center of the room. Both were firing rapidly, but Elliott was staggering. The pugilist had received two mortal wounds, and exhausted from loss of blood, fell prone between a chair and table. He

was fighting back even in death, and dragged Dunn down with him.

A policeman appeared, pulled Dunn erect and marched him away. Elliott remained on the floor, and, as Fred Plaisted bent over him, asked for a priest. Plaisted put a coat under Elliott's head, and the fighter turned over on his side and spoke no more. Within twenty minutes he was dead.

Dunn's hurts were attended to at the police station. His only comment was: "Well, it had to come, and I'm glad it's finished!" In the legal proceedings that followed it proved impossible to prove who fired the first shot, although it was generally understood that Dunn took the initiative. However, he was exonerated, not only by the law, but by those acquainted with the details of his long feud with the deceased.

Elliott's body was embalmed and forwarded to New York by order of Parson Davies and Paddy Ryan. The pugilist's funeral took place from his sister's house at 216 Canal Street, and was attended by an immense crowd of sporting men from all parts of the country.

Among the noted characters present were John Leary, Billy Tracey, James Irving, Thomas Gould, Paddy Dwyer, Oweny Geoghegan, Steve Taylor, Arthur Chambers, Joe Coburn, Mike Donovan, Sam Collyer, Billy Edwards, as well as a host of Tammany politicians with whom Elliott had been intimately connected during his luridly spectacular career.

Fred Steele's Rival

(Continued from page 16)

the topnotchers. That is how Hostak came to meet Mike Bazzone, Young Terry, Al Fisher, Leonard Bennett and a number of others. And the result was always the same—a kayo for Hostak.

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SUBSEQUENTLY, he met his first crucial test when he was pitted against Babe Risko, former middleweight titleholder. Hostak came through with flying colors when he scored a knockout in the second round—a feat that Freddie Steele was unable to accomplish in forty rounds of battling against the same rugged Risko.

This boosted Hostak's stock considerably but Al was not content to rest on that achievement. He continued his activity and faced another headliner in the tough and hard hitting Allen Matthews. He put Allen away in nine rounds after going through a gruelling test. Both boys were considerably messed up after the fight but one thing was certain—AL HOSTAK HAD ARRIVED.

Many fans have asked the secret of Hostak's rise. It can be attributed to his constant schooling in boxing fundamentals. He knows how to feint, how to side-step, and roll his punches. He is a straight from the shoulder socker—no telegraph punches for him. And those who have faced him know now that his punches seldom travel over eight inches.

So there is a brief sketch of a boy whom many think will follow Champion Freddie Steele. They don't claim he is a match for Steele now—or six or nine months from now. But they do claim that he will be reaching for the middleweight crown when the Champion steps down from the throne.

Matmen Who Are Making Good

(Continued from page 37)

fleetess man in the 440 yard dashes. He played center position on the championship lacrosse team.

* * *

UPON leaving the Cushman Indian School, Thunderbird spent a couple of years in his home surroundings ruling his Tribe with a Solomonlike wisdom, and which he, incidentally, still does.

In 1932, he was prevailed upon to embark on a professional wrestling career. At that time, he was but a light-heavyweight. The sudden entry of Chief Thunderbird in the mat game made the fans, promoters and critics sit up and take notice. The Redskin was making mince meat of the Palefaces. The Indian was something new that caught the fancy of the grappling fans. Never before have they seen such a showman; never before have they seen so sterling a performer to whom reputations meant nothing.

Soon his fame spread, but the fact that he was Chief of his Tribe, forced him to forego trips to the Atlantic Seaboard. He had to be within striking distance of home. Hence most of his bouts took place all along the Pacific Coast, from California to Canada.

Now, five years after his first professional match, Chief Thunderbird has finally come East for mat competition. He has placed all the work of handling the business of his beloved Saanich Tribe in the hands of his Uncle. Of course, should an emergency arise, Thunderbird will leave post haste for his Homeland to straighten out whatever difficulties that may arise.

The copper colored grappler, who enters the ring in his full Indian regalia, feather head-dress and hand-made blanket, which he himself made, is certain to take the East by storm. His ability, plus the fact that he is one of the most colorful men in the game, is bound to bring results in the way of lucrative matches against the topnotchers.

Thunderbird, the whooping war dancing bone bender, who has made far Northwesterners and Canadians place him on a greater pinnacle than Jim Thorpe, whom incidentally Thunderbird strongly resembles in facial and physical appearance, is the inventor of two holds, the Indian Choke and Bear Hang. Of course, he also specializes in the Death-Lock and other spectacular holds.

The mighty Redskin stands exactly six feet tall and tips the beam at 220 pounds.

* * *

WHO is Mike Strelich? Westerners know him well. So do Europeans, Australians and Africans.

But Easterners want to find out about this Mike Strelich. The only thing they know about him is that he is a wrestler.

Here is some data on him. He is a Jugo-Slav; 26 years of age; stands over 6 feet, and tips the Fairbanks at 220.

He is known all over, except in the East, as the New Man of a Thousand Holds. He is by far the most sensational grappler to come from the Western Coast since the invasion hereabouts of Vic Christy.

Strelich has more color than Christy; is superior as an all around grappler to the well liked Californian.

* * *

MIKE was born in Salem, Oregon, not far from Portland. He went through the primary grades at school and then went to work in a logging camp. He kept at this work until he was 20 years of age. In the meantime the youngster's frame began to bulge with muscles.

He soon began to prove that by might he was best of all the boys in amateur mat competition. His superhuman strength convinced many of his camp buddies that he should take a fling at professional wrestling.

So in 1932, he heeded that advice and turned in his amateur card and entered the grip and get gripped profession with the aim of making a livelihood out of the game.

Novice that he was at the start, he showed his mettle on all who cared to face him and he made good with a bang.

The following year saw Strelich a vastly improved grappler and about ready to take on anyone in the world. His spectacular style of wrestling, plus the fact that he knows his holds, how to apply them and just when to do it, have elevated him into the hearts of all the wrestling loving fans.

So rapid was his headway, that the mat promoters in foreign lands got him to wrestle for them. As a result, Strelich saw action in the leading grappling centers of Europe, South Africa, Australia and the surrounding islands of Tasmania and New Zealand.

In 1936, Mike returned to his home sector and continued to make things uncomfortable for his foes.

A Wrestling Favorite

(Continued from page 36)

"And don't forget," put in Bob, "my heavyweight championship belt that I'm going to win."

So you can see that, despite all his roughness in the ring, down underneath it all Bob does hope to some day reach the heights in pro wrestling as he did in amateur. He has shown in frequent encounters (when he forgot himself and wrestled clean) that he really has the stuff. One of his most outstanding bouts was his battle in New York State with Ed Don George.

* * *

BOB is a firm believer in leverage. It is his opinion that a man may have a hundred holds and yet not be a first class wrestler if he hasn't mastered the trick of leverage. To exemplify the importance of this he applied a wrist lock on me, with and without leverage, and I for one can certainly say it makes the world of difference. Bob is so well versed on this subject, and the finer points of wrestling, that he has written a remarkable article on wrestling that has been published in many grappling sheets and magazines.

Incidentally, I am not the only RING reporter who thinks highly of Rebel Russell. I understand that he is a great favorite of Doc Almy's, that grand sports writer in Boston, who contributes the New England boxing and wrestling news to RING. Doc makes frequent mention of Russell in his column and is greatly interested in the young man's ability.

New Faces

(Continued from page 19)

be fighting the real top-notchers in his division.

* * *

FRESH from the amateur ranks, where he compiled the marvelous record of having lost only three decisions in some fifty odd starts, Bernie Miller, colored crack featherweight, born in Florida but fighting out of New York, is making his presence felt among the lesser lights of his division since forsaking the Simon-pure days to toss the red leather in professional circles.

A mere lad who has yet to see his nineteenth birthday, the flashy Miller has compiled an undefeated record in his seven starts in the pro ranks, and it is common gossip around the gymnasiums that Miller is hard to pair with an opponent his own weight as the boys are trying to steer clear of him. As a result, he has yet to fight at even weights and in his last bout with Alex Yanes, Bernie weighed in at 128½ pounds to his opponent's 137. But Miller evidently didn't mind the scale difference as he went on to win in easy and decisive fashion.

In the amateurs, the pounding fists of young Bernie carried him to three championships. Miller won all the titles in 1936. A natural 126-pounder, Bernie gathered for himself the international championship in the New York Hippodrome and followed through by winning the C.Y.O. diadem. A few weeks later in Chicago, Miller captured the inter-city crown. One of the amateurs who holds a decision over Miller is Georgie Coyle, a youngster who made quite a reputation for himself in Simon-pure glove-tossing.

The young colored star has a style that is reminiscent of the Kid Chocolate of days gone by, and if he can live up to predictions, will leave his mark before he decides to call it a day. He is from the stable managed by Frankie Jacobs, who has two coming youngsters in Schoolboy Bernie Friedkin and Sammy Meadows, the youngsters who spent their entire summer in the training camp of the House of Joy in South Fallsburgh.

Ring Tragedy

(Continued from page 28)

interested in the fistic sport—the protection which should be theirs.

"Being through" is a tragedy! But every fighter must realize that it is the inevitable. Boxing makes men of most, wrecks of others. It brings fame and fortune to the few, and puts others into a state of helplessness. It is that last named class that can be put out of business by the kind of supervision I have suggested.

Jack McAuliffe, who held the world's lightweight title for many years, knew when he was through. When he learned that he no longer could stand the gaff of long, vicious fights, most of them with the skin-tight gloves, he called in Kid Lavigne and turned over the title to him.

Jim Jeffries knew when his time had arrived, but unfortunately, friends urged him out of retirement to bring the title back to the white race after Jack Johnson had won it, and the licking the California Boilermaker received from the Negro was one from which he is still suffering.

Fight fans who have never forgiven Tunney for defeating Dempsey will all agree, much as they might dislike it, that Tunney heads the list of fighters as the smartest since Corbett's day. He dropped his professional boxing career with his senses intact, his good looks unmarred by the gloves of opponents except for a slight cauliflower ear and a fortune in his kick.

A Wrestling Freak

(Continued from page 44)

himself a freak and says he has earned a good living and saved a tidy amount because of good judgment, business acumen and natural business ability, and that his size had nothing to do with that part of his life.

He is an excellent dancer, shakes a mean rhumba and hoola hoola but specializes in ball room dancing at which he is an expert being extremely light on his feet. He has been master of ceremonies at many night clubs in Massachusetts, has a ready wit and sings pleasantly.

Frequently Martin finds himself in amusing situations. Recently he wished to travel by airplane to keep an important engagement in New York. The company asked the price of six passengers and no other passengers to be carried. Another time he drove his automobile sharply around a curve and the car turned over. Levy luckily was not hurt but found himself in an awkward predicament. Impossible to get him through the door, the whole top of the car had to sawed off, a chain placed around Levy's generous tummy and he was yanked out by a derrick, none the worse for his experience. When travelling by subway, Levy cannot pass through the turnstile—the special door has to be opened to let him through.

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LEVY is the despair of all tailors. It requires several men to take the necessary measurements and the prices charged for his clothes are so exhorbitant that he now only wears a pair of pants and heavy sweaters. An ordinary business man's suit retailing for $25—costs Levy $100.

Martin Levy loves amusement, he is happy go lucky, likes to gamble and will bet on anything from a cockroach walking across a table to a horse race. He likes to drink in moderation, smokes a pipe and cigars, and enjoys eight hours normal sleep. Devotes the day to business, two hours in the gymnasium and wrestling at night.

He is not training to reduce. Far from it, but simply to keep in physical trim to go through the many engagements he has ahead and hundreds of others pouring in from Coast to Coast. When he first began wrestling, Levy wore an eighteen inch collar. Curiously he has gained two inches around the neck and now wears size twenty.

Levy is well educated. As a young man he attended Boston English High School where he played football. His abnormal physical developments did not begin to show themselves until he was thirteen years old.

That's How Champions Finish

(Continued from page 27)

tired he could hardly lift his arms, flat-footed, just a tired old man who had lived unwisely, Jim Corbett went to work on him. Sullivan didn't know the meaning of the word quit. He kept going until Nature and the knife-like Corbett punches sapped him of every drop of vitality. And when, at last, he lay unconscious on the wet and bloody canvas . . . . and the greatest upset in the history of pugilism had been registered . . . . no one could say John L. Sullivan had not fought as gamely as any man could have done.

We have gone through the list of heavyweight champions. Each one may have had some flaw that kept him from being the perfect fighter. There is that possibility, though the admirers of each will deny it vehemently. But there is one thing you may be sure of. Not one lacked courage. Not one crumbled weakly in the face of defeat that came to every one but Gene Tunney . . . . and would have come inevitably to him, too, had he chosen to remain in the game.

* * *

OF THE later crop of champions there were Schmeling, Carnera, Sharkey and Baer among those I haven't mentioned. The Black Uhlan lost his title to Sharkey, standing on his feet . . . . pushing in . . . . and apparently doing more damage to his enemy than had been done to him. There was a lot of dispute concerning that decision . . . . but it wiped Max's brow clear of the laurel wreath.

Sharkey, in turn, fell to Carnera . . . . ending with his nose in the resin. Carnera was battered and mauled and hammered into one-sided defeat by the handsome, curly headed Baer. No one can tell me old Satchel Feet quit that night. He had his faults as a fighter, but not as a man. Baer had the most disappointing ending of any of the champions with the exception of Jack Johnson. It's true both his hands were damaged the night he lost to Braddock, but think of what Fitzsimmons did with his fists smashed to bits! Max clowned and struck poses and did no effective fighting . . . . and passed without a glow of glory.

Some day the experience that has touched every champion, except Tunney, will come to Joe Louis, current holder of Fistiana's greatest prize. Will he go down with the flaming courage of Jeffries and Fitzsimmons and Dempsey, firing until the locker is empty? I think he will.

The Dark Angel of Destruction may not be the smartest man who ever held the title, but there is nothing wrong with his courage. He took a tremendous beating from Schmeling and went on as long as he was able. He got up off the floor in the first round to beat Braddock. When his time comes I think Louis will finish as a champion should. He'll go down fighting. Every indication points to that.

There are many unenviable things about the fight game . . . . but there is one thing that lifts it out of the ruck. That's courage . . . . sheer, atavistic gameness . . . . as exemplified by the way our champions come to the end of the trail.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I WAS very intensely interested in your recent article on John L. Sullivan, "The Boston Strong Boy." It called up memories that for years have slept within their graves.

I saw the Sullivan-Mitchell fight at Chantilly, sitting beside no less a personage than the late Arthur Brisbane, covering his first sports assignment. A peculiar thing happened in connection with that fight. Pony Moore, Mitchell's father-in-law and his then manager, insisted on a twenty-four-foot ring, in order that Charlie would have an opportunity to run, and run he did; and even when cornered, he unfailingly slipped to one knee, thus ending the round under London Prize Ring rules, then in force.

I saw Sullivan in all of his fights for the championship. I saw him defeat Paddy Ryan in Mississippi City, La., in 1882, and I saw him defeat Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., in 1888—the bloodiest battle on record, and the last of the bare-knuckle encounters. Then I saw him, bruised and bleeding, go down to oblivion at the hands of Corbett at New Orleans in 1892.

Scrawled in my memory is the following inscription: "Compliments of John L. Sullivan. I never break my word to Bob Sherwood. New York, June 1, 1891."

But alas, he did. He promised me he would not drink during his training period, yet he did. Poor old John L.—he made a million and spent two!

"So great shalt thou be, and yet infinitesimally small."

He always boasted his training followed the simple routine of taking only the three S system—a shave, shine and a shampoo.

And what of the men who followed the sport in those halcyon days, sleuthing for hours and hours to spot the location of a fight? Gone—all gone, with but few exceptions "the mere lees the vault to brag of."

As for myself, I am in good health, thank God, with all my faculties unimpaired; enjoying the present, with no regrets for the past, or fear for the future.

How swiftly the years roll by. Seems to me it was only yesterday when I sat beside Bob Davis in 1897 while he covered the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight at Carson City, Nevada—his first assignment from the Hearst papers. He carried a beautiful "shiner" on that occasion.

Appears that Bob had posed as a sparring partner in order to get into Fitz's camp and write up the "color." The freckled one toyed with him for a few minutes, and then popped him one on the peeper. And today most columnists mention this then dapper young blade as "old Bob Davis."

In 1911, Charley Van Loan, then writing a column on the *American,* called "Under the Old Straw Hat," was stopping at my house. Returning from an assignment out West, he brought with him a beardless young man named Damon Runyon, possessing a perpetual grouch; and now I hear he is a potential grandfather. These are the things that make you feel old—if you care to.

And so, marrow to thy bones, and health to thy navel always from

Cheerfully yours,
"UNCLE" BOB SHERWOOD,
(Last of Barnum's Clowns),
New York City.

* * *

SINCE 1930 I have been a constant reader of THE RING, and I think it is the best publication of its kind. Also I believe that its editor has done much to help the sport.

I have been a great admirer of Max Schmeling ever since he won the title from Jack Sharkey. Although he lost the title two years later and was defeated by Max Baer and Steve Hamas, Max Schmeling continued his great career and won over Hamas, Neusel and Paulino. And then came the greatest triumph, a kayo over Joe Louis, a victory that earned for Max the right to meet Braddock for the title.

But did he get the chance? Indeed not! I admire THE RING and its Editor for the great battle they made for righteousness and clean sportsmanship even though the battle was lost and Braddock tackled Louis instead. And then Farr! We Germans are very happy now that Schmeling's right to a fight with Louis has been accepted and we predict that our Max will be the first to regain the world heavyweight title.

HEINZ VOLKMER,
Frankenstein, Germany.

* * *

JUST a few lines to let you know what I think of your marvelous book, THE RING. It has been a great asset to our arguments and one can always refer to THE RING in a case of doubt.

Wrestling is a bigger attraction out here than boxing. Maurice Smith is the big promoter out here now.

Of the wrestlers who have toured South Africa recently, I prefer Jack McLaughlin to any others. Other wrestlers of note are: Bullet Meyers, Harry Mamos, Paul Lortie, Cyclone Stockton and Ben Sherman. All these wrestlers appeal to the Durban crowd.

AUBREY STONE,
Durban, Natal, South Africa.

* * *

ONLY recently I wrote you a letter in which I condemned you for your most biased and prejudiced treatment of the German boxing star, Max Schmeling. However, there's one thing I neglected to say, and I feel that should be corrected. It is that one can't help noticing how you are able to change your attitude once you notice you are on the wrong side. This is the mark of the true sportsman, and I congratulate you on the vastly different treatment you are dealing to Max Schmeling now that you realize Max made good and was given a raw deal. You are not prejudiced.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

This morning I received a letter from Max Schmeling, at Bad Saarow, Germany. You see, I had written an article before the Louis-Schmeling fight, giving Max Schmeling a decisive chance to whip Louis. This was publicized, in a Cuban paper, two days before the fight. I sent the article to Max, and he expresses a warm appreciation for this, besides complimenting me for my German.

THE RING not only is the highest authoritative magazine in the Boxing game, but also a sporting Magazine, edited by a Sportsman. That's why we take, at present, just as in the past, keen delight in reading it.

DR. C. BRAUET,
Guantanamo, Cuba.

* * *

AS a constant reader of THE RING, I was very interested in your boxing ratings for 1936. I consider that they are excellent, except for a few cases. I see that you have rated Leo Kelly, who recently visited these shores as the third best light heavy in the world. Kelly was decisively beaten on two occasions by Ken Richards, the middleweight champ of Australia, and Richards is rated twenty-third. Marty Simmonds, who is rated eighth, was also beaten by Richards.

The ex-champ of the lightweight division, Herb Bishop, is included in your ratings, but not Alf Blatch, the present champion. Surely the champion is more worthy of a place than Bishop. I do not attribute these facts to unfairness on your part; but being a constant reader of your wonderful magazine, I thought I would write and bring them to your notice.

If there is an explanation, Nat, can you tell me why Louis got the shot at Braddock's title in preference to Max Schmeling? The German proved in his fight with the Bomber that

he is superior. You admit in your ratings that Herr Max is the big threat to the crown. Why then does this state of affairs exist? Is it because of Schmeling's nationality or because the Americans are afraid that the crown will go back to Germany?

I don't say this with any animosity; but I would certainly like to see some light thrown on the subject. In conclusion I would like to wish you and THE RING every success.

C. BOWEN,
Gosford, U. S. W., Australia.

* * *

I RECEIVED the de luxe *Jack Dempsey* which you sent me and must say that I am delighted with it. This is the best book that I have in my library, even better that Bohun Lynch's *Prize Ring*. It is a classic without a doubt and has a permanent value both in an ornamental sense and from a utility point of view. I wish there were more boxing books about of this class, but alas, there are not.

I was tremendously interested in your recent issue of THE RING and was pleased with the looks of my article on Jack Johnson about which complimentary criticism has been passed here. I liked that effort of Daniel M. Daniel very much—"What It Takes." The interest was wonderfully well sustained, also the suspense. He had me guessing, turning down champion after champion, but of course the climax was clear—no champion has everything.

Of course I disagree with him about the hitters, but he will expect that. I am convinced that John L. Sullivan hit Paddy Ryan harder than Jack Dempsey ever hit anyone—and I rate Dempsey very high even at that.

I read your own articles through about twice each and also talk a lot about them. If it was not for THE RING I would be hopelessly behind the times from a boxing point of view here in this small corner.

W. J. "BILL" DOHERTY,
Western Australia.

* * *

IN all the years I have read your publication, I have never written you till now and your Letters from Readers has always been the first page I have turned to, as it is most interesting in itself. In July copy, I note, Jimmy Erwin, manager of Pete Sarron, writes you, and in it, his unjust and untrue statement. I refer to the sentence, "After McGrory got his jaw broken, and there was no other featherweight good enough to put in with Sarron." Now, Mr. Editor, I know you always encourage fair play and will not put me down as being vindictive, but through our leading newspaper and other channels it was definitely stated that Mr. Erwin refused to consider as an opponent, the man who broke McGrory's jaw, "Ginger" Chris Foran.

Also there are Ronnie James, Wales; Tommy Hybrams, Kings Cross, not well known, I admit, but well equipped to meet Sarron. But our promoters rarely look beyond their noses if a boy hasn't already made a name for himself. I saw Sarron in both his fights with Mizler and Crowley, and how he took the title from that "genius" and grand little sportsman, Freddie Miller, is more than I can fathom. In conclusion let me offer my congratulations on your great "layout," THE RING.

J. F. BALL,
Holloway, London, England.

* * *

I AM a regular reader of your world famous RING Magazine and find all the articles most interesting. I have every interest in the boxing game and when my health permitted me I took part in amateur bouts. In Rhodesia we never have any professional fights. The nearest professional ring is Johannesburg.

Like every other country we also have our heroes. Our national hero, Laurie Stevens, is making his comeback after being kayoed by Petey Sarron.

Very often I see letters in THE RING of our friends in England complaining about your monthly rating, but not one of them has ever attempted to give the ratings that he thinks are right. There is no getting away from the fact that America is the home of boxing, and that all the first class fighters are Americans. I have a great respect for you Americans, and I admire your sportsmanship. I sincerely hope that I will be able to attend a few first class fights in America before I die.

I trust that my letter will be published in your magazine so that the rest of the world can see that South Africa is stepping into the boxing world, and like everybody else, we are proud of our fighters.

All the best wishes to you and your magazine.

TOM WALTERS,
Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia, South Africa.

Farr's Courageous Fight

(Continued from page 7)

LET'S give the boys the credit due each—Farr for his courageous stand against great odds, and Louis for what he has done for boxing since his rise to fistic fame. He's a lad who has reflected nothing but credit to his race, to his country and to the sport over which he rules. He saved the sport at a time when it required a luminary to bring back prosperity, hence why not play fair with the champion.

If he doesn't accomplish wonders every time he faces a ring opponent, he is torn into shreds by those who hound him simply because their predictions have gone wrong. Let's not be too harsh on one who has done so much for boxing as has Louis. He has his off days and he has his good points. Let's take both into consideration before panning him to the Queen's taste.

As for Schmeling, I reiterate what I have so often said—he is the outstanding heavyweight in the world and was not to be shoved aside in his quest for world honors. He was entitled to that return bout with Louis which he got.

It came as no surprise to insiders when Jacobs finally signed Schmeling for the June shot against Louis. Mike likes Farr and he would have preferred giving the Welshman another battle here. But managerial complications in the Farr camp sort of got on Mike's nerves and he sought a simpler proposition—and a richer one—by signing the Uhlan for the shot which, in all fairness, belongs to him.

Let it be explained that when Mike signed Max there was no wrangling. Schmeling was overjoyed when he learned that the promoter was ready to give him the June call over Farr. Just how this was received in the Louis camp I do not know. I imagine Joe and his handlers would have liked to hold Max off some more and take another crack at Farr.

However, about all this, more in the next issue. The Schmeling fight is a long way off and much may happen in the interim.

By way of closing, I might add that it is about time the Boxing Commission tried one of its many referees other than Arthur Donovan in a championship fight. Not that Arthur is not a most capable official despite his one-sided verdict in which he saw Farr win only one round, but because the public has gained the idea that Donovan is put into the ring to protect Joe Louis, every one of whose fights Arthur has handled.

Following the fight between Louis and Farr there were many unkind words hurled at Donovan for his failure to give Tommy more than one round, and I personally believe that the fans were justified in being riled at such a decision. But to say that Donovan protected Louis, as has been intimated and even printed by some papers, is ridiculous. There isn't a squarer shooter than Arthur, who like Louis, may be off color at times, but no one can point the finger of suspicion on him and say that what he rendered was not according to his own honest judgment.

But in view of the controversy that still wages over Donovan's verdict, it would be a wise move on the part of the boxing commission to give some other good referee an opportunity to work in a title bout.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Allmo, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—I would like to know the ranking of Ohio fighters. I would like to know the three leading Ohio fighters in featherweight to heavyweight divisions. Also the five leading Ohio heavyweights. Who are the European champions from featherweights to heavyweights?

A.—Freddie Miller, Lloyd Pine, Mickey Goodwin, featherweights; Jimmy Vaughn, Johnny Stevens and Jackie Kelly, lightweights; Mickey Duris, Lou Severo, welterweights; Paul Pirrone, Alabama Kid, George Baratko, middleweights; Carmen Barth, light-heavyweight; Jack Trammell, Eddie Simms, Hank Hankinson, Buddy Knox, heavyweights. European champions: Maurice Holtzer, featherweight; Vittorio Tamagnini, lightweight; Felix Wauters, welterweight; Marcel Thil, middleweight; Gustave Roth, light-heavyweight; heavyweight title vacant.

Tiny Garcia, Sante Fe, N. Mex.

Q.—Could you tell me the real name of Larry Greb, now fighting out of Milwaukee? How long has he been fighting by this name?

A.—That is his real name. He has been boxing professionally about two and a half years.

Don Parr, Kearney, Nebr.

Q.—Is there anywhere in the world where a fight can be staged and no limit attached to the rounds?

A.—In Reno, Nevada, forty-five rounds is the limit and New Orleans has the same distance. There may be a few other spots scattered around the universe where unlimited rounds are allowed.

Bill Loomis, Redlands, Calif.

Q.—I am 17 years old and measure 6 feet 2¼ inches tall and weigh 155 pounds. How much do you think I will weigh when I am 21 years old? Could I get the back copies of THE RING for March and November, 1935, January, March, April, September, November, 1936, and February, 1937? If so, how much would the eight issues cost?

A.—You should increase your weight to about 185 pounds. Back copies may be obtained for 25 cents each.

Cloyd Shaffer, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Q.—Is there a book written on the life of Max Baer? If so, how much?

A.—No book was ever written on Baer's life.

Frank Jamison, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—In what year and at what club did Corbett and Jackson meet? What was the result?

A.—They clashed in a 61-round draw (the referee called it no-contest) on May 21, 1891, at the California Athletic Club.

Tom Meyers, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—On what day did Corbett sign articles to fight Sullivan?

A.—They signed for the championship fight on March 15, 1892.

William Fitton, Elmhurst, N. Y.

Q.—Would you please tell me in what round Max Baer kayoed Max Schmeling, and if it was a technical kayo or a clean knockout?

A.—The tenth round. Baer had him helpless when the referee stopped the fight. Another blow might have seriously injured Schmeling.

Marion Gardner, Toronto, Canada

Q.—Is it true that the Duke of Windsor, when the Prince of Wales, refereed a fight in the Ring of London for a charity?

A.—I asked Ted Broadribb, who staged several big charity shows for the prince, and Trevor Wignall, England's leading sports writer, and they informed me they had never heard of it.

Martin Shelton, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Q.—Was Joey Fox, the former British bantamweight, recognized as a great fighter?

A.—I wouldn't put it that way. He was a very good fighter, one of Eng'and's best at the time. He fought between 1908 and 1925, quite a stretch, you'll admit, and anyone who can last that long in fisticuffs must possess considerable merit. In his last fight with Johnny Cuthbert, a splendid boxer, Fox won on points in twenty rounds. That bout took place in 1925.

Arthur Stokes, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Please name a few of the best Welsh fighters of recent years.

A.—Freddy Welsh, Jem Driscoll and Jimmy Wilde.

John Joe Sheehy, Lyne, Ireland

Q.—Who was the George Gunther mentioned in THE RING as a good heavyweight? Please give me some particulars on George K. O. Chaney of Baltimore. Was he a hard hitter? What were the circumstances regarding Johnny Risko and Billy Petrolle's retirement? Please give me the particulars of Dunn, Gallagher and Dwyer, the bare knuckle champions of the last century? Please name the principal opponents of Gama, the Hindu, his age, weight and measurements? Was Tommy Ryan middleweight champion from 1897 to 1907? Who did he fight during that period? Was he finally defeated?

A.—Gunther was an Australian Negro and was a good heavyweight. Fought between 1900 and 1910. Chaney was one of the hardest hitters the featherweight division ever boasted. He scored over 100 knockouts. Risko and Petrolle retired when they figured they were through. The records of the old-timers are not available. Information on Gama, the Hindu, may be found in the book, "From Milo to Londos." Ryan was champion in 1894 but did not hold the title over two years. He was kayoed by Kid McCoy.

L. C. Campbell, Regina, Canada

Q.—Did Sam Langford fight Ian Hague? If so, when and where? Did Max Baer ever fight Roland Todd? If so, when and where?

A.—Langford knocked out Ian Hague in London, England, on May 24, 1909, in four rounds. Roland Todd was a British middleweight and was finished before Max Baer began fighting.

Jack Sutherland, McLennan, Canada

Q.—I am 14 years of age and weigh 115 pounds and have a very long reach. Could you tell me what weight I will be when I grow up? Where could I get a book on how to box?

A.—You might reach 145 pounds when you are 21 years of age. "How to Box" is sold at THE RING Book Shop for $1.

Mervyn Eversley, New York

Q.—When doing road work, do you run on your toes or heels? Was Pedro Montanez ever beaten, and if so, how many times? How old is he? Was he ever floored? Who do you think would win a Henry Armstrong-Pedro Montanez fight?

A.—Toes. Montanez lost three decisions in 1931 but hasn't been beaten since. He was born on April 12, 1914. No record of him being floored. Armstrong would be favored to win.

Joe Donnelly, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Is it true that Mike Jacobs is going to rename Madison Square Garden? Is Pedro Montanez a Negro? What is your opinion of Mickey, Joe and Johnny Duca, the New Jersey fighters?

A.—Mr. Jacobs has only leased the boxing in the Garden and doesn't have the authority to change the name of the Garden. Montanez is Puerto Rican of Spanish extraction. Good trial horses but not championship calibre.

John Bunson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—My weight is 125 pounds and my height is 5 feet 7 inches. My age is 16 years and six months old. What would I weigh at the age of 19, and what division would I be in as a fighter? What is your opinion of the Joe Louis-John Henry Lewis bout, and who do you pick to win?

A.—You will probably grow into a welterweight and weigh about 145 pounds. It would be an excellent match and I favor the harder hitting Joe to score here.

Hirsh Brener, Bedford Hills, N. Y.

Q.—Is it possible to increase my height through exercise at the age of 23?

A.—No.

M. Schremin, Solvay, N. Y.

Q.—How many kayoes did Jack Dempsey and Stanley Ketchel score in their respective careers? What were the gate receipts of the Joe Louis-King Levinsky bout and the Louis-Jack Sharkey bout? Who do you think would have won between Dempsey and Jim Jeffries, both in their prime? I am 17 years old, 5 feet 10 inches, and weigh 170 pounds. How tall will I be at 21?

A.—Dempsey scored 48 and Ketchel 44. $192,906 for Levinsky and Louis. $159,916 for Sharkey and Louis. Dempsey. You will pass the 6 feet mark, possibly reach 6 feet 1 inch.

Paul Norton, Calgary, Canada

Q.—I weigh 104 pounds and am 14 years of age. Will I ever become a middleweight? Can the books mentioned in THE RING Magazine be sent up to Canada? Did Terry McGovern hold more than one title?

A.—Very unlikely. You may grow up to be a lightweight. Yes. All books can be mailed to you. McGovern was the bantam champion and then won the featherweight title.

Harry Fierstein, Hartford, Conn.

Q.—Are boxing laws on towel tossing effective in New York only or all over the N. B. A.? Can a second throw in a towel in token of defeat if his man is being badly beaten or has a bad cut, or is it up to the referee to stop the bout in the ring? Can a man second his son or brother? If they can't, who gets suspended, the fighter or the second, if they carry on an affair of this kind? Why is it, if an amateur is a champion and his opponent beats him under the weight, that he is not given the title?

A.—Most of the states have their own rules about towel tossing, but most of it is forbidden. It is against the rule for a father or a brother to second a fighter in New York. They can suspend the fighter and take away the boxer's license. Amateur titles are won once a year and any other engagements lost during that time do not affect the title.

Bob Fleece, Louisville, Ky.

Q.—Do you think Cecil Payne was a great fighter? What rating was he given when he beat Battling Battalino? Did he fight two close fights with Tony Canzoneri? Did you ever see him fight, if so, what was your opinion of him? Do you think Montanez could beat Ross?

A.—Hardly fits the term of great fighter. In 1930 he was rated very highly in the junior lightweight division. Canzoneri never had any trouble in their bouts. Payne was beaten by Jackie Pilkington in the East. Payne was a very smart and tricky fighter and had a satisfactory style with the fans.

Johnson Chinn, Watsonville, Calif.

Q.—Could you please tell me if barbell training will retard my growth in height?

A.—No.

Charles Fletcher, Swindon, England

Q.—Did Harry Wills meet Big Bill Hartwell or Farmer Lodge? If Charles Freeman was the biggest white man in boxing history, who was the biggest Negro known? Could you tell me anything about Joe Boykin, who fought Jack Johnson?

A.—The record books do not show Wills as having fought either Lodge or Hartwell. Bill Tate is the tallest Negro on record. He was 6 feet 7 inches in height. No information on Boykin other than the fact that he was kayoed by Johnson in five rounds.

Elsie Frattini, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—Can a woman be a manager of a fighter and a wrestler?

A.—Nothing to stop you in states where such is permitted. However, most states ban women managers, New York included.

Charles Vitoli, Springfield, Mass.

Q.—In a world championship fight, if the rounds are even at the end of the fight, how would the judges and referee decide?

A.—That all depends. An official has several choices. If the fight was so even that the advantage was in neither fighter's favor, then all the officials could reasonably do, would be to declare the fight a draw. If the rounds are even, but one of the contestants was at any time guilty of unsportsmanship, even though he wasn't penalized at the time, that might be taken into consideration in giving the other the award, but seldom would a champion be deprived of his title on such a flimsy technicality. If the rounds are even and one of the fighters made a great showing in the last few rounds, the officials might consider that in his favor and give him the verdict. However, in most cases, the officials would be inclined to call it a draw rather than give it against the champion and would probably give the decision to the title holder if in their opinion he stood out in any one round. That would constitute, in my opinion, a just verdict.

Thomas Stone, Sydney, Australia.

Q.—Did Les Darcy have any fights in America?

A.—No, he died after the Governor of New York, Charles Whitman, had issued instructions prohibiting his appearances on the charge of some people that Les Darcy was avoiding military service in Australia.

Carman Licurse, Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.

Q.—Is 145 pounds enough weight to train for a welterweight professional wrestler? How long does one have to train before turning pro if he has had four years' experience? I am five feet seven inches in height. What is the cost of training per day? What gym could I go to in New York City?

A.—Yes. It all depends upon your ability but four years is plenty as good experience. George Bothner's Gym, 226 West 42nd St., New York City, is best. He charges a monthly fee.

Ring Reader, Australia.

Q.—How do Ron Richards, Roy Underwood, Jack Carroll, Fred Henneberry rate in world rankings? Do you think Stanley Ketchel would have defeated Les Darcy? Do you think Ross would defeat Jack Carroll or vice versa? I am 17 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height and weigh 145 pounds, measure 37 inches normal around the chest. How are my measurements compared with the average lad of 17? Do you think I shall reach the 6 feet 1 inch mark in height?

A.—Carroll is rated with the ranking welters while Richards, Henneberry are with the second string grade. Underwood not known sufficiently to be ranked. Only a matter of opinion but I would have to favor Ketchel. Carroll would stand a very good chance of whipping Ross for the title. Measurements are up to par and it is very likely that you will reach the goal you seek in height.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

DESPITE the fact that Joe Louis received the unanimous award over Tommy Farr in their fifteen-round heavyweight championship contest at the Yankee Stadium, there was nothing but dissension and disapproval voiced in the manner at which the verdict was reached.

There was no question but that Louis was entitled to the decision. The fight was evenly scored at the ten-round mark. Farr won the eleventh, Louis won the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth, with the fifteenth chalked about even. That gave Louis eight rounds to six for Farr with one about evenly distributed.

Farr fought a gloriously courageous battle. His back was up against the wall. He faced adverse newspaper comment for six weeks and the general opinion was that Farr would go down with the first blow struck by Louis. In spite of that mental handicap, Tommy took the bull by the horns and went after Louis from the first round on just as if he were combatting an ordinary sparring opponent.

The injured eye with which he entered the ring, was opened in the second round. He bled freely from eye, nose and mouth, but that did not interfere with his attack. He took a severe trouncing in the seventh round and came on to win the eighth. He captured the fancy of the crowd and he emerged from the ring—the uncrowned victor.

Naturally certain elements entered which marred the whole proceedings. Referee Arthur Donovan, who has refereed all of Louis' fights here and also one in Cleveland, awarded one round to Farr. How anyone who knows boxing as Donovan does, after watching fifteen rounds of nip and tuck fighting such as provided by Louis and Farr, could award only one round to the British contender, is beyond our comprehension.

It was a terrible slap at New York's efficiency in properly scoring a boxing contest, something on which we in New York pride ourselves. That Donovan verdict doesn't do boxing any good. For the best interests of the sport, it would be a good thing for the New York commission to give some of its other referees a chance to see what they can do in a championship fight. There are several good men on the roster. Why not assign them once in a while?

In the preliminaries, Buddy Baer showed plenty of courage in surviving a terrible ordeal in the first round at the hands of Abe Simon to recover and score a technical knockout in the third. This was the most exciting scrap on the card. Simon stood up gamefully under the assault until his huge frame could stand no more. Tiger Jack Fox whipped Steve Dudas in six hard rounds of scrapping. Harry Balsamo disposed of Chris De Rosa in the first session. Charley Massare whipped Dave Clark in their six-round fray. Joe Wagner drew with Phil Sommese in six rough rounds. John Pavolich outpointed Maxie Long in the four-round opener, while Solly Pace outpointed George Gress in the emergency contest of four rounds.

The show attracted gate receipts of $265,753.11, which dwindled to $222,463.80 after the state and government taxes were deducted. Louis received $112,987 as his share while Farr was enriched by $60,000.

Al Roth, Bronx lightweight, after scoring eight consecutive victories, was halted by Paul Junior of Lewiston, Maine, after ten rounds of earnest fighting at the Madison Square Garden summer show. The official verdict was a draw, but not one official agreed alike. One judge gave it to Junior, another awarded the bout to Roth, while the referee declared it even. Frankie Blair turned in a good win when he disposed of Mickey Serrian in the fourth round. Blair scored two knockdowns before the referee called a halt. Frankie Terranova and Nick Peters waged a savage eight-round scrap which was called even. Johnny Rohrig won by a technical knockout over Johnny Rinaldi when the referee stopped it. Rinaldi was bleeding from nose and eye but was giving Rohrig quite an argument. Tommy Tucker disposed of George Cole in the four-round opener.

It doesn't seem as if anything will check the rise of Peter Kane, nineteen-year-old British blacksmith, in his quest for pugilistic fame. In knocking out Jim Warnock, Irish flyweight leader, in four rounds, Kane turned in quite a feat. Warnock holds two decisions over Benny Lynch, the present champion. Kane scored knockdowns in the first, second, three in the third, and finally finished him in the fourth. The show, staged by Johnny Best in Liverpool, attracted 35,000 people with thousands turned away. The receipts amounted to $36,500 in American money, which is quite a gate for small men. It's too bad that there are no Americans in the flyweight class, otherwise Kane would be a welcome visitor to these shores.

Nate Lewis, the veteran promoter and manager, of Chicago, has returned to his first love—that of managing. At the present moment he has Harry Thomas, hard-hitting Chicago heavyweight, and Leo Rodak, who is doing splendid work since he lost some excess flesh and is now fighting as a legitimate featherweight—Johnny Whiters, the promising Detroit heavyweight, is making his headquarters in New York and has shown enough in Stillman's Gymnasium to qualify him as a potential contender for heavyweight honors. He was laid up for several months due to a bad hand but is fully recovered and should be making up for lost ground—Comer Todd, whose address is Route 1, Neches, Texas, sends in an urgent plea for young talent. He wants new blood and is anxious to gather a stable of mitt-wielders of potential promise—Eddie McGeever, Scranton lightweight, stepped into good company when he secured an eight-round verdict over Red Guggino at the New York Coliseum. Clarence Gillespie, who is handling McGeever, would like to engage in competition with the front liners, and who would deny him that opportunity?

Frankie Wallace, Cleveland lightweight, is fighting in great form and proved his class to win a ten-round verdict over George Zengaras, rugged Greek, at Madison Square Garden. Wallace was too much for the gamester in all departments and the victory puts Wallace right into the moneyed ranks of lightweights—Tommy Rawson, Boston lightweight, looked good in whipping Frankie Covelli in their eight-rounder, scoring knockdowns in the first and second rounds. Jimmy Lancaster and Johnny Mirabella staged a wild slugfest in their six-rounder which was declared a draw. Freddy De Foe scored over Freddie Reese in the four-round opener.

Another Garden show attracted the poorest gate that the summer bouts have drawn there since its inception. The principals were Emil Scholtz, making his first appearance in New York, stacked up against Sandy McDonald. They went through ten rounds of dreary, laborious struggles, with Scholtz getting the verdict. The German tried hard to make it a fight but the conflicting styles failed to blend properly to make it a contest. Red Guggino proved too strong and rugged for Nick Peters, making his first appearance in New York, in their eight-rounder. Johnny Bonito whipped Eddie Alzek in their eight rounds and scored knockdowns. Tony Chavez outclassed Govan Rhodes so thoroughly that the fight was stopped in the fourth round. John Fernandez won over Willie Hines in the four-rounder.

Tiger Jack Fox, Spokane's entry for light-heavyweight honors, has been coming along in leaps and bounds and has qualified for a crack at John Henry Lewis' light-heavyweight title. There are rumors around that Lewis intends vacating that title because of weight difficulties, and Fox stands an excellent chance of winning top honors—Harry Balsamo scored over Bob Turner after ten rounds at the Queensboro Arena. Harry scored two knockdowns but could not put his rugged foe away. In the semi-final, Eddie Alzek kayoed Enrico Golden in the third round—Joey Fontana drew with Vincenzo 'Dell Orto in the feature six-rounder at the Coney Island Velodrome.

Kid Chocolate made his return to the big time circuit after an extensive tour of the smaller clubs. He stepped into Madison Square Garden and won a ten-round decision over Johnny De Foe after ten speedy sessions. The Cuban Bon Bon looked very impressive and is due for a reappearance there shortly. Paulie Walker defeated Dom Wakerlis, Greek welterweight, who acted as a substitute and made his first New York appearance, in the eight-round semi. Wakerlis, though beaten, was far from disgraced and looked like a tough customer. Emilio Magana, Pacific Coast featherweight, scored over Vernon Cormier in their return engagement of eight rounds. Kid Bradad whipped Eddie McGeever, who subbed for Jimmy Fantini in eight rounds, while Lou Pampalone won over Sammy Rivers in the first four.

Henry Armstrong, the mighty demon, enjoyed a workout at the expense of Eddie Brink at the Dyckman Oval. He put Brink away in the third round after subjecting him to a thorough trouncing. Brink was dead game and fought back desperately until the finish. Brink was down for nine in the second round and also suffered an eye injury which handicapped him but the finish was inevitable. Indian Quintana outpointed Katzumi Morioka after eight speedy sessions. Joe Ghnouly won from Frankie Terranova, while Pete De Ruzza scored over Julio Gonzales over the eight-round route. The show drew $11,160.

Erich Seelig, German middleweight, after a long absence, returned to dispose of Frank Lo Bianco in five rounds. Lo Bianco received a badly cut eye and was unable to come up for the sixth round. Solly Pace defeated George Higgs in the six-round semi-final—Frankie Cavanna scored a big upset when he stopped Johnny Horstman in the fifth round of their scheduled sixer at the Coliseum—George Zengaras was too strong for Frankie Terranova in their eight-round fray at the Coney Island Velodrome. Pete Cara won from Harry Baron in eight, while Katzumi Morioka whipped Petey Della in six.

Johnny Pena, plucky little Brooklyn featherweight, seems to be on the road to recovery, judging him by his four-round kayo over Willie Felice at the Queensboro Arena. Pena has a pleasing style and throws plenty of hefty punches while engaged in scrapping—Petey Sarron preserved his featherweight title against the onslaughts of Freddy Miller in Johannesburg, South Africa, and maintained his right to meet Henry Armstrong for the featherweight title which is due to take place shortly. Armstrong, stepping back into the featherweight class, is a grave mistake. He has been mowing down all lightweights and should confine his efforts to that class where weight making will prove no hindrance—His knockout streak continued when he put Johnny Cabello away in the first, Orville Drouillard in five, and Charley Burns in four. There is no stopping that Armstrong.

Walter Woods suffered a stroke of misfortune when he ran into the heavy right-hand punch of Solly Krieger in the eighth round of their bout at the Garden, which ended the fray. Woods was winning by a comfortable margin and seemed headed for victory when Solly cut loose with his heavy artillery. Johnny Bellus hammered out an eight-round victory over Lew Feldman in the semi-final. Tony Chavez drew with Frankie Covelli in a speedy eight-rounder. Hans Haverlick, Austrian heavyweight, in his first New York appearance, trounced Dewey Kimrey in eight rounds, scoring four knockdowns. Ossie Stewart showed terrific hitting powers in putting Johnny Rossi away in the last session of their six-round go. This was one of the best fighting cards put together all summer at the Garden and it attracted $10,010 in gross figures.

Freddy Steele showed the boys who is really the world's middleweight champion. He took on Ken Overlin, rugged challenger, in a titular match and disposed of him in the fourth round. Overlin earned the match on the strength of whipping Fred Apostoli in New York last winter.

Despite underhanded methods to have Freddy deposed as middleweight champion in preference to Fred Apostoli and Marcel Thil, the New York State Athletic Commission rightfully decreed that Steele was the legitimate champion. Steele upheld their contention with the power of his fists, which is the mightiest argument anyone can use.

Henny Andrews is doing a good job with Jimmy Doyle's stable of mitt-wielders until Jimmy returns. Maxie Berger recently captured the Canadian lightweight title from Dave Castilloux, Al Casimini has engaged in many lucrative scraps and Vincent Pimpinella manages to keep fighting regularly—Doc Almy, our RING correspondent from Boston, who also is boxing critic on the Boston *Post*, tabbed the Louis-Farr fight on the head. He picked the fight to go fifteen rounds with Louis being pressed hard all the way. You can't pick them any closer than that.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE heavyweight championship match between Joe Louis and Tommy Farr evidently instilled the other title-holders into activity. Freddy Steele came through with flying colors in defense of his middleweight title by scoring a four-round knockout over Ken Overlin. Petey Sarron defended his championship successfully against Freddy Miller in South Africa. Young Corbett, veteran Pacific Coast campaigner, showed that he is still to be reckoned with by defeating Billy Conn, Pittsburgh's star middleweight. Peter Kane, sparkling English flyweight, added to his prestige by disposing of Jim Warnock, Irish flyweight champion, in four sessions. That constituted the highlights of the month.

Here is a resume of the month's leading fights, starting with the heavyweight class. Joe Louis had all he could do to win a fifteen-round verdict over Tommy Farr for the world heavyweight crown. Alberto Lovell, South American heavy, disposed of Mickey McAvoy in three rounds. Isadoro Gastanaga was kayoed by Otis Thomas in eight rounds. He turned around and put Lorenzo Pack away in two rounds while Pack disposed of Basher Dean in the fourth. Maurice Strickland kayoed Johnny Leo Brown in the second and George Gress in the third. Patsy Perroni kayoed Dewey Kimrey in five rounds. Buddy Baer finished Abe Simon in the third.

Al McCoy battled on even terms with Tony Shucco. Eddie Simms won from Jack Roper and drew with Sonnyboy Walker. Eddie Blunt scored over Jorge Brescia. Lou Nova kayoed Salvatore Ruggirello in the third. Buck Everett defeated Melio Bettina. Al Delaney whipped Jim Howell. Jim McVey kayoed Doug Carver in three and drew with Domingo Valin.

Joe Walcott disposed of Joe Lipps in the second round. Charley Massare defeated Dave Clark. Freddy Fiducia scored over Izzy Singer. Emil Scholtz whipped Sandy McDonald. Jack Trammell kayoed Jim Thompson in three rounds. Buddy Knox won over Eddie Wenstob. Hans Haverlick scored over Dewey Kimrey. Wild Bill Boyd kayoed Ford Smith in two rounds.

Among the light-heavies, Champion John Henry Lewis added Italo Colonello to his string of victims. Tiger Jack Fox, who is still setting a fast pace, kayoed Joe Finazzo in one, Eddie Malcolm in two and whipped Steve Dudas. Al Gainer kayoed Red Barry in one. George Black disposed of Babe Risko in five rounds. Jack Gibbons won over Henry Jones. Gus Lesnevich defeated Alabama Kid.

Oscar Rankins scored over Bud Mignault. Johnny Romero defeated Red Bruce. Emilio Martinez bested Cyclone Lynch. Adolf Heuser won the German light-heavyweight title in stopping Adolph Witt in eight rounds. Ray Miller scored over Buddy Ryan. Chester Palutis whipped Fanis Tzanatopolous.

The middleweight division boasts a sturdy leader in Freddy Steele, who defended his title against Ken Overlin, scoring a knockout in the fourth round. Young Corbett gained prestige through his victory over Billy Conn. Lou Brouillard kayoed Roy Williams in two rounds. Ben Brown won over Willie Burroughs and kayoed Charley Hobo Williams in seven rounds. Solly Krieger disposed of Walter Woods in the eighth chapter. Harry Balsamo kayoed Chris De Rosa in one and defeated Bob Turner. Turner whipped Pennah Ranzola. Alabama Kid won from Marty Simmons and kayoed Dick Miller in the third.

Ossie Stewart diposed of Johnny Rossi in six rounds. Dale Sparr disposed of Bobby Areal in five and won from Young Stuhley. Bobby Millsap kayoed Paul Pirrone in six rounds. Chief Paris whipped Glen Lee and drew with Billy Barnes. Erich Seelig kayoed Frank Lo Bianco in five rounds. Paulie Walker whipped Dom Wakerlis and Young Terry. Al Quaill defeated Jimmy Clark. Ralph De John disposed of Jimmy Belmont in three. Lloyd Marshall kayoed Joe Smallwood in seven rounds. Fred Henneberry defeated Tommy Vaughan. Ben Valentine scored over Eddie Maguire, while Eddie Pierce kayoed Nestor Charlier in the ninth round.

Barney Ross stepped out in an overweight meeting with Al Manfredo and was credited with winning the newspaper decision. Manfredo whipped Milt Aron while Aron kayoed Harry Booker in five rounds. Saverio Turiello trounced Cocoa Kid. Holman Williams scored over Vincent Pimpinella while Vincent bested Nick Pastore. Bert Colima kayoed Billy Barnes in seven rounds. Andrea Jessurun won over Mickey Makar. Cleto Locatelli kayoed Marius Baudry in six rounds. Frankie Blair disposed of Mickey Serrian in the fourth. Ralph Zannelli finished Nat Bor in six.

Gordon Wallace was beaten by Frankie Genovese and George Salvatore. Jim Purcell, Australian, whipped Jake Kilrain in England. John Henry Johnson defeated Tony Falco. Kid Bradad won fom Eddie McGeever and kayoed Paris Apice in two rounds. Eddie Carroll disposed of Henry Auger in five rounds. Frankie Cavanna finished Johnny Horstman in five. Young Gene Buffalo scored over Wicky Harkins. Mike Piskin whipped Johnny Jadick and Felix Garcia.

Lou Ambers, lightweight leader, turned in two overweight victories over Howard Scott. Pedro Montanez kayoed Red Cochrane in two and Lew Massey in three rounds. Henry Armstrong continued his knockout streak at the expense of Johnny Cabello in one, Eddie Brink three, Charley Burns four, and Orville Drouillard five. Burns whipped Eddie Zivic. Billy Beauhold scored over Lou Lombardi. Davey Day disposed of Charley Gomer in the third. Gomer whipped Freddy Foran. Eddie Cool finished Chino Alvarez in the tenth. Johnny Bellus kayoed Al Dunbar in two and whipped Lew Feldman.

Al Roth whipped Jimmy Murray, kayoed Chang Collura in three and drew with Paul Junior. George Zengaras whipped Frankie Terranova but was beaten by Frankie Wallace. Terranova drew with Nick Peters and lost to Joe Ghnouly. Laurie Stevens disposed of Babe Smith in three rounds. Norment Quarles kayoed Bobby Dechter in two and Billy Bullock in four rounds. Tommy Cross whipped Pete Galiano and kayoed Al Casimini in one round. Ritchie Fontaine whipped Pete De Grasse but lost to Babe Arizmendi.

Maxie Berger won the Canadian lightweight title in defeating Dave Castilloux. Johnny Rohrig whipped Phil Baker and stopped Johnny Rinaldi in seven. Jimmy Walsh scored over Les McCarthy. Red Guggino whipped Nick Peters but was beaten by Eddie McGeever. Johnny Bonito scored over Eddie Alzek. Jimmy Vaughn won from Mike Gamiere. Irving Eldridge stopped Al Dunbar in the second.

Sammy Angott whipped Jimmy Christy and Young Rightmire. Cecil Payne defeated Dominic Mancini. Tony Morgano scored over Snag Trowbridge. Joe Rivers finished Jimmy Kid Yarbough in four rounds. Tommy Rawson outpointed Frankie Covelli. Tippy Larkin kayoed Johnny Mason in three. Charley Bedami won from Jimmy Cogman. Varias Milling defeated Kid Sela. George Daly disposed of Johnny Toomey in the third.

Petey Sarron held his title against the attack of Freddy Miller in Johannesburg and also whipped Teddy Braun in an overweight match. Leo Rodak drew with Jackie Wilson and whipped Lloyd Pine. Tony Chavez drew with Frankie Covelli and stopped Govan Rhodes in four. Kid Chocolate scored over Johnny De Foe, Joe Marciente, Phil Baker and kayoed Jimmy Tramberia in three. Benny Caplan whipped Dick Corbett in England. Joey Archibald disposed of Joe Marciente in the sixth.

Johnny Hutchinson scored over Young Chappie. Maurice Holtzer drew with Maurice Dubois. Johnny Pena kayoed Willie Davis in two and Willie Felice in four. Fillo Echeverria whipped Dick Fernandez. Bernie Friedkin scored over Bus Breese. Emilio Magana whipped Vernon Cormier, who drew with Lou Camps. Pablo Dano won over Pancho Leyvas and Angus Smith. Lloyd Pine drew with Danny London. George Elliott scored over B. De Guzman in Australia. Joey Fontana drew with Vincenzo 'Dell Orto. Kid Irish kayoed Frankie Jarr in the tenth round.

Sixto Escobar, bantam champion, engaged in a workout at the expense of Eddie Reid, whom he stopped in eight rounds. Harry Jeffra turned in two victories over Biff-Bang Lemieux. Indian Quintana won over Katzumi Morioka. Henry Hook drew with Bobby Green and lost to Baby Yack. George Marsden defeated Johnny King. Len Beynon whipped Ernst Weiss. Young Joe Roche scored over Johnny Ladao. Al Brown, former bantam leader, disposed of Andre Regis in one round. Eddie Fagundes stopped Horace Mann in the ninth.

Benny Lynch, flyweight champion, disposed of Roy Underwood in six rounds. Peter Kane added Jim Warnock to his list of knockout victims, finishing him in four rounds. Small Montana drew with Little Dado. Mickey O'Neill whipped Johnny Griffiths. Johnny Jurich finished Joey Forchione in two rounds. Jim Campbell kayoed Tommy Rose in eight rounds. Katzumi Morioka whipped Petey Della.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Pierce Ellis, England.
Bantamweight—Dan McAllister, Ireland.
Featherweight—Pete Bonita, Jersey City, N. J.
Lightweight—Earl Fredericks, Lancaster, Pa.
Welterweight—Bobby Birch, New York City.
Middleweight—Pete Girolamo, Port Arthur, Texas.
Light-Heavyweight—Michelot, France.
Heavyweight—Russ Wasser, Minneapolis, Minn.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending September 11:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddy Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Tiger Jack Fox	Fred Apostoli	Jack Carroll
2—Tommy Farr	Al Gainer	Young Corbett	Ceferino Garcia
3—Bob Pastor	Jock McAvoy	Teddy Yarosz	Gustave Eder
4—Jim Braddock	George Black	Billy Conn	Saverio Turiello
5—Alberto Lovell	Jack Gibbons	Al Hostak	Izzy Jannazzo
6—Maxey Rosenbloom	Eddie Wenstob	Lou Brouillard	Cocoa Kid
7—Nathan Mann	Fred Lenhart	Ben Brown	Jimmy Leto
8—Tony Galento	Gus Lesnevich	Ken Overlin	Holman Williams
9—Roscoe Toles	Oscar Rankins	Solly Krieger	Bert Colima
10—Maurice Strickland	Johnny Romero	Harry Balsamo	Leonard Del Genio

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Freddy Miller	K. O. Morgan	Peter Kane
2—Henry Armstrong	Jackie Wilson	Harry Jeffra	Tiny Bostock
3—Billy Beauhold	Leo Rodak	Indian Quintana	Small Montana
4—Davey Day	Tony Chavez	Lou Salica	Jim Warnock
5—Eddie Cool	Ginger Foran	Baby Yack	Valentin Anglemann
6—Enrico Venturi	Spider Kelly	George Pace	Pierre Louis
7—Wesley Ramey	Johnny Cusick	Aurel Toma	Mickey O'Neill
8—Johnny Bellus	Kid Chocolate	George Marsden	Jim Campbell
9—Paul Junior	Benny Caplan	Johnny King	Tut Whalley
10—Frankie Wallace	Joey Archibald	Horace Mann	Johnny Jurich

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

HARRY POPKIN and Suey Welch now control three boxing clubs in California: The Olympic in Los Angeles, Dreamland in San Francisco, and Oakland Auditorium.

Look for a big boom in boxing out this way during the winter months. Welch, a smart boxing man, has some major fights booked for his clubs.

Bobby Evans, a hustler and a man who has made matches for many years, has been named matchmaker at Dreamland Arena in Frisco for Popkin and Welch. Evans is no green hand. For fifteen years he successfully promoted boxing in Portland, Ore. He also managed some corking fighters in his time.

When the proper fights can be secured, Welch and Popkin plan to stage outdoor matches at the Seals' Stadium in San Francisco and Wrigley Field in Los Angeles.

In a gruelling fight, Baby Arizmendi defeated Ritchie Fontaine at the Olympic before 9,000 fans . . . . Arizmendi made a decided hit . . . . The Mexican and Homicide Henry Armstrong would do $25,000 at the Olympic from $1 to $5 . . . . The match may be made soon . . . . Gus Lesnevich took the measure of Atilio Sabatino in ten rounds at the Olympic . . . . two weeks later the socking soviet from New Jersey trimmed Alabama Kid in San Francisco . . . . Steele and Lesnevich would do a lot of business in Los Angeles this winter.

Jimmy Murray has sold his cocktail bar and is getting together a fine boxing stable. He has Pablo Dano, the Little Wild Bull of Manila; Billy Barnes, two-gun Utah welterweight, and Otto Blackwell, club fighting Negro, who fought Ceferino Garcia twice . . . . Dano recently defeated Pancho Leyvas at Hollywood Legion Stadium.

"Apple" Meyers, former Pittsburgh, Pa., boxing promoter, is staging weekly shows at the Long Beach Municipal Auditorium and packing 'em in . . . . Mike McNulty is handling Frankie Connelly, the Fresno, Calif., Irish heavyweight, who fought under the banner of Johnny Buckley in the East . . . . Harvey Pettit got $1,000 in CASH for the contract of Leon Zorrita, crack Los Angeles Negro welterweight . . . . Benny Peskay, wealthy Los Angeles theatre magnate, is Zorrita's new pilot.

A natural looms for Frisco fans if Matchmaker Bobby Evans can sign Dick Foster and K. O. Booker . . . . this one would come near filling the big Frisco arena . . . . Foster, ably handled by Dolph Thomas, and Booker, protege of John Burdick, have been winning consistently and it looms as a real betting scrap . . . . Thomas plans to show Foster in Los Angeles during December at the Olympic.

Jes Cortes has imported Umio Gen, bantamweight and featherweight champion of Japan . . . . Cortes sent car fare for the Jap when he beat Star Frisco and Joe Tei Ken, both fair fighters in any league. M. H. Goldner handles publicity for Cortes and does a fine job.

Sid Ziff, sports editor of the Los Angeles *Herald*, gets off some nice fight gossip. Lend an ear:

"No penny gambler is Ace Hudkins, former Nebraska wildcat, now grown as fat as a parlor tabby. When his horse, Flag Bearer, raced Saturday, up marched Hudkins to the books, plunked $900 in nine $100 notes on his horse to win. "I don't see how anything can beat it," announced Hudkins, to all who asked. During the race, Flag Bearer got away poorly, was never in the running. Undismayed, Hudkins sighed: 'You guys must never pay too much attention to a horse owner. We get 'high' on our own animals and forget the ability of the others in the race. This has not taught me a lesson, because I'll win more times than I lose. But it should teach those of you who bet occasionally a lesson. You can never be sure about a race until you discover a way to talk to the horse.'

"The following letter from Joe Waterman, former matchmaker of the Olympic Auditorium, best explains the present status of Champion Freddie Steele, whose manager, Dave Miller, passed away recently:

" 'Dear Sid:

" 'Since returning from Dave Miller's funeral at Seattle, I have been deluged with questions as to Freddie Steele's future management.

" 'Before I left for San Francisco, Steele informed me that as long as he fought in the ring, he would give Dave Miller's 'cut' to Dave's father and mother. There was no contract between Miller and Steele, but Miller did have an agreement with a New York man to represent Steele and himself in all eastern engagements. Eddie Miller, Dave's brother, will act as Steele's manager until Freddie leaves for New York following his fight with Ken Overlin. Steele intends to fight the winner of the Apostoli-Thil match.

" 'Sincerely,

" 'JOE WATERMAN.' "

Tom Maloney, who has been in the Pacific Northwest for the past two years, plans on bringing his heavyweight, Wild Bill Boyd, to Los Angeles next month . . . . Boyd, ex-Navy heavyweight champion, is said to be a real prospect . . . . Lee Lewis, former Los Angeles boxing writer, now in Tacoma, sends word to this column that Boyd is going places . . . . the former gob stopped Ford Smith in two rounds in his last fight.

Hank Hankinson may get the call to box Boyd when the Northwest star arrives in L. A. . . . . the towering Swede is fighting in rare form again . . . . he looked great knocking out George Godfrey, the ringwise Negro from Leiperville . . . . Stan Laurel offered $5,000 for Hank's contract, but Shang Welch turned it down . . . . the movie comedian won a nice bet . . . . he wagered that Godfrey would not go the distance.

Sid Ziff calls Big Boy Bray the best young heavyweight bet in California . . . . Bray, nineteen years old, is undefeated in more than fifteen months . . . . he is ready for Nestell, Rosenbloom, Roper, Lovell, etc. . . . . Bob Cowan, who fought under the name of Bob Sweeney twenty-five years ago, is his manager . . . . Cowan promoted the Joe Louis-Lee Ramage fight in Los Angeles a few years ago.

A Los Angeles welterweight natural for the Olympic would be Bert Colima II versus Al Manfredo, the classy Fresno Italian welterweight. Joe Waterman, who with Poppy Zazker, manages Colima, has the Mexican fighting like a real champion . . . . Colima is California welterweight title-holder . . . . the hard-socking Mexican won the title from Abie Miller . . . . Manfredo's stock was boosted sky high when he laced Milton Aron in Chicago.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get action out this way by writing Al Lang, Manhattan Gymnasium, 534½ S. Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Judging by the cyclonic fashion in which Henry Armstrong is mowing down all opposition in the East, it does not seem likely that Armstrong will exhibit his wares so much in the future. He has had a strenuous campaign in the East and is expected to return for a brief vacation. Following a short rest, he steps right into action when he clashes with Petey Sarron for the world's featherweight title. It may not be such an easy task for Henry to dispose of that few pounds in order to make 126 pounds, but after the splendid manner in which Eddie Mead has handled Armstrong, there should be no questioning his judgment now.

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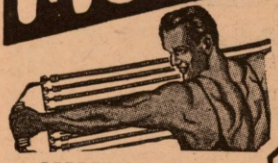

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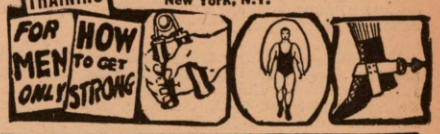

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IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

THE boxing world mourns the sudden passing on August 25 of Dave Miller, the man who guided Freddie Steele to the middleweight championship. Miller passed away on Wednesday morning after he had failed to recover following a mastoid operation the previous Sunday. After the operation, Dave suffered a turn for the worse with meningitis setting in.

For ten years, Miller and Freddie Steele waded through thick and thin until a year ago last July, Steele beat Babe Risko to win the middleweight title. Since then, champion and manager travelled around the country with Steele winning all his fights and defending his title against three different opponents.

Besides managing Steele, Miller was interested in many other successful enterprises, including a string of theatres in Tacoma and concessions at Longacres, Washington race track. He also owned a hotel in Tacoma.

The fighters that Dave handled besides Freddie Steele were Don Fraser, Jimmy Britt, Neil Kilbane, Harry Ketchel and Fred Lenhart, among others.

The boxing game will miss the happy-go-lucky, genial Dave Miller. His familiar face will not be seen any more by the host of friends and admirers that he had made across the length and breadth of the continent.

Stricken by the blow of losing his beloved manager, Freddie Steele asked for and was granted a ten-day postponement of his title fight with Ken Overlin, the Richmond, Va., challenger. When Freddie goes to bat this time, his new manager and advisor will be none other than Eddie Miller, Dave's brother and right-hand man.

Al Hostak, sensational Seattle middleweight contender, received quite a scare for seven rounds from Allen Matthews, the black Dempsey from St. Louis, until he hit his stride in the eighth round. Hostak injured his right hand in the second round and as the fight progressed, both his eyes were practically closed. This game, 21-year old youngster hit Matthews on the chin in the eighth round and almost put the colored boy away for the night, had it not been for the bell. When the ninth round started, it was only a matter of seconds before Hostak had Matthews on the canvas for the full count.

Eddie Norris, promising Portland lightweight, was the victim of a "home-town" decision rendered to Frankie Lembo, Seattle Italian, in the semi-final on the Matthews-Hostak card. Up until this fight, Lembo was very popular in Seattle, but when the decision was rendered in this fight, even his own supporters cheered Norris. The first two rounds were generally called even with Lembo having a slight margin in the third round because of a knockdown. Norris won the last three rounds by a good margin and when the decision in favor of Lembo was announced, it was greeted by a chorus of boos, catcalls and hisses.

Chuck Nickason, hard punching Vancouver light-heavyweight, kayoed Leonard "Tarzan" Bostwick in the third round after the bell had saved Bostwick in the second canto. The bout was a good one with thrills galore but after the first round, Nickason had little trouble in disposing of the colored light-heavyweight.

FISTIC RAMBLINGS—Wild Bill Boyd, making his pro debut in Tacoma, stopped Wes Hayes in the first minute of the initial round . . . . Two nights after being stopped by Chuck Nickason, Len Bostwick kayoed Johnny Kilbane in one round . . . . Kilbane was Tommy Burns' light-heavyweight hope . . . . The Hostak-Matthews fight grossed $15,400 . . . . 8,000 fans overflowed the Seattle Ice Arena . . . . At this writing, Matchmaker Ted Moore has an offer out to Ray Actis, San Francisco 170 pounder, to fight Chuck Nickason at Vancouver . . . . Yours truly can be reached at 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Leadville, Colo.—This rollicking old mining metropolis, more than two miles high, and once upon a time back in the 'eighties, was the best fight town in the Rocky mountain region, came back to the ring wars with a fight card that saw Lee Baca, Denver welterweight, score a knockout over rough tough Tiger Walls, Leadville, in the fourth round of a scheduled eight round go.

Young Ham Jenkins, Durango, Colo., kayoed Joe McDonald of Climax in the third heat of the semi-windup. The latter pair are 135 pounders.

In the old days when Leadville was a wild and woolly camp and literally dripping with wealth, such memorable old stars as Charley Mitchell, Frank Slavin, Peter Jackson and Duncan McDonald showed their fistic wares here.

I'm happy indeed to see the old camp once more on the fistic map.

At San Luis, Colo.—Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg middleweight, scored a four round knockout over Mose Hammond, Phoenix, Ariz., negro, in what was to have been a ten round go. Hammond held the "Baby Bomber," on even terms for the first three rounds, but a bullet-like right early in the fourth put him away.

The semi-final, between a pair of burly heavyweights, Cyclone Lynch of Walsenburg, and Tiger Jack Wright of San Diego, almost precipitated a riot when referee McNiel gave the decision to Lynch when Wright went down without being hit. Lynch was having the best of the argument when the melee was halted in the third stanza.

W. P. (Bill) West, has his Greek heavyweight, Jimmy De Mandell, out here in this neck-of-the-woods looking for business. The big Greek kid stacks up as quite a formidable fellow and no doubt will give some of the alleged heavyweights out here some rousing opposition.

Anyone interested in using Mandell, can get in touch with West at 400 South Pacific Street, Las Vegas, N. M.

At Walsenburg, Colo.—Cyclone Lynch's third attempt to lift the Colorado heavyweight championship from the swarthy brow of Emilio Martinez foozled completely. Lynch was badly outclassed from the opening gong until he went out in the sixth. Martinez may never be a world's champion, but he'll always be the champion of Mr. Lynch.

Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg's "Baby Bomber," made short work of Ted Williams of Kansas City in the scheduled eight round semi-windup, by scoring a knockout in the first minute of the opening round. Both boys weighed in at 157 pounds.

At Denver, Colo.—The Alabama Kid evened the score with Marty Simmons, his previous conqueror, by scoring a well deserved ten round decision over the squat barrel-chested Saginaw, Mich., light-heavyweight. The Kid won at least six of the sessions by the proverbial mile.

Sol Levinson, Denver featherweight, scored a surprising three round kayo over highly touted Ray Stroh, Loveland southpaw, in the semi-windup.

In spite of the fact that the card was a first-class attraction, it drew only $1,300 worth of patrons.

At Alamosa, Colo.—Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg's "Baby Bomber," regained the state middleweight title by pounding out a lop-sided ten round decision over his former conqueror, Jolting Joe Jaramillo of Denver.

The sparkling Walsenburg negro never looked better than he did for this encounter. At no stage of the contest did Jaramillo have a look-in, and had the fight gone another round, the Denverite no doubt would have finished on his ear, as he was out on his feet at the final bell.

In the second battle of the twin main event, Ernie Lara, Pueblo, won a ten round decision over Mickey Martin of Denver, thereby annexing Martin's state 135 pound title.

This one was close but Lara was entitled to the award. At the finish, State Boxing Commissioner, William L. Morrisey, took it upon himself to climb into the ring and berate the officials for "stealing" Martin's title. Maybe Mr. Morrisey knows more about the ring game than most of us poor hicks but I doubt it very seriously.

Remember, I have a complete list of boxing promoters out here in the towering Rockies that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also gladly answer any questions relative to the beak-spearing trade out this way, but don't forget to inclose postage for reply.

Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

G. G. C. Amarillo, Texas: Gene Tunney's correct name is James J. Tunney. Could he have beaten Joe Louis? Ask some guy that knows. My honest opinion is that he could have.

Bill McCollum, Memphis, Tenn.: James J. Jeffries is the oldest living heavyweight champion. He was born April 15, 1875, at Carroll, Ohio.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

ALLEN MATTHEWS strayed out to the great northwest and got himself stopped by Al Hostak in nine rounds. The latter, flush from his Risko kayo, is the newest middleweight sensation and must really be the goods. Matthews had never before been polished off so you have to take off your hat to the hostile Mr. Hostak. Allen weighed 157½ for this one for the information of those who think he's a light-heavy.

Jack Callahan and Pete Fabro have transplanted their promotional pasture from the Coliseum to the Auditorium. Both arenas seat 10,000 but the Auditorium is air cooled and a more modern structure. Their initial show under the new roof was the best balanced card we have yet seen here. The matches were intelligently conceived and the talent was first rate.

Otis Thomas headlined Larry Atkins' last card. Isidor Gastanaga was exhumed for the purpose of opposition, and despite the blubbery shape he was in, the Spaniard stuck out the ten. He was abetted in this, however, by Otis' lack of experience and left hand.

Everette Young Simington, popular Poplar Bluffer, has been having rough going here of late. Southpaw Johnny Stevens gave him a hiding and a couple of weeks later he was delivered up for Leo Rodak, who pawed his pelt mercilessly. The latter bout saved the Thomas-Gastanago show, nevertheless. Simington will probably be the pool-room champion of his community for some time but he should give these smart boxers plenty of green for the present.

POINT, COUNTERPOINT: Pepper Martin and Jas. Collins of the Cubs seconded Jr. Munsell here. Fortunately, the Injun got his man in the first; i.e. for Pep and the Ripper. There is talk of having two wrestlers box on Atkins' next card. Can't those make-believe burps stay in their own tent. We need some boxing contests here. They can use that circus stuff at the wrestling shows where it belongs.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

HENRY ARMSTRONG was hailed as the Number 1 fighter of the country. In his Detroit appearance he lived up to all advance notices. "Hustlin' " Henry turned in as neat an exhibition of rapid fire punching as Detroit fans have seen in many a moon. He dropped Orville Drouillard, the stout hearted Windsor veteran, four times before Referee Clarence Rosen halted the bout in the fifth round. Armstrong was great in victory but no greater than Drouillard in defeat. The blonde Canadian made it a fight all the way, and although he was no match for the swift punching Armstrong, his sterling stand stole the hearts of Detroit fans.

Lorenzo Pack, Detroit negro heavy, who has been going great guns in the East, really ran into something on the same card. Isidor Gastanaga, the big Spaniard knocked Pack out in the second round, with a terrific roundhouse right.

Bobby Milsap, Dayton negro left hooker, stopped Paul Pirrone, Cleveland Clouter, in another feature bout. It was Milsap's second kayo in two Detroit appearances.

Jimmy Urso defeated Gib Black, George Burnette trimmed Tommy Corbett, and Nick Torres outgunned Pat Thomas in other bouts on the card.

Buddy Knox, Dayton heavy, turned in a surprise when he defeated Eddie Weinstob on the UAW's card at Arena Gardens. It was the best heavyweight fight seen in Detroit in months.

Jimmy Urso, former National Golden Glove champ, made his professional debut, stopping Sonny Hatsyme, Filipino bantam. Chester Palutis, Pennsylvania coal miner, whipped Stan Evans on the same bill.

Bobby McIntire, busy local lightie, turned in a surprise kayo over Vince McCoy in the first round. McCoy had been beaten but never knocked out until he ran into McIntire's short right hand. McIntire also turned in a victory over Eddie Scott, and a second round knockout over Billy Brice.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

"CHUCK" Grundish, German heavyweight star from Michigan, blasted his way through Greater Cincinnati's top ace, Joe Mueller, and thereby gained himself a position in heavyweight fighting circles in this territory. The Detroit gunner tore into Mueller before a small crowd at the Parkway Arena and at the conclusion, won the decision of the judges and also the fans.

Mueller previously had chalked up an unpopular verdict over Nate Bartell, the big Jewish puncher from Central Avenue to annex his third victory over Bartell. Don Koons, Hamilton star, then came along and evened up his series of scraps with Bartell by pounding out a six round score over Bartell.

After these matches, all of which were staged by Herman and Maxwell Katz, the writer, based on heavyweight activity in this section, scores up the competition as follows: Joe Sekyra, Dayton, 1; Buddy Knox, Dayton, 2; Chuck Grundish, Detroit, 3; Don Koons, Hamilton, 4; Nate Bartell, Cincinnati, 5; and Joe Mueller, Cincinnati, 6.

Al George, Columbus lightweight and manager Bill Garrison's claimant to the state title at 135 pounds, looked impressive against Emery Morgan at Columbus and Joey Zodda at Louisville, Ky., in current matches for the Capital City clouter. Garrison's stable of mitt wielders is one of the busiest in the state.

Dick Detrick, of Fort Wayne, is keeping his busy stable of fighters going right along. Topped by Frankie Jarr, featherweight champion of the Hoosier state, Detrick's boys figure in the limelight about every day in the week. A possibility exists that promoter Katz will have Jarr headlining one of the early winter indoor cards, perhaps with Young Rightmire.

Simon Nebloski, Jewish welterweight from Cincinnati, scored over Wendall Bubp of Indiana on one of Vernon Taylor's recent Louisville programs. Nebloski proved himself to be the master boxer-puncher and he should be fighting main events in his home town. All the Jewish battler needs is some strong opposition on a Music Hall card and fans would find themselves backing one of the grandest 147 pounders locally in some time.

Around Fountain Square with the Punchers and the Pilots . . . Bob Bonner, manager of Johnny Stevens, continues to run into bad luck . . . after being given a short suspension early this summer by the Cincinnati Boxing Commission, Bob was called again on the carpet during August for a Kentucky bout and was again suspended by the local boxing body . . . I think it would be a good idea if the Commish would lift this suspension and permit promoter Katz to match Stevens against Franky Gilmore for the local lightweight title which has remained dormant due to Bonner's suspensions . . . how about it? . . . Messrs. Katz, Bechtold, Goebel, Murphy, Conver, Batche, Bonner, etc.? . . .

George C. Williams, former boxing manager, and now president of the New Deal Club headquarters in the Fourth National Bank, aided the sports program of a huge political meeting in Cheviot on Labor Day . . . despite the fact that George is running a high spot in political circles in the county and state, his old love, boxing is uppermost . . . Penna Ranzola, Mexican welterweight, who was brought back by Les Huffman from out in Denver is making good around here . . . Ranzola knocked out Roy Finn of Toledo in three heats on a Columbus bill . . . Huffman's ace, the Alabama Kid defeated Marty Simmons at Denver, placing himself higher among Eddie Borden's big ten in THE RING . . . the writer would like to hear from some unattached fighters of all weights, especially heavyweights . . . there is plenty of work in this locality . . . write me at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . this also goes for those seeking information . . . I will be glad to give any information you desire . . . be sure to enclose a self-stamped envelope for this service . . . "Mutz" Marringer's cafe on Race Street always lures the sports after the boxing and wrestling matches . . . Mutz, who formerly was one of the hardest worked referees in the business is doing wonderful and he would like to hear from his many old friends in the fight game . . . the writer would like to hear from persons interested in promoting boxing or wrestling in and near Cincinnati . . . I can place you in the proper position to book your talent if that is what is holding up your promotions . . . address all communications to Jimmy Amann, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, or call Kirby 4933 R . . . I will be glad to give you help . . . Joe Louis and his Brown Bombers played a trio of games in this locality . . . they dropped a pair of decisions at Northside Park but came through with a victory at Dayton, Ky. . . . while in Middletown, Joe predicted he would knock out Schmeling if they meet again . . . the Farr scrap with Louis was a big surprise to the writer . . . I didn't think Tommy would last over five frames with the Bomber but he proved himself quite a busy battler . . . and such be, I'll be signing off until the next issue.

Columbus, Ohio, Haft's Acre: Al George, Columbus defeated Emery Morgan, Cleveland in 10; Charlie Bell, Columbus knocked out Johnny Green, Chicago in 6; Pennah Ranzola, Mexico knocked out Roy Finn, Toledo in 3; Charley Sci, Columbus won from Jack Leslie, Cleveland in 4.

Referring to Charlie Bell the Columbus negro lightweight, he is hot after a George meeting. Many critics will agree with manager Ray Bartlett that Bell is a comer in his division. Bell had 43 amateur fights and won 41, losing 2 close verdicts. One of these losers was to Do Do Woods, whom he later knocked out in one round at Cincinnati after turning pro. Up to date Bell has had 10 pro fights, winning eight by knockouts. His victims among toppers were Jack Hoster in 3; Terry Martin in 5 and Eddie Sanderson in 2. Watch Charlie Bell the Columbus Cannon.

Joe Basco's featherweight ace Lloyd Pine continues to pound out victory after victory and triples his popularity everywhere he shows. Lloyd will again feature the big Police Benefit Show in Youngstown. He fights Danny London of New York in this bill. He beat Bobby Dean of Phillie last year on this program in the Steel City. Basco's lightweight ace, Charley Boxter is going to town at Cleveland. Charlie kayoed Mike Gamiere and previous to that put the finis on Erwin Berlier at New Orleans in three sessions. Charlie was billed with Jimmy Vaughn at Cleveland which puts the Irish lightie in an excellent position to crash the big ten.

Warren Magee of St. Augustine, Fla., is anxious to bring in Joey Estrada his Mexican lightweight for Johnny Stevens here in Cincinnati and there's one for Mr. Katz to consider. Estrada lost a close ten rounder to Stevens over in Alton, Ill. Magee explains to me that Estrada rode a train in to St. Louis and then next night fought Stevens. Since that fight Joey fought a draw with Midget Mexico. Texas Joe Dundee's win over Charlie Jerome and the continued success of welter Ray Lyle are the bright spots of Magee's fist tossers.

Cleo McNeal, Los Angeles negro lightweight, and Eddie Cerda, Mexican welter, are reigning sensations in Cincinnati. McNeal stopped Phil Jones of Louisville and Cerda punched out an easy win over Jess McMurtry to establish themselves as finished performers. How about McNeal versus Charlie Bell and Cerda versus Texas Joe Dundee?

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT SCRANTON . . . . In a hard fought 10-round battle, Chester Palutis, rugged light-heavyweight from Scranton, was lucky to gain the decision over Fanis Tzanotopoulos, Billy McCarney's Greek Tiger. In the six-round semi-final, "Irish" Joe Nealon, two-fisted Scranton battler, drew with Rego Dell. Nealon forced the milling and could have been awarded the verdict. Steve Kahley, Hazleton middleweight, upset the dope by pounding out an easy win over Joe Orlosky, of Carbondale. LeRoy Ponzi, of Hazleton, outpointed Mickey Metro, of Olyphant, in four rounds. In the opening four-round affair, Charlie Sabatella, of Dunmore, beat Johnny Yacko of Swoyersville.

At The Glen Bowl . . . . Looking like his old self, Pete Susky, rugged Scranton coal miner, trounced Jimmy Young of Dunmore. In the semi-final scheduled for six rounds, Jack Riley, veteran Wilkes-Barre heavyweight, repeated his one-round kayo over Tom Callahan, of Taylor. In the other bouts Mickey Metro of Olyphant lost a six-round verdict to LeRoy Ponzi, of Hazleton, making it two straight wins for Ponzi over the Olyphant lightweight. Emil Kozel, of Throop, kayoed Joe Gentille, of Scranton, in the first round. While in the curtain raiser, Johnny Yacko, Swoyersville, beat Young Arron of Strodusburg.

At Hazleton . . . . In the star bout at Feely Hall, Johnny "Babe" Sayers, of Shenandoah, outpointed Steve Kahley, of Hazleton, in eight rounds before over seven hundred fans. The battle was evenly staged until Sayers dropped his opponent for a nine count in the sixth round which Kahley felt the effects of until the end of the contest. In the semi-final of six rounds, Mickey Bellettere, of Hazleton, kayoed Pat Henehan, of Scranton, in the third stanza. George Bonner, heavyweight from Mahonoy City, belted out Joe Stevens, of Scranton, in one round. While in the opener, LeRoy Ponzi, local lightweight, stiffened Simon Fuller, of Dunmore, in one heat. With proper build-up and with local material Hazleton might again play to good houses it once enjoyed.

At Rocky Glen . . . . (Amateurs) Before three thousand "amateur" boxing enthusiasts at the Glen Park. Heading a card of seven bouts, Joe Downey, light-heavyweight from Scranton, drew with Lou Yantorn, of Dickson City. In the other bouts. Jim Corbett of Minooka beat John Pascally of Moosic; Jimmy Romano of Minooka beat Tony Polonski of Luzerne; Cocoa Kill of Scranton kayoed Adam Buzza of Avoca; Joe Carr of Dupont kayoed Harry Smith of Swoyersville; Billy Dolphin of Scranton beat Andy Simko of Taylor; while Mickey Early of Dunmore beat Tony Simko of Taylor.

At Dallas, Texas . . . . Where two coal region national amateur champions emerged victorious over stiff competition. In the flyweight bout, Bill Speary defeated Pedro Umpierrez of Uruguay. In the welterweight match, Joe Kelly decisioned Jack Tezende of Brazil. Both boys hail from Arthur Thomas' famous stable of Nanticoke amateur boxers. They are both "Golden Glove" champions.

Just Rambling . . . . Making his bid for national lightweight honors, Scranton's own "Irish" Eddie Brink, was a three-round kayo victim of Henry Armstrong, spectacular Negro from California. Brink was the 14th kayo victim at the hands of the flashy featherweight from the Coast . . . . Brink, who has been in the game for 10 years, announced that he would retire after this fight. He has a very good record and was a credit to the game, being one of the best fighters representing the coal region in out of town rings . . . . Eddie McGeever, Scranton lightweight, made a hit at the Bronx Coliseum in beating Carl "Red" Guggino in 10 rounds . . . . Any promoter wanting to use Coal Region fighters should contact Mike Latzo, who has most of the boys in this territory. You can contact him by writing Boxing Enterprises, Scranton, Pa., or care of the writer.

Jackie Munley, promising middleweight, who has been on the shelf for a month due to a bad hand, is back in training and will be ready for action. Munley appeared on 12 straight shows for Johnny Burns at his Cambria Club the past winter. Jack Downey, who is handled by the writer, is in good shape and ready for any heavyweight around. Downey will see plenty of action in the coming "white hope" tournaments. He stands 6 feet, 5½ inches tall and weighs an even 200. Johnny Van Durek, German welterweight, is dickering for a return match with Pete Susky. This match should be a humdinger as both boys throw plenty of gloves. Looks like three clubs will operate indoors this fall at Scranton. With Hazleton and Carbondale going it should be a fair winter for the fistic fraternity. Any good middleweight or heavyweight coming to the coal fields looking for action should contact Mike Latzo, as there will be loads of work here this fall.

Note to Jimmy Martin, heavyweight from Mount Joy, contact me, as I have some news for you.

When in Scranton, you can buy the RING at Spec's Book Shop, corner Wyoming and Linden Streets.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

FIGHTING furiously midway through the eighth round, Frank Hough, the Battersea cruiserweight, stopped suddenly and turned to Referee Mickey Fox and exclaimed that he could not see out of his right eye. The referee immediately stopped the contest and awarded the decision to his opponent, Eddie Peirce, of South Africa, who had tolled up a commanding lead, and looked all over a points winner.

The show was run by the Wandsworth Greyhound Track. Matchmaker Jack King got together a good program, and besides the Hough-Peirce contest, Frankie Hill, or Barrow, secured a very narrow decision over George Odwall, of Camden Town, after 10 rounds.

Tommy Hyams, of Kings Cross, was too strong and punched too hard for Jackie Hurst, of St. George's, who put up a stout resistance right to the end to lose on points at the end of 10 rounds.

Bill Hardy, of Leicester, and Harry Gains, of Bermondsey, fought a draw over 10 rounds. Little Harry Silver of Clapton showed good form in stopping Jimmy Kelly of Walworth in the fourth round.

A packed house saw Jack Garrick outpoint Jimmy Vaughan in a hard hitting contest over 12 rounds at the Mile End Arena.

On the same card Jack Gubbins gained a narrow points victory over Fred Morris over 10 rounds.

George Davis defeated Jack Lewis in a 12-round bout at Finchley, as did Jim Anderson over Arnold Kid Shepperd.

Cyril (Bunny) Eddington created a surprise by defeating Nelson Parks over 10 rounds at Ogmore Vale.

Len Beynon, Welsh bantam and feather champion, boxed brilliantly to outpoint Syd Worgan, of Llanharan, at Swansea, over 12 rounds.

In the open air at West Hartlepool, the local idol, George Bunter, was knocked out by Jack Lord, of Bolton, in the eighth round over a scheduled 10 rounder.

Manuel Abrew, the colored Scotch heavyweight, scored a quick K.O. victory over Harry Briars, of Widness, in the third of a 12-round bout at Starks Park, Kirkcaldy.

Mick Carney K.O.'d Jackie Bell in the sixth of a scheduled 12-round bout at Chester-le-Street, after a good bout.

Jack Bunting, Belfast's leading contender for bantamweight honors, made a welcome return to the ring at the Belfast Arena, and stopped Boy McCann, of Glasgow, in the sixth of a 10-round bout when the referee intervened to save a game boy unnecessary punishment.

Johnny Quinn, Irish bantamweight champion, showed impressive form when he K.O.'d Jim Daly, of Middlesborough, in the sixth of a 10-round bout at Belfast.

It did not take long for Bob Adams, known in wrestling circles as "The Black Eagle," to know when he woke up that all-in-wrestling is a "little" different from boxing.

In his contest with Jim Wilde, of Swansea, at Briton Ferry, Wales, the bout lasted 50 seconds of the first round when a right to the jaw put him down for the full count.

Johnny Softley, of Poplar, gained a creditable victory at the expense of Tommy Jones, of Wales, when the latter was forced to retire at the end of the fifth round of a scheduled 12-round bout, at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Sydney Hulls staged a successful show in the open air at the Crystal Palace.

He featured the Army heavyweight champion, Bombardier George Markwick, who made short work of Len Creasy, heavyweight champion of Lincolnshire, who was put down and out in the first round with a left hook to the body.

The heavyweight competition was won by Seamon Noble, who knocked out Pat Burke, of Yarmouth, in the second round in the final.

Bombardier George Markwick, who is now in demand by the leading promoters in Great Britain, claimed another victory by the K.O. route when he put the 220-pound Gunner Reid, of Durham, out in the first round, at Hastings, before a crowd of 10,000 people.

In the other bout, Ben Valentine, Fiji Islands, outpointed Tom Curran over 10 rounds.

Johnny King, British bantam ace, outpointed Alex Alston, of Preston, after 10 rounds at Blackpool.

Jack Strongbow gained a good win over Alex Bell at Edinburgh at the end of 12 rounds.

Bobby Magee suffered a points reverse at the hands of Ginger Lawson, Newcastle, after 10 hard rounds at North Shields.

Norman Milton outpointed Billy Armstrong in a fight that was a treat for the large crowd at Morecambe, who watched the 12-round bout.

Jim McStravick, the much improved Belfast flyweight, notched another smart victory when he easily outpointed Dave Keller, of Billingsgate, after 10 rounds at Grosvenor Park, Ireland.

On the same card the local heavy, Pat Marrinan, made a return to the ring when he stopped George Bennett in the fifth of a 10-round bout.

A crowd of 12,000 fans at the Hackney Wick Greyhound Track saw Benny Kaplan win the Southern Area featherweight championship from Dick Corbett, the holder, after 15 rounds of very fast boxing.

In a contest for 10 rounds, Eddie Phillips fought his first bout as a heavyweight when he defeated Alex Bell, of Edinburgh, in the third round. The referee stopped the one-sided contest and declared Phillips the winner.

Ben Valentine outpointed Eddie McGuire, of South Africa, after a thrilling bout of eight rounds that kept the crowd on its toes.

In another eight-round contest, Dave Finn, of Stepney, failed to stop the aggressive Jack Garrick from connecting with his hard swings, and at the end Garrick was a ready winner.

In the eight-round contest between George Bunter and Alby Day the latter was ruled out for a low blow in the first round. Some day the B.B.B.C. will wake up to the effect that the NO FOUL rule will help the game and pass a rule that all boxers should wear a protective cup on the TAYLOR style so that contests should not end on alleged low blows but the striker should be penalized by losing the round.

I must mention the opening bout, between Sammy Shaw and Jud Hill, who put up a thrilling bout over four rounds. The former received the decision by a narrow margin.

I regret to announce the death of Albert Johnson, brother of Len Johnson, who died of that dreadful disease, tuberculosis, in a sanitarium.

Readers throughout Great Britain will join with me when I send my sympathy to the bereaved family.

George Odwell gained a clever points victory over the welterweight Leo Phillips at the Mile End Arena after 12 rounds.

Johnny Ryan and Chucky Robinson shared honors in their 12-round bout at Hackney after a good bout. Boy Watson outpointed George Lowe after a thrilling bout over 10 rounds.

Manuel Abrew keeps on the winning end and in his bout with Peter Van Goole, of Holland, at Glasgow, he hit the Dutchman with every known punch in the book but could not put him away. At the end of 12 rounds it was merely a matter of formality to raise the hand of Abrew as the winner.

George Bunter and Al Capone, both locals, fought out their long sought battle at West Hartlepool in a 10-round bout. It only traveled into the eighth as the referee stopped the contest in Bunter's favor to save Capone unnecessary punishment.

Tom Smith gained a clear margin of points in his bout with Ted Green and was a ready winner at the end of 12 rounds at North Shields.

A brisk rally towards the end of 10 rounds brought Fred Lowbridge a points victory over Douglas Kestrell, at Wolverhampton.

The heavier punching of Pinkie Jenkins soon put paid to Bill Frost in their 12-round bout at Merthyr. Tht bout ended in the fifth when Frost was put out from a right to the jaw.

Mog Mason dealt out some heavy punishment to his Welsh rival, Joe Gabrica, at Ogmore Vale. The referee intervened and named Mason as the winner in the ninth of a 10-round bout.

Eddie Dunne, the Skerries (Dublin) born Irish lightweight, who has boxed as an amateur in U.S.A., gave a clever performance in Dublin when he outpointed Pat Burns, of Glasgow, in a 10-round bout.

Len Beynon, Welsh bantam and feather champion, gained a 10-round victory over Ernst Weiss, the Austrian, at the end of a clever contest at Carmarthen.

Eddie Pierce, of South Africa, proved too strong for Nestor Charlier, of Belgium, in their scheduled 12-round bout at Liverpool Stadium. The referee intervened in the ninth when the Belgian was in a state of collapse.

Southern Stadium staged an open air show before a good crowd with the following results:—

Eddie Steele forced Bert Ikin to retire in the fourth of a 10-round bout when the latter received a badly cut eye.

Harry Gains K.O.'d Billy Thomas in the first of a 10-round bout.

Jim Lawlor K.O.'d Stan Bland in the second of a 10-round bout and Ginger Sadd forced the referee to stop the bout in his favor in the seventh of a 10-round bout against Harry Vine.

Jimmy Campbell, of Glasgow, fought one of his best fights against Tommy Rose, of Liverpool, and won in the 10th round by a K.O. when the referee declared that Rose failed to beat the count after being floored for the second time. The crowd did not take kindly to the referee's decision.

Nobby Baker, of Trelaw, decisively defeated Norman Morris, of West Bromwich, at Ogmore Vale, when the latter's seconds threw in the towel in the eighth round.

Dudley Lewis defeated Billy Jones on points after 10 rounds at Caerphilly.

Kid Haycock outpointed Harry Evans after a terrific 10-round bout at Shrewsbury before a good crowd.

George Morgan showed some of his old form when he beat Pancho Ford on points in a clever bout of 10 rounds at Ystrad Mynach.

Willie Piper, of Swansea, and Darkie Williams, of Pengam, fought a hectic draw over 12 rounds, the referee giving the only decision possible.

News from the Deptford cruiserweight, Tommy Martin, who is campaigning in the British West Indies, was to the effect that he had outpointed Young Jack Thompson, at Georgetown, British Guiana, over 12 rounds, and Jack Hawthorne, cruiser champ of Jamaica was the recipient of many a left and right hand punch from the colored English lad, who has become a firm favorite in the Islands.

Johnny Softley improves every time out. I am certain that he will soon be amongst the front rankers. In his 12-round bout against Tommy Williams at Hackney he showed that he can fight an uphill battle and come on to win.

Phil Bevan stopped the much fancied fighting Irishman, Johnny Ward, in the sixth of a 10-round bout in which the latter took severe punishment throughout.

Billy Kid Brooks outpointed Douglas Kestrell over 10 rounds, and Billy "Boy" Watson could not concede the weight to Billy Armstrong, who just scraped home on points after 10 thrilling rounds.

A crowd of 12,000 gathered in the open air at Poole, just outside Bournemouth, to witness a good show, promoted by two motor car business men of Bournemouth, Marcus and Martin.

Johnny King, bantam champion of Great Britain, was surprisingly outpointed by George Marsden, of Nottingham, after 10 rounds. Jack Kid Berg and Jack Lewis, the local welter, slugged through 10 rounds and at the end the referee gave a draw. Larry Gains fought with some of his old dash and K.O.'d Bert Ikin, of Stoke, in the first of a 10-round bout.

The local idol, Fred Mills, suffered the same medicine he had been handing out when he was K.O.'d by George Davis in the 10th and last round of a contest that was full of thrills.

Len Beynon, Welsh bantam and featherweight champion, won with plenty to spare over Jim Brady, the stylish Scotch bantamweight, when they met over 12 rounds at Swansea.

Billy McHugh scored a win over Ginger Lawson over 12 rounds at North Shields.

Charlie Parkin was declared the new middleweight champion of the Northern Area, when the referee disqualified the holder, Roy Mills, of Sunderland, in the 10th of a 15-round bout, for an alleged low blow.

A flyweight that will be heard of in time is Pierce Ellis, of Manchester, who has been going in great form in the North. At Liverpool Stadium he knocked out Billy Armstrong in the first round with a neat right to the chin.

A large crowd turned out for the postponed show in the open at Shawfield Park, Glasgow, to see Benny Lynch, world's flyweight champion, defeat Roy Underwood, of Australia, in the sixth of a 12-round bout when the latter was in a bad way, and his seconds skied the towel.

Another Australian, Jimmy Purcell, a welterweight, proved too good for Jake Kilrain, of Glasgow, British welterweight champion, over 10 rounds, and ran out a good winner on points.

Alf Robinson, of Manchester, and Pinkie Jenkins, of Swansea, fought hard over 10 rounds, at Haverfordwest, before the referee declared a draw.

Johnny Softley gave his best performance to date at the Mile End Arena when he stopped "Dodo" Williams, lightweight champion of Jamaica in the eighth of a 10-round bout, when the referee stopped the bout. The colored boy had been put down for three counts, and was in a bad way.

Phil Bevan scored a three-round K.O. over Joe Heeney with a perfect right to the jaw.

Mog Gwillian scored a smart K.O. over Ned Jones of Treherbert in the eighth at Ogmore Vale.

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IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

FIGHT fans around Iowa this season have enjoyed seeing some of the country's foremost leather pushers in action. Included in the list of top-notchers who played the tall-corn country were Barney Ross, welterweight champion, and Jackie Wilson, ranking featherweight star. Fresh talent has helped uplift the game out here, along with good matches.

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Park Arena: Webster Epperson, Chicago Negro heavyweight, won an eight-round decision over Jack Tebo of Winnipeg, Can.; Dick Daniels, rugged St. Paul heavyweight, stopped Peter Doss, of Sioux City, in four rounds; Buddy McCrea, St. Louis, Negro lightweight, scored a six-round decision over Don Espensen of Minneapolis; Billy Smith, clever St. Paul featherweight, won a sixer over Eddie Reynolds, of LeMars, Ia.; Willie Walker, Kansas City welterweight, punched out a win over Jack Harding of Sioux City.

Sioux City, Ia.—Uptown Arena: Jackie Wilson, ranking featherweight, scored a one-sided decision over Albert Manriquez, of Sioux City, in 10 rounds. Manriquez was completely outclassed and was lucky to last the limit. Henry Schaft, Minneapolis welterweight, won over Sammy Christensen, Kansas City Negro, in six; Sammy Musco, Omaha featherweight, defeated Joey Silva, of Los Angeles, in six; Eddie Reynolds, LeMars, Ia., scored over Kid Gindy, Chadron, Neb., featherweight. Duke Williams, of Sioux City, and Earl Herron, also of Sioux City, fought a fast opener with Williams getting the nod.

Mail for this department will reach the writer at either the Sioux City *Tribune*, or our home address, 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia.

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Park Arena: Harvey Woods, coming St. Paul featherweight, punched out a clean cut decision over Mickey Patrick, of Kansas City, in eight rounds. Les Mooris, Rock Island welterweight, scored a kayo over Johnny Dobbins, of Minneapolis, in four rounds. Don Espenson, Minneapolis welterweight, scored over Lloyd Rawson, of Sioux City, in six rounds. Billy Smith, St. Paul featherweight, won over Stanley Novak, of Omaha, Neb.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Dick Daniels, of St. Paul, and Andy Miller, of Sioux City, fought a six-round draw at St. Paul, Minn. . . . . Hynie Wiseman, former featherweight star, of Des Moines, has bought a half interest in Henry Schaft, of Minneapolis, a coming welterweight . . . . Mel Rice won by a kayo over Wild Bill Hendricks at Perry, Ia. . . . . Johnny Lynn, former Sioux City boxing promoter, manager and trainer, is seriously ill in the Sawtelle, Cal., veterans' hospital . . . . Years ago he handled some of the affairs of Earl McArthur, Newsboy Brown and other promising boys . . . . Bobby Paul, former Sioux City boxing manager, is living in Council Bluffs, where he is assistant matchmaker, and operating a gym . . . . Good luck, Bobby . . . . Jack Laken, manager of Jackie Wilson, is of the opinion Sioux City can be made into one of the leading fistic centers in the Middle West . . . . Reddy Adair, former Sioux City boxer, has joined up with a circus . . . . Ralph O'Dell, Ottumwa, Ia., heavyweight, will leave for eastern fight centers according to his trainer, Mike Cantwell . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin returned home after a trip to the coast . . . . O'Loughlin has a number of promising fighters under his wing . . . . Ty Dillon is operating a free gym for fighters . . . . The gym is located in the Uptown Arena . . . . Billy Colbert, Riverview Park matchmaker, is also assistant matchmaker for a boxing club in St. Paul, Minn. . . . . Several Sioux City boxers were featured on a card at Wakefield, Neb. . . . . Ed Sands was the matchmaker, while your scribe did the third man job.

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Park Arena: Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, dropped a hairline decision to Dick Daniels, of St. Paul, in eight rounds; Harvey Woods, St. Paul featherweight, removed any doubt as to his superiority over Sammy Musco, of Omaha, winning six out of eight rounds. Miles Martinez, St. Paul featherweight, added another victim to his list when he defeated Young Newsboy Brown of Sioux City in six rounds. Jimmy Caffrey, Omaha light-heavyweight, scored over Jack Tebo, of Winnipeg, by a t.k.o. in two rounds. Al Pahl, veteran Sioux City lightweight, won a hairline decision over Don Espenson, of St. Paul, in six. Mel Rice, Sioux City welterweight, making a comeback, fought four fairly even rounds with Speedy Clayton of Sioux City.

Davenport, Ia.—Frankie Nelson, Davenport middleweight, won a close 10-round decision over Henry Schaft, of Minneapolis, Minn., before a good sized crowd. Joey Madona, Springfield, Ill., bantam, beat Elmer Selby, of Rock Island, in six; Nick Serandos, East Moline, Ill., shaded Oscar McCollough, of Farmington, Ill., in four rounds. Both lightweights. Ray Kirkendahl, Moline, Ill., defeated Joe Herold, Ottumwa, Ia., welterweight.

Dubuque, Ia.—Milt Aron, ranking Dubuque welterweight, knocked out Harry Booker, of Chicago, in the fifth round of a billed 10 rounder. Booker, a willing opponent, was completely outclassed from the start.

Council Bluffs, Ia.—Gorilla Jones, former middleweight champion of the world, and Tommy Freeman, former welterweight champion of the world, fought before a fair sized crowd, with Jones getting the duke in 10 rounds.

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Park Arena—Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight and titleholder of Iowa, blasted out an eight-round decision over Johnny Sykes, of Tacoma, Wash.; Dick Demaray, Bismarck, N. D., welterweight, dropped tough Henry Hamburg in the sixth round to win by a t.k.o. Hamburg hails from Chicago. Joe Matheson, Herman, Neb., welterweight, and Mike Kanska, of Billings, Montana, fought eight rounds to a draw. Miles Martinez, St. Paul featherweight comer, won a decision over Wilbur Bielke, of Sioux Falls, S. Dakota; Jimmy Collins, St. Paul welterweight, won the nod over Willie Walker of Kansas City.

Des Moines, Ia.—Barney Ross, welterweight champion, scored a newspaper decision over Al Manfredo in a 10-round non-title bout. The champion's margin of victory was nothing to write home about, although he scored knockdowns in the fourth and ninth rounds. A crowd of 3,000 watched the bout.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Jack Gibbons, St. Paul light-heavyweight, won a 10-round decision over Henry Jones, rugged Fort Dodge Negro, in 10 rounds; Harvey Woods, St. Paul, won a decision over Al Pahl, Sioux City lightweight.

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Park Arena: Dick Demaray, Bismarck, N. D., welterweight, lost an eight rounder to Verne Patterson, speedy Chicago Negro, in eight rounds. Tuffy Dial, Sioux City light-heavyweight, dropped a close one to Wild Bill Hasselstrom in eight rounds; Myles Martinez, St. Paul featherweight, knocked out Billy Mears in two rounds. Lloyd Rawson, Sioux City welter, knocked out Carl Heath, of Des Moines, in one heat.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

NEODESHA, KANS.—Amateur boxing results one night show. More than 2500 fans witnessed the show. Bat Green beat Blackie Goldstein; Johnny Henderson beat Everett Ogle; Art Baugh beat Sonny Boy Preble; Jack Burnam knocked out Lee Tooms in 3; Homer Baugh won an unpopular decision over Ug Freeman; Manuel Vasquez knocked out Gordon Bryant in 2; Harve Stover beat Roy Williamson; Eddie Raines shaded Lon Zimmerman; Baby Hogan knocked out Billy Norton in 1; Cat Phillips won from Clay Dugger.

Leavenworth, Kans.—Major F. J. Pierson is planning on staging amateur boxing shows at the Fort and a ring is now under construction. Some big shows are certain to be staged here including a three-day tournament grooming fighters from this section for the big Golden Gloves tourney. There is plenty of fighting material at the C.C.C. camp that can be developed.

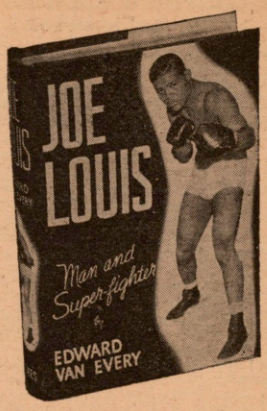
Pittsburg, Kans.—Amateur boxing results one night show. Kansas City boxers won five out of six bouts. Harry Mills beat Fred Holt; Young Charley Myers beat Millard McMurray; Eli Castro beat Matt Young; Baby Lou Alcanter lost to Danny Bottero; Beebe Rich knocked out Jimmy Kelly in 1; Lewis Jackson beat Arnold McAlpine.

Wichita, Kans.—Jack Slattery, fight manager and promoter of this city, states he will stage or assist in the directing of one of the most gigantic amateur boxing tournaments ever staged in the middlewest. No definite date has been set but he hinted in all probability it would be held this fall or winter.

Neodesha, Kans.—Amateur boxing results one night show. Johnny Henderson won by a T.K.O. over Curt Freyer in 1, Freyer broke his hand with the first punch he hit Henderson; Harve Stover shaded Dick Roles. Everett Nutter stopped Blackie Wells in 1; Sonny Preble shaded Floyd Everly; Max Pixley beat Roy Williamson; Ivey Speers beat Byron Johnson; Manuel Vasquez beat Johnny Davis; Mike Hogan knocked out Tommy Rogers in 1; Kid Dugger won a close one from Kayo Splane. About 3000 fans witnessed this thrilling bracket of fights.

Tulsa, Kans.—Clarence O. Brown, proprietor of the Valet Cleaners, announces he will stage amateur boxing shows this fall and winter in Tulsa and will stage his initial show in Sept. Boxers in the vicinity of Tulsa wishing to show in this city get in touch with Mr. Brown at once.

Joplin, Mo.—Karl Applegate, leading boxing promoter in southwest Mo., contemplates staging fistic shows immediately and probably will alternate with amateur and professional shows. There is plenty of fighting material to be had in this section of Missouri, and some mighty fine fighters have come from this district.



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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MAXIE BERGER, Montreal's classy Jewish ring pride, is the new Canadian lightweight champion, the first official wearer of that coveted crown since Al Foreman retired. Berger won the title when he defeated his arch rival, Dave Castilloux in a 10-round bout that headlined Sylvio Mireault's fine card at the Forum. More than 3,000 fans paid close to that figure at the gate to see Berger score a convincing, though hard fought, victory over his sturdy, clever foe. The fight was interesting throughout but Berger, giving his greatest display in a Montreal ring, packed too many guns for Castilloux.

Berger is a worthy wearer of the crown as he is a standout among the present crop of Canuck lightweights. He has clicked in New York and is rated one of the coming contenders as he is still a youngster yet to reach his peak. His whirling speed, smashing two-fisted offensive and sparkling generalship should take him a long ways. Of course, he is not the box office attraction his predecessor, the colorful iron-fisted Al Foreman, who also held the British Empire title and ranked among the world's best, was, but he'll make his mark.

Harry Gerson, local Jewish bantam, packed too much power for his Jap rival, Katsumi Morioka, in the 10-round semi-final. They had staged a thrilling eight-round draw a month previous, but the rematch failed to start off with the same zip, both starting cautiously, the fiery little Jap fighting in spurts due most likely to a touch of staleness after a busy campaign. Gerson piled in with both hands from the sixth round on, wearing his foe down and staggering him with crashing rights to the jaw in the last two rounds. Jimmy Jones' gallant little protege, who is really a legitimate flyweight, made a game stand and weathered Gerson's furious finish. Gerson, making a comeback after a lengthy absence, looked to be greatly improved.

The Marsh brothers, Joe and Doug, scored in the prelims, though not without trouble. Joe got a close one, that could have been a draw, over Wesley Ferrell in an eight rounder. It was a tough battle with Marsh gaining a lead in the early rounds only to have the New Orleans brunette come surging back to dominate the closing rounds. Doug floored Howard Clark, another Negro welter, in the first round but the game colored boy staged a rousing battle from then on though badly jarred by Doug's well timed wallops. In the other six rounder, which opened the show in auspicious fashion, Frankie Kid Anslem, a veteran colored campaigner, proved he could still turn on the heat when he gave Al Castilloux a workmanlike pasting, the local bantam fading at the finish.

Toronto had its third Frankie Genovese-Gordon Wallace battle and again it resulted in a win for Genovese, this time more decisively than ever. Thus Julius Goldberg's protege retained his Canadian welter title for the second time against the onslaughts of the man he won it from. Sammy Luftspring stopped Eddie Carroll, once promising Ottawa welter, in the fourth round of the semi-final. The show, with Art Donovan imported to referee the main bout, drew an attendance of 5,000.

Oliver Shank, colorful heavyweight walloper, who has been campaigning in New York under the direction of Bill McCormick and Bill Hamilton, will likely be showing his wares in Montreal again, where he is a keen favorite with the fans. Shank has been laying off for a while to permit a badly cut eye to heal thoroughly. Rated as a coming star he is about ready to tackle stiff competition.

STRAY SHOTS . . . . Babe McLeod, local lightweight star, is scaring off his rivals in Northern Quebec, around Chicoutimi and Kenogami . . . . he was matched with Buddy Ferris at Kenogami for Promoter Billy Fitzgerald but Ferris refused to meet him and Jack McGerrick, a 140 pounder, was substituted . . . . They fought a good bout . . . . Joe Marciente, who fought many a pleasing battle here, is doing well . . . . He has been battling topliners like Kid Chocolate, Al Roth and Joey Archibald and is likely to get about $1,800 to fight Henry Armstrong . . . . Tommy Osborne, local boy who wears the Canadian heavyweight title in the amateur ranks, is definitely not turning pro . . . . Tommy is anxious to make the Empire Games team's trip to Australia this winter by successfully defending his crown . . . . the address of yours truly is Apt. 10, 1035 St. Viateur Street West, Outremont, Montreal, Canada . . . . cheerio till next month.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

TOMMY BLAND had his chance to defeat Gordon Wallace last month in Toronto. But it was only after ten rounds of vigorous battling that Wallace gained the decision. Bland fought a very heady battle and only lost out by a shade. Boxing has taken another lease on life in Toronto and ten thousand roaring fans saw the above skirmish between Bland and Wallace.

Two rival boxing promoters, Jack Corcoran and Playfair Brown, are creating boxing interest in Toronto. Competition is the life of trade and the boxing fans of Toronto and Ontario are benefiting thereby.

Frankie Kamecki, the Winnipeg light-heavy, who has been under the care of Charles McDonald of New York, is going to campaign again shortly in Canada. He has been more or less on the sidelines with nose trouble, but he will be shortly resuming his fighting career.

Paul Schaffer, Winnipeg middleweight, is again back in the Gateway city of the West after spending three years in the land of roast beef, old England. He will return there again this fall where he is well liked.

Another Canadian of boxing fame, Sonnie Jones, also returned from England a month ago and Sonnie is to our minds the best welterweight in the land of the Maple Leaf. Sonnie, with his stablemate, Katzumi Morioka, will be returning to the white cliffs of Dover sometime in the fall. Jimmie Jones, their manager, is respected by every sportsman in the tight little isle, and this team of three is well thought of there.

Paul Schaffer wants to be matched with Frankie Battaglia, the winner to be recognized the middleweight champion of Canada. Frankie has been recognized the uncrowned champion in that division. This should be a good match for Toronto, the most active city at the present time in the boxing game.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

HONOLULU—Another one of those poor decisions was rendered by the local boxing officials when former champion Adolph Samuels won his bout hands down only to have the fight called a draw with Star Frisco, crack Fil from the coast. Samuels scored the only knockdown when he connected with a hard right to the chin. Frisco staggered to the ropes only to have Samuels land another hard right to the same spot. The Fil held but when Samuels extricated himself from the tangle, Frisco went down for the short count.

Red Farmer is making a name in local fistic circles. Again he scored a victory, an easy one, over Johnny Dias; Flashy Sebastian beat Hal Toussint; Rusty Ramirez and Tommy Enos a draw; Tiger Andres beat Harry Higa; and Kid Waianae won from Young Goldie.

Report comes from the office of Doc Adams, Secretary of the Commission, that Star Frisco suffered a fractured jaw in his fight with Adolph Samuels. This was a return go.

Tommy Jones, colored welterweight from the coast, has been in the island nearly two months. Looking fom all angles there is no one who is willing enough to risk their reputation against the colored lad, who is the goods.

Proving that his former win over Ahakuelo was not a fluke, Red Farmer went on to demonstrate his fighting and punching ability. Every one was satisfied by the manner in which he disposed of Ben Ahakuelo in the fifth round in one minute, thirty seconds.

Augie Curtis eked out a close one from Chris Crispin, who recently returned from the Orient. Both slugged in furious pace from the opening gong. Curtis won by his clean and harder blows. Harry Higa flattened Joe Chir in one round; Tiger Andres beat Gilbert Higa; Rusty Ramirez drew with Henry Gloring; and Joe Carreira decisioned Benny Visayan.

Al Karasick celebrated his one year as wrestling promoter in the territory in his "Anniversary Card" which featured Herbie Freeman and Scotty Dawkins in the main event. Freeman won. Ernie Peterson defeated Jack Arnold. Bob Jessen and Count Francoue wrestled a draw and Fred McKenzie beat Walter King. Wrestling contributed no small amount to the territory treasury through its sport. Here are some of the leading men who showed here: Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Ed Don George, both former champions, Vic Christy, Joe Savoldi, Jack McCarthy (Red Scorpion), Chief Chewacki, Hal Rumberg, Chief Thunderbird, Jack Foresgreen, Chief Little Wolf, Bob Kruse, Harry Demetral, Floyd Marshall, Ted Cox and Reb Russell.

The former world's flyweight champion, Small Montana, in his second invasion of the island, and Little Dado (not Speedy Dado as was announced repeatedly by the announcer over the radio), met in a 10-round affair. The fight was not a red hot affair as was expected by many. The contest was slow and drowsy; in fact, it became too tame at which time Referee Alky Dawson warned the boys to mix it up. Both fought only in spurts and little damage was inflicted between them.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

IN A 12-round bout, the stellar attraction of the evening at the Rose Gardens Stadium, Syd Brown met Arnaldo Cuevas. While yet he was streets ahead on points, Syd fouled Cuevas in the last round, thus losing the fight and the middleweight crown of Jamaica. It was quite evident from early in the fight that it would end on a foul, and Syd was disqualified for hitting Cuevas while the latter was down. It was the first time that Cuevas had been knocked down, but he hit the deck several times during this particular scrap. Brown is developing a K.O. punch.

Battling Nelson, ex-featherweight champion of Panama, easily defeated Pal Silver in his first showing here. Nelson's speed and freakish style completely baffled Silver.

In the return bout between Baby Walcott and Baby Al Brown, Walcott again scored over his formidable rival.

Tiger Hamilton earned the decision over Kid Thomas, thus reversing the only set-back he has experienced.

Kid Hartley, a good little scrapper, allowed Speedy Beckett 10 pounds and gave him a thorough licking.

It is pleasing news that Lefty Flynn is scheduled to meet Jake Kilrain, the welterweight champion of Great Britain, and should he get the decision, it is quite probable that a title match will be arranged.

Buzz Barton, our hard hitting middleweight, is punching his way to the top. After his sensational win over Roger Cadot, Buzz went on to defeat the middleweight champ of Austria, Hien Weisner, and is now in line for a shot at the British Empire middleweight crown. Barton is now considered by good judges as one of the best middleweights in the British Empire.

Kid Silver, former welterweight champion of Jamaica, now campaigning in England, won his first bout when he kayoed Theodphile Theo in three rounds.

Good light-heavyweights who would like to try out their skill in Jamaica, can be assured of reasonable purses here. Those interested could get further particulars from Jack Saunders, P.O. Box 251, Kingston, Ja., B.W.I.

Don't worry about not being able to secure "The RING Magazine" every month. All you have to do is send a letter c/o Jack Saunders, P.O. Box 251, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

VALLEY ARENA opened up after a two weeks' idleness due to heat. Donald "Red" Barry along with Paulie Andrews, Carlo Daponde and Tommy Burns journeyed to Montreal, Canada. Barry fought Ande Lenglet, heavyweight champion of France. Barry then went to Bangor, Maine, where he was defeated by Al McCoy.

Barry was then brought to Walnut Beach, Conn., where he tangled with Al Gainor of New Haven, Conn. Gainor, catching Barry cold at the start of the first round, pounded him to the ropes where the referee stopped the bout to save Barry from punishment. The referee acted humanely in stopping the bout as it looked as though Barry was in danger of a blow that might have proved fatal.

Tommy Grady lost his first start after a layoff of nine months (due to a broken jaw) when he was knocked out by Tommy Moore in the fourth and last round at Walnut Beach, Conn.

Doug Murchie of No. Adams, Mass. has been fighting in Holyoke with regularity and is a favorite with the fans. Baron Cohen the matchmaker for the Arena is back on the job after a short illness. Joe Gelinas of Athol, Mass., a good welterweight, has decided on a layoff after a couple of bad starts.

GEORGIA NEWS

At Fort Benning, Ga., the Post is putting on boxing and wrestling cards. Captain Lewis Barkes is promoting along with Sargent W. J. Fanning assisting. Bob Gentry and J. B. Gilriey are doing the publicity. Corn Griffin, retired heavyweight, is doing the refereeing. Corn is a policeman at Columbus, Ga. Terry Rogers, middleweight, intends a heavy schedule for the fall and winter that will put him in the main bout class by spring. Rogers is a strong game boy and is one of the best prospects in this vicinity. Johnny Bingo Barry is now married and will take a few months off before going into the ring. Barry is a good puncher and if his boxing improves has a chance to make some money.

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

IN a fight which was a beauty—lots of action all the way, Tony Shucco of Malden, in an attempt to regain his N. E. heavyweight title, held Al McCoy, the champion, to a 12-round draw at Fenway Park. It was their second 50-50 argument, while last December, between times, McCoy defeated the Italian for the crown. The bout, staged by the Goodwin A. C., drew more than 7000—one of the best "houses" seen in Boston for many months.

In the McCoy-Shucco encounter the champion was picked to put over a kayo and definitely wind up the series. And, he certainly tried to do so, and also came very near to making good. Twice in the fifth Al had Tony in the resin for counts of seven, the bell saving the challenger on the second knock down. In the ninth, Tony was again to the floor, but for the brief count of "one." Aside from these upsets, though disconcerting enough, Shucco made one fine bid to win the decision. At straight boxing he had it on McCoy, while his ability to crouch and weave under the champion's savage hooks saved him many a headache. As usual McCoy did the bulk of the forcing—took Shucco's jabs and straight lefts, and kept coming in. But, as indicated, many of Al's Sunday punches whistled harmlessly over Tony's head. At the end of the 12th the champion showed the more signs of wear and tear. Both finished strong. The 50-50 verdict brought a howl from many of Shucco's followers who felt that their man had won. They started a near-riot which was quickly quelled by the police.

As the situation between this pair of outstanding N. E. heavies remains about where it was, an agitation is on for a fourth encounter—the distance to be 15 rounds. It is felt that over the longer route all question of superiority would be settled. Whether such a match can be made remains to work itself out. The rules of the State Athletic Commission limit an ordinary ring encounter to 10 rounds and a N. E. championship to 12. Only in such case wherein a national or world's title is at stake is a route of 15 rounds allowed.

At the present time, while Shucco is agreeable to another mix with McCoy, Al has his mind on breaking into the big league, so-called, and is hopeful of meeting the winner of the Baer-Braddock bout, at the N. Y. Garden. Whether McCoy is being "kidded" along or not remains for the future to determine. In any event, he claims to have been promised by Mike Jacobs the chance to show his wares in a large way.

In bouts under the McCoy-Shucco feature, Yancey Henry, the Lynn colored heavy, lost to Dick Hogan of Charlestown in six heats. It was a return affair, Henry having previously defeated Hogan. For reasons best known to himself he fought very indifferently in their return encounter. Walter Cunningham, Roxbury, 170 pounds, a fairly newcomer out of the amateurs, defeated Walter Marceizyk, 165½, of Providence, in four, while Roy Kelly, 169½, of Brookline, outpointed Johnny Durate, 170, Providence, in a six.

Aside from the foregoing tourney there has been no "pro" boxing in Boston since the last issue of THE RING. We continue, however, to live in hopes. Several stabs have been made to induce some outside promoter to come in and take over the sport at Boston Garden, but as yet without tangible result. The place is there—an ideal spot, for the man who knows how to step in.

Jack Glynn, former manager of boxers, is slated to open up the Egleston Square Stadium in the Roxbury district at an early date to stage both amateur and "pro" boxing. He has taken over the reins dropped by Eddie Mack who held forth at the Stadium last winter. Mack is again out of boxing for the present.

The Irish American A. A. of South Boston, which for years has fostered amateur boxing at Boston Arena and Boston Garden, will swing back into action for the 1937-1938 season within the present month, all of which is a good sign for the sport. In seasons past the tournaments staged by this club have been outstanding.

The recent Louis-Farr fight, whatever may have been the merits or demerits, occasioned us considerable satisfaction. We were one of the very few writers who steered wide of predicting that Louis would win, and that early via kayo. In pre-fight forecasts, appearing in cold type in the Boston *Post*, our home paper on Aug. 26, 27, 28 and 30, we stated that if Louis failed to stop his foe early—and, we expressed doubt, that he would have a gamble on his hands to collect the decision at the end of the 15th round. It appeared to us that though Farr was no puncher, the fact he was the British heavyweight champion and therefore must possess some real ring ability, also as he never had been kayoed, his chances of going the route with the world's champion were good. These remarks here today are not those of a second-guesser but, as stated, were printed in advance of the mill. The radio and press service reports concerning the contest were decidedly in variance with each other—left Bostonians in considerable confusion as to what actually was happening.

Coogie McFarland, Billy McCarney's representative in this section, is campaigning in hopes of securing a return bout here for Natie Brown of Washington with Al McCoy. It will be recalled that in June, McCoy won a 10-round decision over Brown by a thin margin. Later Brown, on a second visit to Boston, won a 10-rounder award over Tony Shucco. Basing his argument on these affairs, McFarland and McCarney contend that if McCoy again shows in Boston, Brown should be his opponent. It is a toss-up whether or not Brown gets the "shot."

While Charles F. Gordon, the mat promoter, has clicked regularly every Wednesday night throughout the summer at the Boston Arena and on occasions has attracted very good "houses," the local Paul Bowser-Eddie Quinn combine has remained dormant insofar as the Hub is concerned. Their summer campaigning has been confined to the greater New England field and strictly outside of Boston. Promoter Bowser and his associate plan to get back into the local game early in October.

Bangor, Me., promoters are seeking a bout for that city between Terry "Tiger" Warrington and Bob Olin, former lightheavy champion, all of which would be a fine contest for the Maine fans. However, it is not likely to materialize. Boston promoters are sure to grab for the match if it can be made, all of which is a doubtful point. Warrington, who hails from Liverpool, N.S., is at present hitched up with Bill Brennan's troupe and is a worthy addition or recruit.

"THE CHAMPIONS" ON PARADE

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AUSTRALIAN NEWS
By STANLEY R. PRING

THE general manager of Stadiums, Ltd., Mr. R. Lean, who was in Sydney during July, is expected to sail for America early in October or before, to engage boxers there to make the trip to Australia. Stadiums, Ltd., intend to stage a boxing boom in Australia, and they are in the best position to do it. In the past, one or two incidents in Australia concerning visiting boxers have left an unpleasant mark on the game, but the governors of boxing in power here today are determined to show the world that Australia holds her own in sportsmanship.

The Australian boxing world was indeed surprised to hear that Roy Underwood, Sydney flyweight, had been matched, first time up, with Benny Lynch, world flyweight champion, in a non-title contest. Underwood, top flyweight in Australia, has everything to gain by the match. On the same program, say the cables here, Jimmy Purcell will box Jake Kilrain, who claims the British welter title. Purcell in his day was a very game, strong and efficient welter, but his main handicap is his dislike for routine training.

In letters to friends in Australia, Phil Zwick, Wisconsin (U.S.A.), featherweight, says he is very anxious to return to Australia. Promoters here will probably succeed in signing him up.

When Filipino B. de Guzman and Harry Summers met at the ringside in Leichhardt Stadium late in July, an argument arose over their respective weights and Summers' manager would not allow him to enter the ring. According to an agreement both boxers agreed to make 9.0 at 2 p.m. at a city theatre. They weighed at the theatre and Summers was 9.2 and de Guzman 9.4. At the ringside Summers' manager demanded another weighing. De Guzman weighed 9.6 at ringside and Summers was only 8.13½. Manager of Summers considered it all wrong and the Stadium management had to find another opponent. Don Melville substituted and de Guzman defeated him on points, 15 rounds.

Hughie Mehegan met Filipino Clever Henry at Leichhardt Stadium late in July, and lost on a t.k.o., 14th round. Henry shot home a right uppercut midway through the 14th round and Mehegan fell to the floor face downwards. Referee Mick Lacey did not bother to count but stopped the contest.

Fred Henneberry, who lost his middleweight title to Ron Richards early in the year, returned to the ring at Leichhardt Stadium against Max Rayner. Although the verdict went against Henneberry, worthy critics at the ringside considered Henneberry to have won 10 out of the 15 rounds. On that occasion, however, Henneberry proved himself a high class middleweight.

Tod Morgan appeared at Leichhardt Stadium again and defeated "Clever" Henry, an imported Filipino, over 15 rounds. Tod is an old warrior, but his shrewd ring craft stood beside him to gain victory. Morgan bustled Henry in the early rounds, tired him out and after that made his own pace. Such an attractive contest drew nearly a capacity house.

Jack Wilson (Victoria, 11.8) gained a points decision over Tommy Vaughan (Queensland, 11.8) at West Melbourne Stadium.

Joe Hall (9.0) gained an easy victory over Filipino Jose Villaneuva (9.2) at West Melbourne Stadium. Referee Jack Carroll called a halt half way through the 13th round, and crowned Hall.

George Simpson, who has been living in Australia for some time, gained a decision in two rounds over "Son" Tealey. Simpson weighed 11.12, and Tealey 12.9, and the contest took place at a suburban stadium (Newtown). George is married and living quietly in Sydney.

George Elliott, Sydney boy of promise, made a name for himself when he defeated B. de Guzman on points, 15 rounds, at Leichhardt Stadium. Elliott has won a considerable number of his contests, and holds a decision over Mickey Miller. Elliott had a considerable weight advantage when he fought Miller some months ago, and they are anxious to fight again. There is every likelihood of Leichhardt promoting the bout, which would be for the featherweight title.

RING NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA
By BERT COHEN

RECENT events in Johannesburg boxing circles have definitely established South Africa on the world's boxing map, with a world featherweight championship bout starting the fireworks in Johannesburg. This great event was a direct aftermath to the all-star program held at the Wanderers' Stadium when, in the headline bout, Freddie Miller gained a points decision over featherweight champion Petey Sarron, in an overweight match. The fight was watched by a South African record crowd of 22,000, so that, despite payment of purses amounting to approximately £5,000, the promoters, Transvaal National Sporting Club, were still able to show a handsome profit.

The Miller-Sarron overweight match proved to be one of the most savage fights ever witnessed in South Africa. Throughout the fight the ex-champion gave an admirable display of boxing skill in evading the withering onslaughts of Sarron, while he was not slow to attack whenever the opportunity presented itself, ripping in vicious lefts to the body repeatedly. The champion again provided the fans with the persistent aggression and rapid non-stop action that has made him a popular favorite in Johannesburg.

There was an atmosphere of electric tension around the ring when the opening gong sent the men on their way. Neither wasted time with any preliminary sparring but immediately began mixing it at a hot pace which was sustained by both men throughout the ten rounds. Sarron was full of fire tearing into his adversary almost regardless of defense but Miller's clever evasion of Sarron's heavy artillery and his snappy counter-attacks swung the scales in his favor and allowed him to be in the lead at the halfway stage.

As the fight progressed Sarron's strength diminished not a whit and a sustained spurt by the champion in the latter three rounds bade fair for him to pull the fight out of the fire. His chances of success were jeopardized, however, by warnings for butting and holding which he incurred in the 9th and 7th rounds, although Miller was also once penalized, being guilty of hitting on the break. A thrilling fight ended with little between the men, but Miller's great work in the early rounds was enough to earn him the decision. Two judges awarded the fight to Freddie whilst the third voted for Sarron. The decision in favor of Miller was greeted by tumultuous applause. Weights: Miller, 128½ pounds, Sarron 132¼ pounds.

A word of praise is due to William Corner, who refereed a most difficult fight in admirable fashion.

On the same program a new South African heavyweight champion was crowned when Robey Leibbrant and Jim Pentz met to decide the new holder of the title, declared vacant in the continued absence of Ben Foord. Scheduled to go 12 rounds, the bout terminated in the 4th round with a spectacular knockout, Robey smashing his opponent to the boards with a right to the solar plexus. The first four rounds saw both men taking and giving heavy punishment, so that Leibbrandt, although victorious, was by no means untouched at the close. Pentz put up a willing show and was master at close quarters but was forced to submit to a great heavyweight prospect who packs dynamite in both fists.

Laurie Stevens, on the comeback trail, was yet another star attraction on the big program. He clashed with "Babe" Smith, South African featherweight title holder, over six rounds, but Stevens did not require the full distance to gain his second victory since the Sarron defeat. Laurie, boring in from the start, annihilated Smith with his flailing attack to the body. The end of the third round saw Smith on the canvas and after several further long counts his seconds flung in the towel in the 4th with the "Babe" prostrate. Stevens was convincing in victory and may yet scale to great heights. Weights: Stevens 138 pounds, Smith, 137½ pounds.

A six-round featherweight fight between Charlie Catterall and George Anderson opened the program. The undefeated Catterall added to the prestige he gained by his victory over the American, Andy Martin, by administering a boxing lesson to the game Anderson in six rounds.

In between the big boxing shows South African fans are entertained by the wrestling fraternity. The City Hall, Johannesburg, is used by both the Union Sporting Club and the Transvaal National Sporting Club for staging cruiserweight fights. Ben Sherman, Hank Oswald and Abe Morris are the prime favorites while Cowboy Rudy Sharda, Paul Lortie and local middles and cruisers are frequent performers. Wrestling goes over well here and promotion of a grappling bill always attracts capacity crowds.

Wanted

To complete THE RING files, will appreciate if readers who have extra copies of THE RING and no longer require them, will help by sending me the following copies: **December, 1922; April, 1924; March, April, August, 1926; January, February, April, June, July, August, October, 1927; June, 1935; January, February, April 1936.**

For each good copy forwarded to me, flat, not folded, you may have your choice of a Gene Tunney or Young Griffo book or one photograph, size 8 by 10 inches, of the **"Champions on Parade"**—all who appeared in the ring on the night of the Louis-Farr fight.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE Rochester fans saw one of the best amateur boxing shows ever put on in this city. Seven thousand fans turned out at the Red Wing Stadium to watch Bad Bert Courage, the Hobart bad man of the ring, win a very close decision over Al Fields, Rochester's best amateur heavyweight, in one of the greatest fights ever seen in Rochester. The house drew $4,100.

Following are the results of the bouts: Bert Courage defeated Al Fields, 5 rounds; Ralph De Castro, Rome, defeated Hughie Smith, 5 rounds; Ossie Sussman defeated Tony Lanice, Cleveland, 5 rounds; Red Johnson defeated Sam Goritz; John Marshall defeated Don Stevens, 5 rounds; Carl Ernie defeated Tony Sociano, of Rome, 3 rounds; and George Hoysik, Rochester, defeated Charley Bruno, 3 rounds.

Bob Humphreys, the promoter and owner of the club, is planning on running weekly shows this winter and showing nothing but the best amateur boxers at his weekly shows. The writer has been asked to help make weekly cards, and would like to hear from good amateur boxers in all classes.

Rochester fans are glad to hear that Luke Smith will back a few pro shows this winter. At this writing Luke has been in touch with Ed Mead about showing Henry Armstrong.

Our good friend, Billy Shaw, of Syracuse, was in town looking over things. Billy wants to run a few pro shows in Rochester. Billy knows that there is money in pro fights in Rochester. Shaw is a good promoter and knows the fight game thoroughly.

ON THE AIR: Elliott Cushing and Matt Jackson, sports editors for our local papers, were ringsiders at the Louis-Farr fight and both say that it was one real great fight. After two months layoff Joe Brennan has started his fall season at Watertown and is drawing good houses at his weekly shows there. Irv Robbins has two real good prospects in Bert Courage and Red Johnson. Joe Feely is giving his fans at Owego great shows. Joe Netro is getting his ace, Ralph De John, in shape for his coming bout in Buffalo. Don Willetts is having tough breaks with his club in Utica. His last show, De John and Belmont, drew $500. Playfair Brown is packing them in at his shows in Toronto. Domonic Angello is ready for the best heavyweights in the country. Mike Latzo has a great stable of boys in Scranton and would like to hear from promoters. Joe DiCarlo, the fighting baker and city 147-pound champ, is looking for action. Jack Hagerman, the fighting milkman, will fight no more. Elliott Cushing, sports editor, says that Rochester is the best fight town in the world today.

When in Rochester get your RING Magazine at Clinton and Main Streets on the 1st of each month.

You can reach the writer at 136 Ontario St. So send stamped envelope if you want your letters answered at once.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

BABE RISKO seems to have reached the end of the fistic highway. Knocked out in his last two starts the Babe has already voiced a desire to hang up the gloves and try his hand at some other line of endeavor. Al Hostak put Risko away in seven rounds at Seattle, and a few weeks later Babe fell before the shattering blows of George Black in six rounds at Milwaukee. Risko has saved his ring earnings and will not want for anything. Besides his ample bank balance, Babe owns a half share in Gabe Genovese's big Constantia farm, and has a nice home in the Syracuse University section where he lives with his bride of a few months, the former Miss Sally Cibor.

Ralph De John, Syracuse's latest gift to the middleweights, is about ready to be turned loose against a good fighter. His latest triumph was one of those things with Jimmy Belmont, once a headliner, quitting in the third at Utica, claiming a "broken hand." Ralph was punching Jimmy all over the ring when the Pittsburgher, who was also "flattened" by Jimmy Clark at Buffalo, decided to call it a night.

Hans Havileck, the Austrian heavyweight, is now in Syracuse. Gabe Genovese, the European's pilot, is building Hans up on his Constantia farm and will put him in the gym this month to condition for several matches Gabe has in view.

Syracuse and Rochester are both scheduled for plenty of pro boxing this fall and winter. The amateurs have furnished the only fistic entertainment in these cities the past six months.

Boxing fans of Central New York are watching with considerable interest the outcome of a suit pending here between Gabe Genovese and Jackie Brady over the earnings of Babe Risko. Brady charges Genovese freezed him out as a partner in Risko's management, and demands an accounting from Genovese for the managerial cut from $75,000 in purses, allegedly earned by Risko within the last two and a half years. The case is slated to be tried in Supreme Court and members of Cauliflower Row are quite excited over it. Brady claims Gabe cut Babe 50 per cent, and insists he was entitled to a 25 per cent share.

LEFT HOOKS: Charlie Huck, Syracuse fight promoter from 1890 to 1920, was a visitor in town last month . . . . He is now connected with the advertising department of a Brockville, Ont., newspaper . . . . Huck once piloted such boys as Tommy Ryan, Kid Julian, Bobby Pittsley and Mixer Mitchell, and is widely known in the boxing game . . . . Bert Courage, the belting beauty from Hobart, the heavyweight sensation of amateur boxing, drew a $5,330 crowd at Rochester the night he fought and defeated Al Fields, Flower City Negro . . . . Another youngster who bears watching in the amateurs is Walter (Red) Johnson, former Jamestown lightweight, who is now living here . . . . Johnson recently knocked out Carl Sorenson, Syracuse University's intercollegiate champ, and has whipped 17 others . . . . This kid can hit with either hand and loves to fight . . . . Henny Andrews and Patsy Perroni, the Cleveland heavyweight, made an unexpected visit here and launched the publicity trumpets in the local dailies . . . . Henny says he will show Patsy here this winter against an outstanding big fellow . . . . Babe Risko is pulling political strings in an attempt to get on the Syracuse police force . . . . The Babe would make an efficient bluecoat . . . . Young Leach Cross (Al Fredenburgh) another ex-fighter, is now a copper here . . . .

Young Fisher, who was a terror during the days of Mike O'Dowd and Harry Greb, lives only a few blocks from your correspondent and looks like a million dollars . . . . Irving Robbins is booking amateurs through his office at the Seymour Hotel . . . . Joe Feldy put on a whale of a card at Owego which drew close to 1,500 fans who saw Walter (Red) Johnson whip Steve Kukol in the windup . . . . Everybody in the boxing game in this section picked Louis to kayo Farr and could hardly believe Clem McCarthy's radio accounts of Tommy going the route . . . . The pictures drew big turnouts of the faithful, and most of them think Louis gets bewildered when the other fellow throws too many gloves . . . . Sam Porcelli, Rochester manager, is getting Al Traino and Jack Savage in shape for action . . . . We are still at 1009 Cadillac Street, and glad to answer questions if you enclose a stamp . . . . Ben Kinney, sports writer on the Syracuse *Journal-American* staff for several years, passed away, the victim of uremic poisoning . . . . Ben was a great fight fan and never failed to give the boys a good plug in his widely read: "Little Bit of This and That in Sports."

CLEVELAND CHATTER
With SPARKY RUDOLPH

PATSY PERRONI, of Canton, who is on the comeback trail, is sure making a hit around this part of the country. Patsy proved to have the best legs in the heavyweight division by his spectacular performance with rugged Steve Dudas out of Edgewater, N. J. Perroni easily defeated Dudas in ten rounds at the Cleveland Stadium, then going to Canton to box Dewey Kimrey, Patsy stopping Kimrey in six rounds.

Mike Gamiere easily defeated the veteran Patsy Severo in ten heats. On the next show, Gamiere lost a very close duke to Jimmy Vaughn in a battle that had the fans standing on their seats.

Ted Keating, of Toronto, beat Joe Malinky, stopped Oscar Schmelling in six and kayoed Mel Shrader in one. They are talking of matching Keating with Mike Mitchell from down around Steubenville.

Oscar Gardner stopped Al Lombardi in five and lost to Johnny Dobler by a t.k.o. on the next show. Joey Wells defeated Eddie DiLuzio in six. DiLuzio then lost a close one to Jesse Levels.

Tiger Brown started his pro career by easily defeating Johnny Vundock in six rounds. Brown pleased the fans with his clowning.

It seems as though the Cleveland Boxing Commission does not know what to do in regard to promoters. There are Lew Raymond and Walter Taylor who are after the rights to promote boxing. Dick Deutsch, Charley Marotto and Walter Taylor are having their troubles with wrestling dates.

Bryan Downey is happy these days because the gym business is picking up. Some of the boys working out every day are Frankie Wallace, Paul Pirrone, Patsy Perroni, Mike Gamiere, Jimmy Vaughn, Tiger Brown, Geo. Jones, Joey Sper, Oscar Gardner and many other good boys.

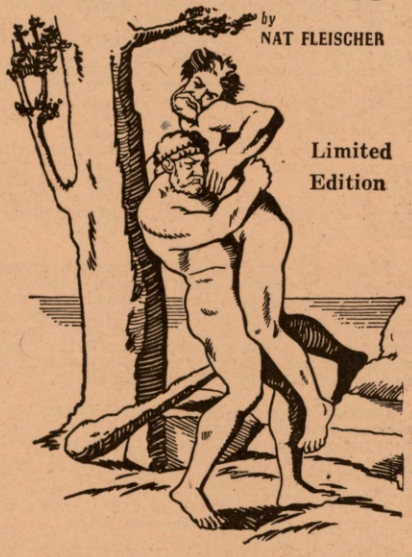
JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Nick Pinard and Chuck Sotak have come to terms for Jimmy Vaughn's contract . . . . Al Sutphin plans to open the new Arena by the middle of November where he will run boxing, wrestling, hockey and bike races . . . . it will seat 15,000 at a fight. Good luck, Al.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 714 E. Superior Ave., Cleveland.

From MILO to LONDOS

From MILO to LONDOS

by NAT FLEISCHER



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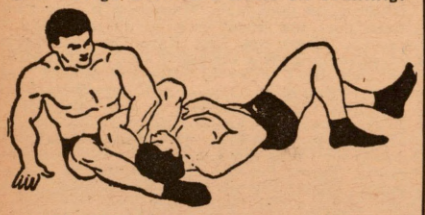

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IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

By SHERIDAN BROWN

YOUNG CORBETT III, the perennial portsider, bounced right into the middleweight limelight when he took a ten-round decision over young Billy Conn of Pittsburgh, Pa., at the Dreamland Auditorium. Conn was previously rated Number One boy of the contenders by the N. B. A., and had scored some thirty odd consecutive victories, conquering luminaries Yarosz, Risko, Rankins and Fritzie Zivic.

In Corbett, the Pittsburgher met his first southpaw, consequently being at a serious disadvantage from the start. He was outscored in the initial session, and in the second, Corbett scored a clean knockdown with a left hook to the body, also opening a nasty gash over Conn's left eye which bled profusely throughout the entire bout and was a tremendous handicap to the 19-year old Irishman's chances.

The Fresnan outsmarted his young adversary throughout the first half of the battle, but in the sixth, seventh and eighth Conn dished out a terrific, two handed beating to Corbett's body, besides scoring more than once with stiff rights to the jaw. The ninth was fairly even and Corbett came with a rush to capture the tenth and the decision.

The Pittsburgh sensation showed promise in defeat. He is a clever, damaging infighter, fairly fast and he punches with plenty of authority. But in Corbett he was meeting one of the craftiest ringmen performing today and he receipted for pretty much of a boxing lesson. Billy made a genuine hit with the large crowd and can come back here any time.

As this is written, Corbett has been offered five thousand dollars by Pittsburgh promoters for a rematch in the Smoky City. But the Fresnan is holding out for another grand and won't play ball unless he gets it.

Johnny Marquez, National A.A.U. welterweight champion, scored a knockdown in the second round and won a fast six round decision over Johnny DiSopa of San Jose in the semi-windup. Marquez improves every time out. Other results: Johnny Fasano, local welterweight, stopped "Pepper" Martin, tough Indian boy, in the third; Jackie London, Oakland middleweight, outpunched Tillie Delnero in four, and Pablo Salvadore, slugging Filipino bantamweight, stopped Young Benny Leonard in the third round of a knockdown carnival.

Sonnyboy Walker, local heavyweight pride, furnished Eddie Simms of Cleveland with a ten-round beating in their Civic Auditorium bout, but Referee Joe Gorman couldn't see it that way and waved the affair a draw to the obvious amazed delight of the Slavonian veteran who took a licking in at least six of the ten heats.

Walker stood off and counterpunched during the whole fight, and only once did Simms' ballyhooed right hand have him going—in the sixth stanza. The Irish boy punished Simms' battered profile with left jabs and hooks incessantly, though Simms was never in serious danger of being clipped for the count. It was one of the fastest heavyweight brawls seen locally in many moons and would make a nice rematch.

Harold Dettman, Simms' middleweight stablemate, fought six rounds to a draw with Clay Rowan of Oakland in the semi-windup. Dettman is a wicked puncher and should have been awarded the victory but Gorman had other views.

Preliminaries: Johnny Foster, Berkeley welterweight, defeated Phil McQuillan, Denver negro (4); Bert Summers, welterweight, defeated Charley Hendricks, this city (4); Eddie Halligan, negro, stopped Teddy Yocson, Filipino welter, in the fourth.

Johnny Erjavec, Duluth heavyweight, snapped the win streak of Domingo Valin, hard-hitting Haywards Portuguese, in a ten-round main event at the Oakland Municipal Auditorium. Erjavec piled up an early lead by outboxing Domingo very definitely but a late rally by the local boy caused a capacity house to voice its disapproval of the decision rendered by Referee Billy Burke.

Douglas Carver was well on his way to a victory over Jim McVey, Pittsburgh's colored heavyweight, but ran afoul of the negro's terrific left hook late in the second round and was floored. The bell came to his rescue, but McVey was battering him again as soon as the third round started, and the fight was stopped. It was Carver's first setback since turning to the pro ranks.

The six-round special event was a hair-raising soiree between Ted Cano, Dolph Thomas' lightweight, and "Newsboy" Joe Gavras, Norman Smiley's protege. Gavras found the range in the third and from then until the end of the fifth, dropped Cano no less than TEN times! Cano managed to stay vertical through a blistering sixth round, but of course Gavras received the nod. It was a pip of the first water, believe you me!

HERE 'N THERE . . . . There's something of the tragic about George Godfrey's demise as a top-flight heavyweight after his years and years at the game . . . . Awarded a license by the State Commission, the aged colored giant was punched out in eight rounds at Los Angeles by third-rater Hank Hankinson, the giant Swede . . . . Immediately following which, Godfrey's card was picked up by said Commish and the colored gent who holds the distinction of drawing one of the largest California fight crowds in modern pugilistic annals, can't even fight a preliminary in this State . . . . Condolences to Freddie Steele on the loss of his fine manager, Dave Miller, who guided the Tacoma Wonder Boy from the four-rounders to the position he now possesses . . . . Dave's brother, Eddie, will direct the champion's affairs in the future . . . . Note to the ladies, bless 'em: Billy Conn, the young Pittsburgh middleweight, is certainly a handsome laddie . . . . Looks more like a matinee idol than a very tough boxfighter . . . . and we mean tough! . . . . Madison Dix, the Northwest's fine welterweight who headlined cards hereabouts not so long ago, is now a teamster . . . . Dix certainly could GO! . . . . When Al Hostak, Seattle's brand-new middleweight marvel, polished off dangerous Allen Matthews in nine rounds, he established himself as a contender to be reckoned with along with the Apostolis, Overlins, Corbetts, etc. . . . . Previous to his smashing triumph over the St. Louis negro, Hostak had rung the bell with a seventh-round knockout over "Babe" Risko, ex-champion . . . .

One fighting man who gives the fans their money's worth every time—Jim McVey, the negro from Pittsburgh . . . . McVey is the possessor of a rather delicate chin but he also can hit . . . . and how he can hit! . . . . "Sunny Jim" either gets them or gets his—and quick! . . . . Jimmy Delnero, Stockton heavyweight, kept his string of wins intact by stopping another foe at Modesto in four rounds . . . . Pietro Georgi, veteran Italian light-heavyweight, was stopped in five frames at Reno by Ernie Collins, Nevada's light-heavyweight champion . . . . For his own good, Georgi should hang 'em up . . . . Jack Lunny, lightweight brother of the illustrious Ray, is preparing to launch his career among the local Simon-pures, and unless we miss our guess, he'll win lotsa fights 'n' lotsa medals . . . . Johnny Romero, San Diego middleweight, seems to be going over in great style back East . . . . was pretty much of an in-and-outer here, but he DID stop Ray Actis and that, to my mind, is sump'n . . . . Freddie Graham, former amateur middleweight star, surprised everybody at the Alabama Kid-Gus Lesnevich go by sticking six rounds with the sensation of the moment, Dick Foster of Berkeley . . . . Graham, a smart cookie, gave Foster plenty of trouble . . . . Foster hung up another victory during the month when he stopped Young Bobbie Areal, Mexican, on the Nova-Ruggirello card . . . . Any information regarding the present whereabouts of Barney Russ, who boxed as an amateur around this city at one time, will be greatly appreciated by the writer . . . . Norman Smiley, manager of Joe Gavras, became a bit incensed when Yours Truly rated his charge apparently third among those lightweights two columns back . . . . Those did not necessarily have to be read in that order . . . . I consider Joe Gavras one of the finest prospects in the State and do by no means consider Earl Booker or Kid Ray his superior . . . . I meant, simply, that Booker, Ray and Gavras were the three best 135-pounders in this sector . . . . Apologia, Mr. Smiley . . . .

Eddie Booker, the veddy smooth young San Jose colored welterweight, advanced a step nearer the top, which he is certain to attain, when he knocked out Gaston LeCadre, French "iron man," in the ninth of ten scheduled rounds at the Dreamland Auditorium . . . . It was the first time that LeCadre has failed to go the distance . . . . On the same card, Lloyd Marshall, the devastating middleweight puncher from Cleveland, stopped tough Joe Smallwood of Philly in the seventh . . . . Marshall, a colored boy, is going places in this racket . . . . Johnny Fasano, North Beach welterweight, who is going in great style of late, whipped Johnny Bassanelli, dangerous Sacramentan, in eight episodes . . . . Dale Sparr, Ray Carlin's 155 pounds of perpetual motion from Colorado, won an unpopular decision over Shifty Young Stuhley of Kewanne, Ill., in ten rounds at the Oakland swat palace . . . . Lou Nova of Alameda, designated by the State Commission as this territory's number one heavyweight, required just three rounds to polish off Salvatore Ruggirello, shopworn Italiano, in their Oakland bout . . . . Dale Sparr kayoed Young Bobby Areal in the fifth of ten at Oakland . . . . Al "Big Boy" Bray, young San Diego colored heavyweight, was anything but impressive in winning an agonizer from Art Sykes of Elmira, N. Y., at the Civic Aud locally . . . . Buddy Holzhauer, Los Angeles light-heavy, spotted Bob Larue plenty of poundage and gave him a nice pasting in the six-round semi-final . . . . Jim McVey chilled "Red" O'Malley in four at Oakland . . . . on the supporting program, Nash Garrison, San Jose heavy, whipped Clarence Duggan of Texas . . . . "Chuck" Crowell, L. A. behemoth, whipped Art Gray of Washington, D. C., in eight . . . . Horace Mann, fine San Jose bantam, was stopped in nine rounds at that city by Eddie Fagundes . . . . Huccome, we ask? . . . . Fagundes is a lightweight, no less . . . . that might have had something to do with it . . . . Gus Lesnevich, "The Russian" Lion, upset the Alabama Kid, from Columbus, O., in ten rounds at Dreamland . . . . Gus had a 12-pound weight advantage . . . .Note to Eddie Borden: The Alabama Kid weighed only 158 pounds for Lesnevich . . . . does that sound like a light-heavyweight? . . . .

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By MARTIN STEINBERG

PAULIE WALKER, Trenton welterweight is rapidly advancing to the stage where he will be considered for star bouts against the leading 145 pounders in the country. Walker laid off for a year after hitting a streak of losses and about eight months ago, began to work out under the guidance of Charley Johnson. He has fought about ten comeback bouts against rugged opposition and has yet to taste defeat.

Harry Jacobs, popular Newark middleweight, is another to inaugurate a winning comeback campaign. Jacobs is back under the control of his old manager Mitch "Doc" Silvers and is rapidly regaining his oldtime form. He recently fought three bouts in Florida and won all three. The fact that two of his opponents were Ralph Chong and Al Globe is ample proof that Harry has retained the sock that made him Newark's favorite middleweight a few years back.

An oddity in boxing recently occurred at the Long Branch fight club, which is promoted by Willie Hilberg. In a preliminary bout to the Maurice Strickland-George Gress main event, Jay Paganelli was matched against Steve Morgan. Paganelli easily punched his way to a victory but after the final bell he continued to throw punches. Whereupon Jack Kiernan, former middleweight champion of Mommouth County and Morgan's second, leaped into the ring and floored Paganelli. Kiernan was suspended by Abe Greene, boxing commissioner for an indefinite period.

One of the cruelest matches in the history of New Jersey boxing was arranged at the Braddock Bowl in Jersey City. Freddie "Red" Cochrane of Elizabeth was matched with the dynamic hitter, Pedro Montanez of Puerto Rico in Montanez' last warmup bout before his scrap with Lou Ambers for the title. Sports writers throughout the state condemned the match as a slaughter, for Cochrane has been rapidly slipping for the past year. Montanez bore out the contentions of the scribes by knocking out "Red" in two rounds after "Red" had assimilated terrific punishment.

New Jersey is rapidly proving a hotbed for up and coming lightweights. Three of the best prospects in the state are Tippy Larkin, Nunzio Bisogno and Mike Piskin. Oddly enough, all three are under the management of Angelo Pucci. Pucci should have little to worry about for the next few years for all three boys seem to be going places. Larkin has won 42 out of 44 fights and 25 of his victories were knockouts. Among his wins are one decision over Maxie Fisher and three over Red Cochrane. Bisogno has beaten the highly touted Johnny Rohrig and Marty Pomerantz while Piskin defeated Johnny Jadick, former junior welterweight champion.

Naturally while talking of lightweights in the Garden State the conversation must drift to Billy Beauhold of Jersey City. Beauhold, who is undefeated has won 39 fights at this writing and has drawn in four others. Billy is going to get a title shot one of these days if he continues on his way.

The writer is taking the place of I. Q. Gross who at the present is touring the northern states. Any mail should now be sent to Martin Steinberg, 190 Chadwick Avenue, Newark.

Joe Wagner of Newark is recognized by experts as one of the foremost young heavyweights in the East. Joe gained national fame recently when sparring with Tommy Farr of England at Farr's Long Branch camp, he whipped a left hook into Farr's face and inflicted a deep cut under the Tonypandy Terror's left eye. This same cut incidentally was the one that was opened by Joe Louis early in the fight and was one of the main reasons that Farr lost the fight. Wagner is managed by Willie "the beard" Gilzenberg. He is a great favorite in Philadelphia and recently kayoed Jack Hiller, protege of Boo Boo Hoff.

Danny Sullivan, well known referee who recently returned from Florida spends most of his time singing the praises of one, Johnny Hutchinson of Philadelphia and strangely enough Danny is in no way connected with Hutchinson. It seems that Danny officiated at a match between Hutchinson and Young Chappie at Atlantic City and was amazed at the prowess displayed by the Quaker City youth. According to Sullivan Hutchinson is the best bet he has seen since the days when Kid Chocolate was bowling them over with monotonous regularity.

Probably the most regular and the most profitable fight club in the state is at Long Branch. Promoter Willie Hilberg has experienced unusual success, due in no small measure to the fine cards that have been arranged.

Vince Dundee, former world's middleweight champion has finally hung up his gloves for the last time. The ever popular Vince recently went through a serious operation to his left eye and after the operation was completed and declared a success, he decided to put a period to his illustrious career.

Co-promoters Harry Mendel and Jack Friedlander and Matchmaker Babe Culnan of the Ollemar Stadium have had plenty of luck this past summer but it was all bad. Nine boxing shows were washed out and a like number of wrestling cards suffered postponements because of rain.

Maurice Strickland, heavyweight contender from New Zealand, made an appearance at the Long Branch club against George Gress of Buffalo and kayoed Gress in the third round. Strickland was very impressive and as his loquacious manager Bill Daly says "we'll be fighting the champ very soon." In this case however, Daly probably means the bout with British Champion Tommy Farr which he is trying to land.

New Jersey fighters seem to have sparring partner complexes. Whenever a champion or a challenger is in training for a forthcoming bout, it is a safe bet that he will use at least one Jersey sparring partner. Don Petrin and Paul Cavalier, two of the Garden state's cleverest boxers, trained with almost every top flight heavyweight in the past five years. Both Joe Louis and Tommy Farr had New Jersey boys in their camps this past summer. Joe Wagner of Newark, Basher Dean of Harrison, Roscoe Manning of Nutley and Al Pekunis of Elizabeth were sparring foils for Tommy while Roy Lazer formerly of Paterson who now resides in Newark, worked out with the champion.

Here and there . . . Tony Mobilio gives promise of developing into a top-flighter. Tony is handled by Angelo Pucci and Dick O'Connor . . . Ralph Vona's victory over Nunzio Bisogno at Long Branch was disputed vociferously by the crowd . . . Clarence Elwood, Newark lightweight, has advanced steadily under the guidance of Tommy Ross whose gymnasium is located at 104 Mulberry Street, Newark . . . Willie Skidmore, featherweight from Newark who scored several hits at the St. Nicholas Palace in New York, has been winning in Jersey rings. Willie is managed by Peter Van Ossendorf . . . George Daly, English lightweight who came to the United States with Tommy Farr, fought Mike Piskin at Long Branch and won a decision that was disputed. However, Daly is a cutie and should go far . . . Babe Culnan, matchmaker of Laurel Gardens in Newark was in charge of Tommy Farr's camp in Long Branch . . . The Laurel Garden will open with wrestling this season under the promotion of Jack Friedlander.

Here and There—Dick O'Connor is probably the busiest trainer in the state. Dick handles Joe Wagner, Tippy Larkin, Mike Piskin, and Freddie Fiducia. He also manages Tony Mobilio. Besides that he is trainer for the Boston College track teams and handles the track and football squads of Kearny High School in Hudson County . . . Ruby Goldstein, former fistic jewel of New York's Ghetto has probably made his last appearance in New Jersey. Goldstein emulated his nickname "Run Out Ruby" and failed to show at the Long Branch club when he was scheduled for a bout with tough Mike Piskin. Among the betting boys, ten will get fifty that Ruby is through in this state . . . The busiest fight spot in Northern New Jersey is the Arena Gymnasium owned and operated by Tommy Ross in Newark. Every outstanding fighter in the northern part of the state uses the gym for training purposes . . . Tony Galento, Orange night stick has been idle since his knockout victory over Al Ettore of Philly. As Tony says "I make more in my tavern than I do fighting bums, so I'll wait until the big boys lose their fear and fight me" . . .

"Dapper Joe" Grace of Newark sings the praises of Frankie Birt, a welterweight . . . Ralph Griffin after posting a record of 23 out of 24 wins was kayoed by Jackie Corcoran of Elizabeth. "Battling Red" Lambert, Griffin's manager blames the defeat on lack of training and Ralph has been pounding the road ever since . . . Larry Scalone, protege of Larry Corbett, veteran fight manager has been creating a fervor in every club he has appeared in. Scalone hails from Elizabeth and strangely enough he looks like another former Elizabeth fighter, the famous Mickey Walker. His style is also similar to Walker's and with ten straight wins in his professional career, it looks like Corbett finally has himself a winner . . . Nunzio Bisogno has been training his younger brother, Mario, for his amateur debut this winter.

In reply to mail . . . To Sherman Dallas, Kearny . . . Steve Hamas is at present a copper salesman in New York state. The card of bouts you mentioned for Ruppert Stadium is an ideal one, but do you think it would pay to erect bleachers in the stadium in order to run fights there? That happens to be the reason local promoters have shied clear of Ruppert Stadium for fights . . . To Jack Crosson. Sammy Mandell never knocked out Jimmy McLarnin. He did decision Jimmy but later lost two decisions to McLarnin . . . Everett Moore, London. Mr. Gross thanks you for your kind letter. Yes, Tommy Farr's training camp for the Joe Louis fight was near the seashore . . . The writer welcomes mail . . . To Otto Stafco, New Britain. Don Petrin has definitely retired from the ring . . . There is a need for good light heavyweights and heavyweights in this state. Will same who desire connections please write to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

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"New Faces" is open to all boxers, the world over. There is no charge for the use of the picture or the story of the fighter's rise. This is a service The Ring owes to the public—its readers—and gladly contributes the space, gratis. All we ask is that fight managers and promoters who think they have a fine prospect in a boy who is making headway, is to send to The Ring, care of the Editor, a short story, not more than 500 words, written on one side of the paper, and a good, clear, unmarked photograph of the boy and we will do the rest. Where possible, send his complete record.

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NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

CALIFORNIA JOE RIVERS, dynamic lightweight star, added Jimmy (Kid) Yarbough to his long list of knockout victims, putting the skids to the Georgia kid in the fourth heat. After taking a short layoff, he came to Houston to make his home and re-condition himself, and now appears to be ready for the best. Promoters wishing to use Rivers can reach him through this writer.

Promoter Hugh Benbow has kept the fans coming to his Olympiad throughout the summer, despite the intense heat that usually hurts this section during those months. Gate receipts for August were:

Aug.	3	LaSalle-Ramirez $1,548
Aug.	10	McDuff-Irby 1,710
Aug.	17	LaSalle-Owens 1,581
Aug.	24	Jones-Ramirez 1,516
Aug.	31	Rivers-Yarbough 1,427

The winter season should see the gates double the above amount. Willing club fighters and managers of good boys would do well to come here this winter. Persons interested may contact Promoter Hugh S. Benbow, 214½ Main St., Houston, Texas.

Kenny LaSalle, former California welter, is a very busy fighter hereabouts. The month saw him go to the post four times, actually winning all of them, but getting somewhat of a raw deal in having Gallito Ramirez given a fight by the foul route, when to most competent observers it appeared that Kenny had scored a clean solar plexus punch. The victims were Battling Chino, tough Mexican, by decision; Marlin Owens, who went out in eight rounds, and Buddy Etheridge in three. LaSalle is now being tutored by the veteran K. S. (Pop) Hubley.

Houston's heavyweight hope, Pat McDuff, needed but five rounds to put the skids to Bill Irby, promising young Georgia heavy, who was a sparring partner of Jimmy Braddock. McDuff simply had too much power, so Irby got on his bicycle but the local red-head put on some extra speed and caught up with the Georgian, finishing him off with well-timed body blows.

Wishy Jones, hard punching Louisville lightweight, returned to the scene of his most successful fights and took the measure of Gallito Ramirez, flashy Mexican boxer. It was close, but Wishy's superior hitting abilities gave him the verdict. A Wishy Jones-Joe Rivers match is in the making, and should be a honey.

Raymond Serrano, young 130 pounder, served notice that he would soon be a headliner, when he belted out Claude Villimez in a most convincing manner. It's another case of not only doing things, but HOW!

Tiger Pelon knocked out Harry Mason and left for New York to seek fame and fortune. In his debut there he stopped one Jack Stanley. He is boxing under his right name, Augustin Arrelano. His many friends in Texas wish him a world of luck.

Battling Sam Richards, famous colored trainer, has several very promising Negro battlers under his wing. Oscar Millard, heavyweight; Buster Deramus and "Pork Chops" Alexander, lightweights, look like they might make the grade.

Gallito Ramirez, 140 pounder from Mexico City, turned in some mighty pleasing performances during the month. He won on a foul from Kenny LaSalle and lost close decisions to Wishy Jones and Billy Deeg. Giving Deeg the decision over the clever Mexican was regarded as one of the worst decisions ever called here. Deeg, however, is a muchly improved fighter and a most colorful one to watch.

The writer's address is Houston Press, Houston, Texas. All correspondence will be promptly answered or given to promoters.

George Salvadore continues to do well in Chicago. His latest achievement was an easy victory over Gordon Wallace. George has several good shots lined up and is hopeful of getting a bout with Ross.

Other results: Cowboy Marlin Owens knocked out Ted Shrader but was stopped by Kenny LaSalle after a game battle; Billy Davis, protege of Sully Montgomery, flattened Tony Marino and Harry Mason; Charley Cobb beat Jack Griffin; Frankie Rao and Coldon Aubert drew; "Pork Chops" Alexander knocked out George Winston but lost to Buster Deramus; Henry Newmann, colorful country cowboy, flattened Red Harwood and Harry Benson; Paul Landry drew with Tony Marino and won via foul from Ted Tellos; Jimmy Yarbough scored a t.k.o. over Sonny Smyer. Hard hitting Pete Girolamo ko'ed George Thomas in four stanzas; Tommy (Popeye) Carroll beat Jack Kirkland; Kirkland stopped Jack Riley; George Coffee beat Jack Thomas; Thomas ko'ed Launcelot Johnson; Ted Tellos beat Nick Santos.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

FIVE thousand fans turned out in Washington, D. C., to see Henry Armstrong finish Johnny Cabello in one round. The Puerto Rican never had a chance against the dynamite punches of the Los Angeles Negro. The first round ended with Cabello on the floor being counted out and not in condition to answer the second round.

In the prelims, Spike Miller, of Oklahoma, belted out Wild Bill Howell, of Washington, in three heats; Brooks Bowen, of Richmond, Va., and Mike Morton, of Washington, boxed a four-round draw. Baby Manuel, of Tampa, beat Bobby Decher, of Washington, in a six rounder. In the semi-final, Buddy Scott, of Washington, and Frank Donofrio, of Philadelphia, fought a rousing eight-round draw. While the windup was a most one-sided affair, nevertheless, the fans were amazed at the punching power and speed demonstrated by Armstrong, who shortly meets the local favorite, Pete Sarron, for the world's featherweight title in New York.

Midget Mexico, transplanted Baltimorean, took a terrific lacing from Harry Rubin, of Philadelphia, before the bout was stopped in round eight by Referee Ed Brockman. Mexico got off to a good start, but it was soon evident that Rubin punched too hard for the game Mexican and at the end of round seven it was merely a question of how long Mexico's gameness would keep him on his feet. The Philadelphian, who entered the ring on the short end, showed enough class to be pitted against Jackie Portney, or any other welterweight whom Matchmaker Sylvan Bass can induce to meet Rubin. Jimmy Tramberia and Calvin Carp, two Baltimoreans, fought a hectic eight-round draw that stole the show. Tommy Mollis, of Baltimore, lost a close eight rounder to Lambertine Williams, of Philadelphia, in a special eight-round bout that also bristled with action.

Phil Furr, Washington middleweight, caught quite a pasting from Vittorio Venturi, of Italy, in a 10-round bout at Washington. The Italian's weaving style had Furr missing the entire evening and Phil has yet to make a sound connection with his right paw. With the exception of an even first round and a winning second, Furr was on the losing end the entire route. In justice to Furr, it must be stated that Phil did enter the ring in a weakened condition, getting out of a sick bed to go through with the match.

Jack Torrance, the man-mountain from New Orleans, was a sorry sight in his six-round preliminary bout with one Murray Kanner of Washington. Kanner gave away some 50 pounds to Torrance, but nevertheless belted him into submission in five heats. Johnny Dean again flattened Al Dunbar, this time in three rounds, and Baby Manuel won on a technical knockout over Ray Boree when he cut the latter's eye in round five. This bout was an interesting one with Boree out in front at the time of the sudden ending.

Baltimore fans got the surprise of the season when Saverio Turiello of Italy beat Louis Kid Cocoa in 10 rounds with the greatest of ease. Cocoa, who has licked Jackie Portney on two occasions in Baltimore, not to mention several other first raters there, was no match for the clever Italian. Turiello had too much speed and boxing skill for the New Englander and with the exception of the sixth round when Cocoa did find the range momentarily, won every round. Young Raspi, of Baltimore, and Young Palmer, of New Jersey, fought a slam-bang eight-round semi-final with Raspi the winner. Doug Sweatman, of Washington, bested Joe DeCalro, of Baltimore, in six rounds, and Mickey Flannigan had the better of Russell Baker in another six.

Hobo Williams, Washington middleweight, was no match for Ben Brown of Atlanta, in Baltimore, being unable to answer the bell for round eight. Williams was game to the core but had no business in the same ring with the South's best middleweight, whose only defeat in the past year was to Ken Overlin at Richmond, Va. Lew Transparenti scored a technical knockout over Vince Nonovari in four rounds and Bill Bullock easily bested Calvin Carp in six rounds.

Lou Ambers, the lightweight champion, made a showing in Washington, with Cowboy Howard Scott on the other end. Lou handled the tough Texan as he pleased, putting Howard on the floor for three counts, still the bout was an interesting one, mainly through the game efforts of Scott in refusing to stay put. It was Ambers' second win over the Cowboy within two weeks. Joey Archibald scored a technical knockout over Joey Marciente in six rounds; Ossie Stewart belted out Eddie Saxon in three heats. Irish Johnny Dean bested Gary Rosete in a six rounder and in the curtain raiser George Abrams won over Hunter Crostic.

BOXING IN FLORIDA

By EDDIE GONZALEZ

HARRY LEVY, well known New York manager, is in Tampa. He will be connected with Jim Downing, the local promoter, in the promotion of professional boxing at Benjamin Field.

Levy brought with him Augie Gonzalez, the latest Puerto Rican lightweight sensation. Gonzalez is booked for three fights. With him are Tony Fernandez, New York featherweight, and Frankie Velez, a good looking Puerto Rican welterweight.

The well known Cuban promoter and manager, Luis Parga, is here with three fighters, namely Antonio Avia, 122 lbs.; Yucatan Kid, 130 lbs., and Venturia Aran, 147 lbs. The latter two boys are Mexicans.

Kelse McClure is in town and has arranged several matches for his Indianapolis featherweight, Paul Lee.

Joe Leto is again active in the boxing game and has recently signed up the Raymond brothers, local favorites. Joie is a 130 pounder and Henry is a bantamweight. Joe Leto is a brother of the well known Tony and Jimmy Leto.

Clint Moran, University of Tampa football player, who is burning up the amateurs in Tampa, has won his eight starts by knockouts in the first round. He weighs 200 pounds and carries a thundering right hand. Moran looks like one of the best prospects that has ever been developed in the South. He will not turn professional till after finishing school. He will play football on the Spartan team. Moran was born in Manchester, Georgia, and hopes to become the pride of the South such as the late W. L. Stribling. Offers are coming in from all surrounding cities for Moran to appear in neighboring towns on amateur cards.

Amateur bouts are being conducted in Tampa, Lakeland, Orlando, Ocala, Ft. Myers and Sebring, this is on the West Coast of Florida. Pensacola and Miami have had amateur boxing for several years.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

ONLY one piece of fistic entertainment was offered New Orleans fans in the past two months, patrons having shown a distinct coolness toward the fight business. This show was a benefit for the late Roy Calamari. Old timers were the attractions, such past performers as Pete Herman, former bantamweight champion; Joe Mandot; Joe Thomas; Kid Koster; Tony Marullo; Happy Littleton; Basil Galiano; Jimmy King; Joe Cook, and others putting in an appearance in the ring. For "keeps" Johnny Chong and Jimmy Hall drew in four rounds. Jimmy Perrin and Ervin Berlier staged exhibitions.

Under the promotion of Jack Fleming, Picayune, Miss., is staging well patronized cards. In his last show Battling Burroughs drew in ten rounds with Jumbo Rovira, New Orleans middleweight. Roger Goss defeated Lawrence Summerall, lightweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—A new promoter, Murray Cribb, former manager of Ray Kiser, will try out his bankroll in New Orleans.—Jimmy Perrin, the Crescent City's only fistic luminary, is in California.

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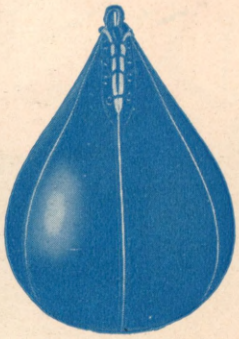

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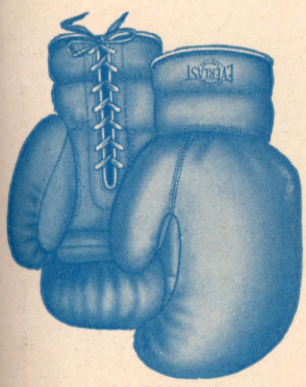

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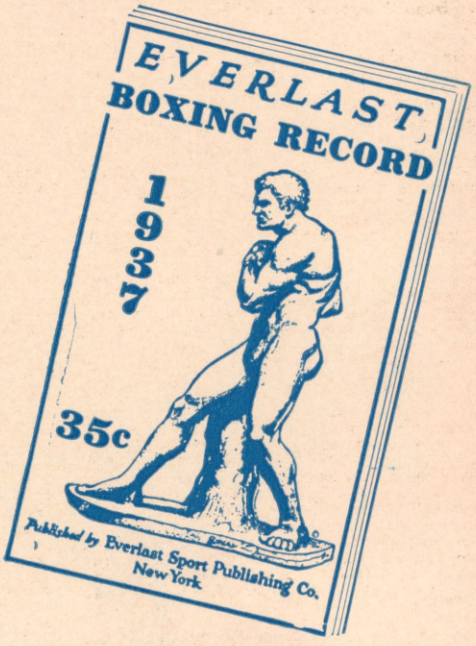

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